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ABSTRACT

This conference proceedings contains a selection of the papers and awards given at a conference held at Carleton University in Canada. After the text of an address by the president of the Children's Literature Association, the following papers are included: (1) "Lone Voices in the Crowd: The Limits of Multiculturalism" (Brian Alderson); (2) "The Elizabeth Cleaver Memorial Lecture" (Irene Aubrey); (3) "Editing Inuit Literature: Leaving the Teeth in the Gently Smiling Jaws" (Robin McGrath); (4) "Cross-Culturalism and Inter-Generational Communication in Children's Literature" (Peter Hunt); (5) "Catechisms: Whatsoever a Christian Child Ought to Know" (Patricia Demers); (6) "The Queer, the Strange, and the Curious in 'St. Nicholas': Cross Culturalism in the Nineteenth Century" (Greta Little); (7) "The Clash between Cultural Values: Adult versus Youth on the Battlefield of Poverty" (Diana Chlebek); (8) "Fanny Fern and the Culture of Poverty" (Anne Scott MacLeod); (9) "Crossing and Double Crossing Cultural Barriers in Kipling's 'Kim'" (Judith A. Plotz); (10) "Adolescents as Instruments of Change: The English-language Novel Set in Post-Independence India" (Meena Khorana); (11) "Virginia Hamilton's Symbolic Presentation of the Afro-American Sensibility" (David Russell); (12) "Arabic Detective Fiction for Adolescents" (Sylvia Patterson Iskander); (13) "Circling the Square: The Role of Native Writers in Creating Native Literature for Children" (James H. Gellert); (14) "'Julie of the Wolves' and 'Dogsong': The Cultural Conflict" (Mary Lickteig); (15) "Florence Crannell Means: Cultural Barriers and Bridges" (Celia Anderson); (16) "Censors as Critics: 'To Kill a Mockingbird' as a Case Study" (Jill P. May); (17) "Safety in the Structures of Art: Bemelmans' Madeline Books" (Jackie Eastman); (18) "Kenneth Morris and 'The Mabinogion': The Welsh Influence on Children's Fantasy" (C. W. Sullivan, III); and (19) "Fairy Tale as Myth/Myth as Fairy Tale" (Jack Zipes). (MS)

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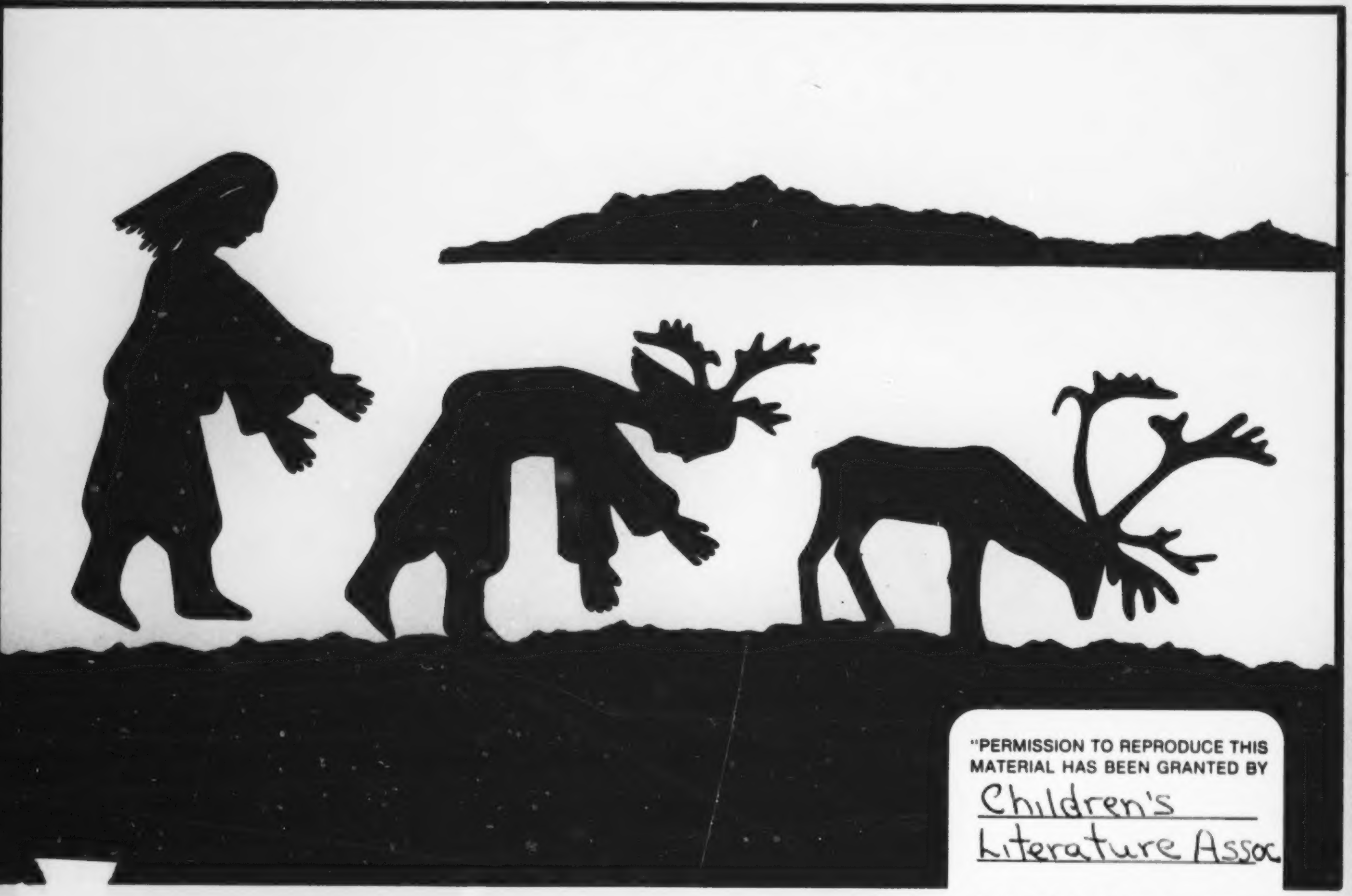
Cross-Culturalism in Children's Literature



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Selected Papers from the 1987 International Conference of The Children's Literature Association

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Cross-Culturalism in Children's Literature: Selected Papers from the 1987 International Conference of the Children's Literature Association

Carleton University
Ottawa, Canada

May 14 - 17, 1987

Editors

Susan R. Gannon and Ruth Anne Thompson

Pace University

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INTRODUCTION

The *Proceedings of the Fourteenth Annual Conference of ChLA* contains the addresses and awards given at the conference held at Carleton University May 14-17, 1987, together with a representative selection of conference papers, a listing of the panels and workshops presented, and abstracts of those papers which could not be included in their entirety.

The success of the Fourteenth ChLA Conference was due largely to the efforts of the Co-Chairs of the Conference Committee, Barbara Garner and Alan McLay; to the work of the Paper Selection Committee, Ben Jones (chair), Glenn Clever, Sally Horrall, and Robert Lovejoy; and to the support given to the Conference by Carleton University.

Publication of this volume has been made possible by grants from The Growing Child Foundation and from Dyson College of Pace University and by the support services supplied by Purdue University and the Department of Literature and Communications of Dyson College, Pace University. We would especially like to thank Nancy Kleckner of The Growing Child; Jill May and her staff at Purdue (especially Nancy Baumann and Jackie Conaway) and, at Pace University, Provost Joseph Pastore, Dean Joseph Houle, and Prof. Robert Klaeger.

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Cross-Culturalism in Children's Literature:

Selected Papers from the 1987 International Conference of the Children's Literature Association

The Presidential Address
The Children's Literature Association: Cha La or ChLA?
by
Virginia Wolf

Members and friends of the Children's Literature Association, a few years ago, when I was asked to run for president of this organization, I agreed, thinking that giving this address would be a breeze. I knew, of course, that I would have other duties, such as writing many letters and running a few meetings, but those hardly seemed troublesome. You must remember that I was finishing a three-year term as ChLA's Treasurer, so almost everything looked relatively easy in comparison. Still, had I not had a fairly good idea of what I would talk about here, I would have found this feature of the presidency a major roadblock to my candidacy. But I knew.

I knew I would talk about how special this organization is to me because of the many close friends I have made by being involved in it. I knew I would talk about the importance of friends who are colleagues--who think seriously about children's literature, who give it major importance in their professional and personal lives, and who love to talk about it with anyone, but especially so with someone who feels as strongly about it as they do. I knew, finally, that I would talk about specific individuals and their contribution to ChLA. For when I think of the Children's Literature Association, actual faces and voices come to mind, and I remember unique gifts of time and talent that these very real people have made to the growth and development of this organization. I remember conferences at Storrs, Ypsilanti, Harvard, Toronto, Minneapolis, Gainesville, Edmonton, Charlotte, Ann Arbor, Kansas City, and Ottawa, and I remember stories about the conferences I missed at Williamsburg, Philadelphia, and Baylor. I remember Newsletters, Proceedings, Quarterlies, Touchstones, as well as a variety of other publications in diverse formats. I remember award and scholarship winners and countless stimulating papers. I remember over fifty officers, board members, and committee chairs thrashing through countless weighty issues facing the association. In essence, I remember what my good friend George Shannon calls "Cha La." A few years ago when he joined, he startled me with this pronunciation of what I had for about ten years called ChLA. But since then Cha La has come to seem a more apt expression of my feelings for this organization than the initials ever could. Belonging to and working for the Children's Literature Association have brought me many moments of happiness and contentment. I value the organization as one of a kind--as a scholarly club uniquely suited to my interests.

But this year as president and last year as vice-president have taught me to look at the Children's Literature Association differently and have ruined the speech I planned to make here. I wanted to talk about the very specific and wonderful work of certain individuals--Jill May, Perry Nodelman, Alethea Helbig, Ruth MacDonald, Carol Gay, and Margaret Esmonde, and Jon Stott, and the list goes on and on. Some people have given of themselves in major ways so that Cha La would work. I have long felt that they deserve to be recognized for the length and breadth of their service. During the last two years, however, and perhaps earlier, if less consciously, I have realized that the Children's Literature Association is in the throes of change. It is no longer simply a scholarly club. It is now also a small business. Unfortunately, it is still largely run as a scholarly club--on volunteer labor.

Surely, a few of the details of what is now being done by ChLA will clarify what I mean. The Children's Literature Association offers its members an annual conference; a refereed, polished Quarterly; the annual, Children's Literature; and a published proceedings of each conference. All of these services, of course, encourage the serious study of children's literature, but so do our many awards--up to four now--to promote scholarship, two for outstanding writing in the form of an article and book about children's literature, and, of course, the Phoenix Award. Then, too, there have been a variety of efforts to improve the study of literature by children. In addition to these services to members and to children's literature, ChLA now publishes a few--a very few--books about children's literature.

As recently as 1982-1983, the treasurer dealt almost entirely with matters of membership, collecting dues and paying bills acquired in providing membership benefits. The annual budget at that time was less than twenty thousand dollars. But in 1983 we paid for the publication of the ten year retrospective and for a readings book, and we began to collect revenue from the sales of these volumes. In four years' time, we have nearly tripled our budget. Although our membership has remained fairly constant, this year we took in nearly sixty thousand dollars. Our budget for next year is approved at eighty thousand dollars. To some extent, this increase results from our raising dues last year, but the lion's share, nearly thirty thousand dollars this year, comes from the sale of publications--the retrospective, the readings book, The First Steps, and Touchstones, as well as pamphlets such as "Graduate Studies in Children's Literature" and "The ChLA Membership Directory" and some brochures. ChLA has become a small publisher.

To deal with this phenomenon, in 1983 the Executive Board established an Office of Publications at Purdue University. At first monies received and spent at this office were the responsibility of the treasurer. But then, as the already unmanageable job of being treasurer required at least ten hours a week and occasionally became a full-time job, a separate budget and account were set up for the Chair of Publications at Purdue. Part-time staff were hired to help both the treasurer and the Chair of Publications. As vice-president, furthermore, I was charged with chairing a committee to explore and recommend future directions for the organization. This committee was very active in 1985-86, working with, among others, representatives of the Small Business Administration. Many of the committee's recommendations to the board in May of 1986 have been implemented; others are in the process of becoming so.

Chief among our recommendations was the creation of a central office, where all the business of the organization would be done. Everyone we consulted noted the many problems that result when the address of an organization changes frequently, as ours has every three years. Especially there is the loss of money and advertising. In addition, there are the confusion and inefficiency of having more than one set of financial records.

Also recommended was the increase in dues, which, again, was urged by everyone consulted. Before this increase, ChLA was not breaking even in supplying membership benefits.

The third recommendation, that we hire staff to carry out what is now a business, was already in the process of being implemented. The Purdue office now pays seven part-time workers. ChLA has the services of a secretary paid by Purdue and of a computer half-owned by Purdue. But we cannot yet afford even a half-time director, let alone a full-time Executive Secretary or Office Manager, which is what we need.

As a result of consulting a retired publisher, we also recommended a series of steps for improving our chances for success in publishing: direct mailing as a means of advertising (the Purdue office has done much of this), surveying the market by contacting other, similar publishers, and exploring grant possibilities. The last two of these are clearly on the back burner as no one has had time or opportunity for taking them on.

Finally, the committee recommended a revision of the constitution to retain only that which will not need to be changed very often, and the creation of a procedures manual which might be changed frequently and which would provide new officers, board members, and committee chairs job descriptions. It would also separate the business functions of the organization from the advisory ones, clarifying what should be done by the office staff and what by the Executive Board. Lois Kuznets has had the responsibility this year of laying the groundwork for this manual. It is undoubtedly the most complicated of the tasks before us as well as the one most needed during this time of rapid change in our organizational structure. The creation and approval of by-laws and a procedures manual will take at least another year and will thereafter need to be updated on an annual basis.

Some of this is surely not news to any of you. The establishment of the office at Purdue and the increase in dues, for example, were announced in the renewal letter sent out last fall. But even if you know about many of the changes that have occurred in the organization during the last few years, you probably know little of the difficulties and thinking involved in making the decisions that are now transforming the Children's Literature Association from a scholarly club, Cha La, to a small business, ChLA.

As I have already indicated, our main weakness as a business is our strong dependence on volunteer labor. It is, of course, also our great strength as a scholarly club. And, given what we have accomplished in about fifteen years, I certainly do not mean in any way to denigrate the contributions of all those who made us what we are today. On the other hand, the work now requires more time and expertise than volunteers can either be expected to possess or give. We need advice from publishers, bankers, accountants, lawyers, and experts in

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business management and financial planning. I can do no more than guess at the hours required weekly simply to maintain our business--at least eighty.

We have thus far managed at very little cost to get the expertise we absolutely had to have. But we cannot expect to do so indefinitely. For one thing, doing so requires enormous effort and ingenuity on the part of our volunteers. Most important, there is burnout--both of our volunteers and of those who offer them free advice and service--leading to our loss of these people. Before it is recognized, furthermore, burnout can lead to mistakes--especially so when the volunteer must often make decisions with very little assistance and without adequate guidelines. The absence of a procedures manual and of specific procedures to be followed in making major decisions is, of course, our other main weakness as a business.

This year the Executive Board has had to deal with a serious problem resulting from these weaknesses: our treasurer's decision in 1985 to invest, unwisely as it turns out, the endowment of our scholarships, $20,870, in Secure Investments, a Texas real estate firm. Ruth MacDonald has repaid out of her own pocket over sixty percent of money lost to us when this firm declared chapter eleven bankruptcy last fall; she intends to repay the entire amount. Although she has also offered her resignation, both the Executive Board and I have refused to accept it. Her mistake, it seems to us, has already cost her more than enough. What's more, it is, as I have already indicated, our mistake, too. We did not recognize soon enough that we ask too much of our volunteers.

The crucial matters here are money and time, matters that we as scholars and lovers of literature often ignore. The money that passes through the ChLA office is now simply too big a responsibility for a volunteer. Although perhaps they would not be so in an ideal world, both volunteerism and charity must be part-time activities for most of us, and by part-time, of course, we mean that little amount of time we have left over after we have finished with the work required by our jobs and the responsibilities we have to our families. Clearly, the time and expertise required to run the business of the Children's Literature Association, as well as the amount of money involved, are increasingly beyond what we can expect volunteers to manage. The Executive Board intend, therefore, to rely fully on paid employees as soon as we are able.

Does all of this mean that Cha La is dying and that we are stuck with ChLA for the greater good of the organization, and of children's literature? I hope not. My interest is not in a small business, but rather in a scholarly club. I want to talk and write about children's literature and to share my thinking with you because you wish to do the same. Bonded as we are in our mutual love of children's literature, I want to see you at least once or twice a year so that I can maintain close friendships and build new ones. But without that small business supporting us, our opportunities for talking, writing, and meeting are at risk. We cannot continue to depend on volunteers. Cha La's security and growth depend on ChLA's becoming solvent and expertly managed.

Lone Voices in the Crowd: The Limits of Multiculturalism
by
Brian Alderson

Before attending to my theme, I should like to acknowledge the honour of being asked to open the debate on "Cross-culturalism in Children's Literature." As I see it, in choosing a Trinidadian to inaugurate the Conference's first-night reception with storytelling, and in choosing an Englishman to give the first address, ChLA is clearly illustrating the point of this year's topic and I am both proud and abashed to share these initial responsibilities with Rita Cox. We colonials in our offshore islands are a long way from the bright, pulsing homeland of children's literature studies and it is something of an ordeal to present what may seem a rather callow body of ideas to those of you at the sophisticated centres of New Thought.

Moreover, speaking for my own country, I must confess that the notion of a Children's Literature Association is something which is likely to evoke ironic smiles rather than full-hearted enthusiasm. This is not just because the British prefer to create children's literature rather than to write or confer about it; it is also because we have a rooted mistrust of hauling children's literature into Schools of Learning. One British commentator (who will figure significantly at a later stage in this paper) has remarked that he sees "little future for the academic critic making an exhaustive study of Angst in the writings of William Mayne"--wherefore I find it slightly unnerving to represent my country before an organization for whom "Angst in the writings of William Mayne" is possibly an issue of crucial interest.

I had therefore hoped to placate you by beginning my discussion with a quotation from an English "touchstone"--for here, I thought, I would be able to lay before you at once a piece of children's literature and one which had the ChLA seal of critical approval. Unfortunately, though, not many modern British writers have achieved the splendid status accorded the concocters of books like A Wrinkle in Time, and the best that I have been able to do is to find a passage from an author who does not seem to be a touchstone but who is at least a phoenix. So here, by way of introduction, is a quotation from Rosemary Sutcliff's The Lantern Bearers (1959). It comes from the chapter where Roman Aquila, now a slave at Ullasfjord, sees the Viking Thormod about to throw a scroll onto the fire. He stops him, and explains to him what it is that he is about to destroy:

> It is a book. It is as though the words of a man were caught and set down on a long roll, in those small black marks, so that other men may take them up at another time and in another place--maybe long after the speaker is dead--and speak them again.

So they ask him to say the words that are there:

> Aquila hesitated for a moment of hot rebellion. Why should he lay the mind-riches of the civilized world before these barbarians who spat on their house-place floor and ate and slept like swine? Then he put out his hand and took the beautiful piece of scribe's work that the old man held out to him. The words looked up at him familiarly as he opened it. It was the Ninth book of The Odyssey--a Latin translation. . . . Now he translated again, haltingly, as he read, into the Saxon tongue.

You may take that, if you care for the phrase, as a multicultural experience. A Greek text has been translated into Latin and is now being relayed by a Romano-Briton to Norsemen in their own language--and since there is a commonalty of experience between Odysseus and these northern seafarers, there is a sudden recognition of the magic by which the "small black marks" bring alive the voice of a dead man.

What is of particular consequence for us here, however, is the fact that Homer is not being absorbed from the written page but from Aquila's halting translation. A sophisticated mode of discourse is giving way to something much more akin to the directness of the oral tale, and one may reasonably imagine Aquila looking at his audience as he translates, drawing them into the story--just as Rita Cox drew the audience into her stories and as storytellers have done perhaps from the beginning of Story.

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In perusing your programme for this heavy date with cross-culturalism therefore, I was not surprised to see recurrent references to folktales as a point where different cultures find common ground--references to national traditions (Puerto Rican, say, or Inuit), to genres (the Pourquoi tale), to influences (the Mabinogion and the Welsh), and even to educational practice ("Traditional Tales in Contemporary Classrooms"), and this provided me with the necessary excuse to examine a little more closely what there is in folktale that enables it to appeal to audiences of diverse inheritances. Consider, if you will, the story of "Little Louse and Little Flea". [At this point Mr. Alderson read his own translation of the tale from his Popular Folk Tales of the Brothers Grimm.]

This is a perfect example of a multi-cultural tale. I hesitate to offer as one reason for saying so the apparent fact that many people in a fairly heterogeneous, if vaguely academic, audience seemed to enjoy listening to it. Preferable would be the weightier argument that, as long ago as 1913, Bolte and Polivka noted variants of it in at least sixteen languages, from the Shetlands to India, and that a similar spread of popularity may be inferred from the section on Tale Type 2022 in the great Aarne-Thompson Index of 1961.

And if reasons are sought for such widespread and long-lasting popularity, they, too, are not far to seek. In the first place there is the simple, but always satisfying, cumulative mechanism of the tale. One listens in order to find out what the next object of the sequence will be and in order to discover how the sequence will unwind at the end. For this purpose the actual objects are of little importance in themselves so that it does not matter if an English storyteller replaces the louse and the flea by Tittymouse and Tattymouse or if a Maltese storyteller starts the story with a turkey. The essential tale remains.

A second, related characteristic is the fluency of the language which the storyteller uses. In building up a cumulation of eight events, with all the repetitions that are involved, it is important to be brisk and to sustain the listeners' pleasure in the words of the telling (an end which I sought to reach in my translation through the rhythms and the assonances of the rigmarole).

The narrative structure and the linguistic momentum of the tale may thus be seen as universals which almost guarantee its success across a range of cultures, and whose adaptability justifies our seeing folktale as a major weapon in the dialogue--polylogue?--among the different groups who may now live their lives within a single community. Indeed, I was myself involved as an advisor in a lengthy research project undertaken by Jennie Ingham under the auspices of the Reading Materials for Minority Groups Centre at the Middlesex Polytechnic; it covered several boroughs in North London where were to be found immigrant groups from such diverse parts of the world as Italy and Bangladesh, Greece and Pakistan, Turkey and Viet Nam.

The purpose of the project was to collect from each group the oral tales indigenous to that group which were still being told within families in the mother-tongue. These tales formed a "bank" which, in itself, demonstrated the richness of traditional storytelling and which, on tape, still preserves a resource for the student of comparative folklore. But the project went beyond the stage of mere accumulation. A number of the tales from different language areas were translated into the languages of participating groups so that the universality of their appeal could be observed and so that, eventually, a series of "multi-lingual" editions could be published as picture books for families from different linguistic backgrounds to share.[1]

What was of interest in this experiment--and what will (I hope) lead me towards the crux of this paper--was the gap that opened up between folktale as told story and folktale as translated artefact--especially folktale as printed story. The intellectual "processing" that went on (especially among the "non-professional" participants) as a natural experience in one language was transferred to another, or as spoken word was seen to be acquiring the "dignity of print," led to various encroachments on the storyteller's tale which inhibited its original spontaneity. Worries about the cruelties or the inequalities so rife in folktales threatened bowdlerization. The directness of speech rhythms was felt to be not dignified enough to appear in a printed book. In other words there was a perceived difference between "traditional" works and more self-consciously "composed" works which points towards a fundamental distinction that has to be made between what happens in the ever-approachable traditional tale and what happens in literature.

Here is an example which seems to me to demonstrate this distinction in a peculiarly apposite way. [Here Mr. Alderson read his own translation of "The Collar" by Hans Christian Andersen.]

What we have here is a tale which numerous editors and publishers have been happy to include under the rubric "folktale". Indeed, the work for which I translated it was a new edition of the Pink Fairy Book, originally edited by that eminent folklorist Andrew Lang; on many occasions the story has appeared in other compilations with such labels as "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" or "Favourite Tales of Grimm and Andersen," as though Andersen were simply handing on a narrative that belonged within a larger body of traditional work.

In this the editors and publishers may have been partially misled by that very obvious storytelling characteristic--a sense of the presence of the storyteller--that subsists within so many of Andersen's tales (and about which I shall say more shortly). But these oral characteristics serve only to emphasize the various ways in which "The Collar" is not, and can never be, a traditional tale. Probably the most obvious of these is the tale's reliance on specifics to make its effect. Where "Little Louse and Little Flea" may be seen as being infinitely adaptable to the circumstances of its audience, "The Collar" depends for its success on a cluster of references which cannot be replaced by any alternatives.

At its most general "The Collar" is about courtship procedures, social gradations and concepts of moral behaviour prevalent in (and perhaps most easily recognized by) the Denmark of the mid-nineteenth century. These circumstances cannot be replaced by substitutes from some other country at some other period without radically changing the story, and it is perhaps only because of a certain amount of social inertia that most Europeans and Americans of the late twentieth century can still see the point of it. What a Maltese, or a Turk, or a Bangladeshi would make of it I do not know.

And this specific cultural background for the story is matched by its circumstantial detail. The events, the humour, the point all depend upon the precise objects and environment that Andersen has summed up. Comb, boot-jack, garter, scissors, paper-mill can be replaced by no equivalents. (Indeed, there is a very pertinent example of this to be found in the version of "The Collar" that Andrew Lang used in the first edition of the Pink Fairy Book. For not only did he announce that the story was translated from the German of Hans Christian Andersen but he also gave no supervision to the exactness of his source, so that we find the collar beginning his adventures in company with a boot jack and a hair brush! An innocuous enough substitute, you may say, but when the jokes come to be made about the comb losing all her teeth the translator is in a fix. The best that can be done is to have the hair-brush lose its hair, which only makes sense at a crude verbal level.)

Even more significant for the purpose of this analysis is the language in which the story is told. For although "The Collar", like so many of Andersen's tales, appears to stem from an oral source (note the directness of address, the dramatic use of dialogue, the clear attempt to draw the audience in to the story), it has none of the casual mannerisms of the folktale. Everything is precisely calculated to follow the tones of Hans Christian Andersen and not some featureless Mother Goose; you hear him in the puns and the tropes, and, above all, you hear him in the complex ambiguities of tone. Just what sort of story is "The Collar," a comic anecdote, a satire, an allegory, a moral tale, or the send-up of a moral tale? It is a combination of all these and thus owns to a sophistication of technique beyond anything that could be retained by the comparatively simple narratives of folktale.

Speaking as one who has translated both Grimm and Andersen and also attempted to study the history of their translation, perhaps I may reinforce this point by noting how the two texts call upon different skills.[2] With Grimm one works best by relaxing into what may be thought of as "folktale idiom"; with Andersen one must be constantly alert to the nuances of his particular tone of voice. From 1846 onwards Andersen-English has been bedevilled by translators who have not merely substituted hair-brushes for combs but who have undercut or flattened the humour, the irony and the colloquialism of his style. Where we have heard:

> "I'll have to propose to the comb," said the collar.
> It is remarkable how you keep all your teeth, little lady!
> Have you ever thought of getting engaged?

We find Caroline Peachey, an early translator of the tale, writing:

> I can still address the comb.–It is quite delightful to see how long you have kept your teeth, fair lady! Thus spoke the False Collar to the Comb.–"Have you never thought of betrothing yourself?"

And such infelicities and misrepresentations have continued in print down to the present day.

What emerges (I hope) from this laborious discussion of "The Collar" is first an example of the distinction between folktale and literature, and second, an assertion of the vital role of the personality of the author in the making of literature. This may seem to be a particularly callow truism, but it is one that needs to be iterated in any discussion of cross-culturalism in children's literature if only to remind us that a division exists between the artist (who may be working not just within one circumscribed culture but simply perhaps within the confines of his own head) and his promoters, his acolytes, his critics who may harbour pious notions about the need of this work to be "accessible" to as wide an audience as possible.

A leading proponent of "accessibility" is the English author and critic, Bob Leeson, who, in his book Reading and Righting has set out what I take to be the most consistently argued case for the spread of cross-culturalism in children's literature. Since members of ChLA are, by definition, widely read in their subject, it is hardly necessary here to enter a long description of Bob Leeson's thesis. Suffice it therefore that I remind you of his historical exposition, which shows how the growth of children's literature in England was indissolubly linked with the growth of the bourgeoisie and how, right through to the post-war years, it has reflected bourgeois assumptions and values. These Leeson sees as exercising a powerful restraint on the accessibility of books for the children of today's multicultural societies (and he would probably argue that the very term "multicultural" should apply not merely to the diversification of national or racial groups but also to the diversification of social classes and genres: male, female, hermaphrodite, etc.).

Resting his case on the view that "the future of literature is linked very much with the expansion of democracy in all aspects of life" (171), he argues for a revitalization of literature through a conscious adoption or adaptation of the modes of "oral" or "folk" culture. Casting doubts (as we have seen) on the value of studying Angst in the writings of William Mayne (142) he sees writers and children and the intermediaries between them--parents, teachers, libraries, etc.--as forming a sort of gigantic commune through whose corporate activity a wider enthusiasm for children's books may be promoted. The writer may learn his trade as much as anything by learning his audience; the discussion of this work should be carried out not in the academic critic's ivory tower but in do-it-yourself fashion, among the consumers themselves.

There is much in Reading and Righting with which it is easy to sympathize, not least Bob Leeson's commitment to the unique place of books in "the global village" and his recognition that the future of the book can only be assured if a broad base of book-readers can be sustained. But, as I have already suggested, the attempt to harmonize or re-harmonize oral-cultures and print-culture is fraught with contradiction and may become a retreat into the generalities of wishful thinking. For instance, it is hopelessly crude to try to summarize the sociology of children's reading in an historical survey of a hundred or so pages, much of it dependent upon secondary sources (which members of ChLA will know to be notoriously unreliable). While it may be true that the economic foundations for the growth of children's literature rested securely on a middle-class readership, this did not lead to a monolithic propaganda campaign on behalf of a particular Weltanschauung. From its very inception English children's literature was to prove hospitable to a multitude of talents with a multitude of axes to grind (or no axes at all), and any study of the popular literature of the past, especially the periodical literature, will show that authors reached far beyond a limited "middle-class" audience. (The fact that a proletarian audience enjoyed being regaled on works whose jingoism and social message are disapproved of by Leeson is beside the point.)

Furthermore, if we turn to the encouragement of contemporary readers, we find a similar crudity and contradiction in sociological estimates. Leeson is glad to embrace the immensely popular Enid Blyton, that bête noire of the English critical scene, as an example of an author who "knew just how children like a story to be" (165)

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and whose success guaranteed the possibility of the market's being able to carry less immediately attractive work. At the same time he has to accept that although her books crossed multiple boundaries of age, language, class and sex, the tone and content of much of her writing ran exactly counter to what he requires of an author on the "multicultural" stage. And more recently the same thing can be said of Enid Blyton's successor at the head of the bestseller lists, Roald Dahl. Children from all backgrounds dote on his books and the swashbuckling directness of their address, but the sensitive adult social critics are bemused by his indiscriminately subversive themes.

Presently at this point do the less generous proponents of cross-culturalism begin to show their hand. For while the laissez faire of the old bourgeois order may have contained with it the substance for critical ivory towers, the do-it-yourself criticism of the commune is suddenly seen to point in the direction of conformism and censorship. From arguing that it is valuable for authors to take into account the varied social composition of their audience, or the reductive effects of stereotyping, or the need for us to respect our environment, the critics of the commune may move on to indicting those authors who do not do these things (hence the blackmailing of the publishing house, the Bodley Head, to withdraw Helen Bannerman's Little Black Sambo from its catalogue, and the co-opting of young readers by the Inner London Education Authority to blacklist books which they considered racist or sexist). The pressures of conformism, applied by those with the best multi-cultural interests at heart, serve only to restrict the free play of an author's talent within the work that he is creating (or, what may be worse, to influence the climate of publishing so that the authors may feel constrained from the start to adhere to certain given norms).

If we are to ask for a rationale which justifies a return to Prescription--which has so often been the bane of children's literature--then I think that it must lie in the moral assertion that "reading is good for you." We, who are committed readers and who, like Leeson, desire children to become committed readers, do so because we have some sense that it is an improving occupation, the more so if it takes account of our contemporary dilemmas, or helps to widen our social sympathies. This seems to me to be eyewash, if it can be proved to be anything at all. One could argue that there are many occasions when watching a television programme (of one kind) may be vastly more "improving" than reading books (of another kind). If a reason is sought for us to encourage children to enjoy reading it has nothing to do with the tenuous benefits of social realism, but rather it is to give children access to a field of emotional and intellectual riches beyond anything that any other medium may offer--to give them the opportunity to add a dimension of experience to their own lives.

What that dimension may be cannot be calculated, for it is dependent upon so many variables. Insofar as it figures in my present argument, however, it may stand for the potential that Aquila's "small black marks" have to speak to us and to represent the personalities of an array of authors not to be confined within notional limits of "accessibility." As people with a concern for children (and as readers of literature) our business is surely not with regulation but with evocation--encouraging children to go beyond themselves and make discoveries that will extend their awareness of their own capacities. For despite the conformism that is so often demanded by those who wish to see children's books serve a social or a moral purpose, there remains room for the individual voice which is not to be easily transposed into the idiom of the day and which may need the likes of us to be discovered and made known.

By way of conclusion I should like to read a passage from just such a writer--alas, again, not one to be elected among the hewers of touchstones, but one at least whose Angst is ready and waiting for you to study. I have chosen the closing paragraphs of one of William Mayne's most remarkable books, partly because we may hear through them the distinctive voice of a craftsman in words, and partly because they represent the way in which a book for children may attain the stature that we ascribe to all great literature: absolutely monocultural--for it is one person finding the only way in which a thing may be said.

The book is now, I believe, out of print; its author remains a controversial and often derided figure; but in listening to this quotation I would ask you also to bear in mind the wise words of Neil Philip (whom ChLA has recently honoured for his critical assessment of Alan Garner): If children will not read Mayne, it is not Mayne's fault. Children do not read him not because he is unreadable, but because teachers teach them to read in a way which excludes him" (20). [Mr. Alderson concluded by summarizing the background to, and reading the closing paragraphs of William Mayne's A Game of Dark.]

Notes

[1] An official report on the project was produced as a video, with an explanatory booklet, under the title *Telling Tales Together* (Caedmon Trust, 1987). ten of the stories were produced as picture books, in dead-languages, by Luzac & Co. between 1985 and 1986 and further titles, under the editorship of Jennie Ingham, are to be published by Andre Deutsch.

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ELIZABETH CLEAVER MEMORIAL LECTURE
by
Irene E. Aubrey

I am honoured and happy to have been asked to speak about Elizabeth Cleaver. She had been scheduled to participate in this conference, but cancer claimed her life on July 27, 1985. I met Elizabeth for the first time in 1969 when one day she came to the Westmount Public Library where I worked, and in a friendly, casual way, introduced herself to me. I had just been looking at her two books, How Summer Came To Canada and The Mountain Goats of Temlaham. I was delighted to meet her, of course, and over a period of sixteen years in which we remained good friends, Elizabeth's greetings were always warm and spontaneous.

Once embarked on a career as an illustrator, Elizabeth Cleaver never wavered in her determination to make beautiful picture books and this commitment was a guiding force in her life.

Even though she began as young as three years old to cut and tear paper, an activity which, over the years, would serve well in helping her to develop her collage technique, Elizabeth didn't come to the full realization of where her true talent lay until she began her university studies.

Elizabeth's full name was Elizabeth Ann Mrazik Cleaver. She was born on November 19, 1939, in Montreal, of Hungarian-Canadian parents, Rosalia and Frank Mrazik, who had immigrated to Canada in the 1930s. Elizabeth was the youngest of four children. A sister and brother still reside in Montreal and another brother lives in Budapest. Her parents died in the early 1980s.

Elizabeth received her elementary education at Aberdeen School in Montreal and part of her secondary education in Sarospatak in Hungary, where the family had returned after the war years, in the expectation of again taking up permanent residence. The family came back to Canada, however, in the late 1950s.

Elizabeth resumed her studies in science; all the children had pursued science studies and Elizabeth was particularly interested in mathematics. While attending Sir George Williams University (now Sir George Williams Campus of Concordia University) Elizabeth made the discovery that her real interests were in the area of art and design. She had prepared her first collage that eventually became pages 28 and 29 in her book How Summer Came to Canada--it depicts the scene of Winter--which keeps the Far North in its icy grip. Elizabeth was now interested to learn more about the principles of art and design and took further instruction at the School of Art and Design of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and the Ecole des Beaux Arts. She also took the time to acquire practical secretarial skills.

By the middle of the 1960s, Elizabeth was married to Edward Cleaver and living in Toronto. She hoped to find a career in this city as an illustrator of children's books. To help support herself, she worked as a secretary for an advertising firm. She had completed twenty collage pictures for a children's story called The Dragon Story written by Ted Wood. She tried unsuccessfully to get it published and it remains unpublished. (All the publishers felt that it would be too expensive to reproduce her collages in full colours.) She entered one of the collages in the New York Society of Illustrators Annual National Exhibition in 1968 and was given a Citation for Merit.

To use Elizabeth's own words, she was "trying to find her way in art. As a child, I always enjoyed cutting paper and playing with cut-out books. In a way, I went back to that time and made my images from simple cut-out shapes, guided by spontaneous intuition" ("Words and Images" 186).

Elizabeth had met Judith St. John who was the Head of the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections at the Toronto Public Library. At a reception to celebrate Young Canada Book Week in 1967, Miss St. John introduced Elizabeth to William Toye, editorial director at Oxford University Press in Toronto. Thus began a professional relationship which would produce a series of fine books, beginning with the one on poetry called The Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada. In several cases, their books would earn awards for both of them. Elizabeth always thought of Miss St. John as the fairy godmother of The Wind Has Wings. For a while, however, it was thought that the project wouldn't materialize as Elizabeth underwent surgery for cancer at the end of 1967. But when Mr. Toye assured Elizabeth that he still wanted her to illustrate the manuscript, she felt encouraged by this welcome piece of news and recovered sufficiently to begin work on the book in March, 1968.

Elizabeth's list of accomplishments is impressive: she illustrated two books of Canadian poetry: The Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada and The New Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada; a collection of folk tales of French Canada, The Witch of the North; a collection of Canadian folk and fairy tales, Canadian Wonder Tales, originally published in two volumes in 1916 and 1922; four North American Indian tales, How Summer Came to Canada, The Mountain Goats of Temlaham, The Loon's Necklace, and The Fire Stealer; and four different editions of a book for adults, published on the Melville Press which Elizabeth established to publish books in a limited edition, such as her Love and Kisses Heart Book. She wrote and illustrated a ballet story, Petrouchka; an alphabet book, ABC; an Inuit tale, The Enchanted Caribou; and The Miraculous Hind: A Hungarian Legend.

But Elizabeth also had other interests and worked as well as a freelance artist and as a lecturer: for example, she did lovely pictures for a story called "The Coming of the Corn" which appeared in an eighth-grade reader published by Houghton Mifflin in 1981 and contributed an illustration for the section on poems and rhymes for the 1973 edition of Childcraft How and Why Library; she illustrated one of Gilles Vigneault's poems, "Quand vous mourrez de nos amours," which appeared in an issue of Perspectives. The stage held a special fascination for Elizabeth. She designed, for the 1970-1971 season of the Centaur Theatre in Montreal, a set of posters, and assisted in the design of a Christmas shadow show for children, based on Inuit folk tales.

Elizabeth made two other posters: one for the Canadian Library Association to celebrate Young Canada Book Week in 1969 and another for the Canadian Section of IBBY (International Board of Books for Young People) to celebrate the International Year of the Child in 1979. Also, for IBBY, she made a big, fat white cat, featured in their Cats of the World.

In 1972, Elizabeth travelled to Baker Lake in the Northwest Territories to work on a project with the children attending Kamantuak School. This project involved the adaptation of Inuit legends to shadow puppetry through printmaking techniques. She prepared a book-length manuscript on the project but it has never been published. Thirteen years later, however, Elizabeth would be able to create shadow puppets to illustrate an Inuit tale published under the title The Enchanted Caribou and she would include instructions on how to make shadow puppets.

When Elizabeth returned to Montreal from Baker Lake, she received several letters from the children. One boy wrote: "I like the way you illustrate. You add your picture to the story. You use your brain very well" (correspondence).

Before her Hungarian legend The Miraculous Hind came out in book form, Elizabeth had written the text and made the pictures for a filmstrip with the same name, produced by the National Film board of Canada in 1971. Between 1977 and 1978, Elizabeth collaborated on a television series called Boucaniers d'eau douce for the Ontario Educational Communications Authority. The series included thirteen legends with the purpose of teaching French to English-speaking students. Her collages were the same as those she made for her books, except that she animated portions of the figures. And in 1982, The Westmount Public Library asked Elizabeth to make two very large (42" x 74") linoleum prints of Petrouchka and the Ballerina from her book Petrouchka. The prints hang in the Children's Department.

Elizabeth did thorough research in preparation for a book (by the way, since looking at her manuscript material at the National Library of Canada, I discovered that some of her notes are in shorthand, a throwback to her days as a secretary, and others are in Hungarian).

Elizabeth wanted to excel and she brought a total commitment to her work. She would often express her feelings of happiness and contentment when she had completed the work on her pictures.

Her interests were varied: for instance, she studied Jung, music, ballet, lithography and attended many seminars, directly or indirectly connected with her work (one of the seminars that she especially appreciated was called Story and Myth, held at Niagara University in the 1970s).

Elizabeth was a creative person who deeply believed in the power of books. Her own books were featured in several exhibitions in Canada and elsewhere. She thought that children and adults should have the opportunity to see artistically beautiful books.

Let us now look at a filmstrip of one of her books, The Loon's Necklace, prepared by Weston Woods.

Elizabeth was elected to membership in the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts in 1974.

She was a soft-spoken, caring person who had many friends, and who kept close ties with her family whom she loved dearly.

There was, at times, an air of fragility about Elizabeth. She was divorced and on her own since the middle 1970s. She always knew that she would make it, but she didn't always know how. She was fortunate in having the support of her family.

She loved libraries and museums--and she loved to read. She was interested in learning. She even attempted to learn French. One summer, she took a course in which the participants came from Canada and the United States. She said that, although she didn't learn to speak French, she did, however, make a lot of friends.

Elizabeth received many invitations from all parts of Canada to speak about her books. Although she was grateful for the opportunity to meet the public and to talk about her work, she, nevertheless, would say that she didn't particularly enjoy preparing talks as she found it more worthwhile to do artwork.

In 1980, she completed her thesis for a Master of Fine Arts from Concordia University. It is called "Words and Images: Investigation into the Literal and Symbolic in Illustration of a Text." Her thesis gave her the means by which to "understand, articulate and communicate" her creative process.

The National Library of Canada acquired, in 1985, shortly before her death, the original illustrations and related manuscript material for eleven of Elizabeth's books.[1] The pictures for her other two books The Wind Has Wings Poems from Canada and the Miraculous Hind: A Hungarian Legend are in, respectively, the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections of the Toronto Public Library and in the Rare Book Room, McLellan Library of McGill University, Montreal.

In an article called "Idea to Image: The Journey of a Picture Book," Elizabeth Cleaver says, "As a picture book artist I find it exciting to go over my work and discover how imagery unfolds within it. When I began searching for themes to work with, I found that I was attracted to the legends of the North American Indian, to the folklore of French Canada, where I grew up . . ., to legends of Hungary, the country of my family's origins and to puppetry and dance" (156). Several of Elizabeth's books fit into the context of this conference on cross-culturalism in children's literature.

When Elizabeth first met William Toye, in the late 1960s, she expressed the desire to illustrate Indian legends of Canada. She was keenly interested in these legends and also wanted to make them available to children in colourful picture books. Elizabeth and William Toye worked together on four books of North American Indian legends, for which he wrote the text: How Summer Came to Canada, The Mountain Goats of Temlaham, The Loon's Necklace and The Fire Stealer. They also collaborated on other books, published by Oxford University Press: The Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada, The New Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada, ABC, and The Enchanted Caribou which was published after Elizabeth's death.

Elizabeth and William Toye worked closely together when they prepared a book for publication. It was known that Elizabeth appreciated his sound and helpful advice. But, as in all relationships, their collaboration could be difficult at times, especially during those last few days when they were working hard to meet the publication deadline and pressure was building up. If Elizabeth needed an extra bit of urging, Mr. Toye seemed able to provide it!

From parts of their correspondence held in the National Library, it is evident that Mr. Toye was thoughtful and diplomatic in his approach. On one occasion, when he returned a piece of artwork to Elizabeth, he wrote that he was doing it, "so that you can play with it" (Correspondence). The term "play" was in reference to the way that Elizabeth described her method of assembling her collages. Certainly Elizabeth and William Toye had one of the most successful author/illustrator/editor relationships.

Collage was Elizabeth's "favourite way of creating images since it . . . [was] concerned with imaginative invention" ("Words and Images" 167). Elizabeth particularly enjoyed juggling her pieces of cut and torn paper until they formed a composition that suited and pleased her. This became a form of visual play for her. Before she could begin, however, to put the different elements of her picture together, there were other steps that she had to undertake: she would read the text several times until she had formed an idea of what pictures she would like to do; research her material; prepare pencil drawings which she would transfer to linoleum blocks; make monoprints (textured paper) and try endless combinations; and, finally, make the collage composition. It could take Elizabeth as long as a year to work on the illustrations for a book (in one case though, that is, for Petrouchka it took four to five years as she kept putting it aside to do other things). When completed, the illustrations could combine a variety of materials; cut and torn paper and others such as lace in The Miraculous Hind, birch bark in The Fire Stealer and a key in ABC. William Toye said of Elizabeth that she possessed an intuitive sense of design. In her delightful, amusing alphabet book, ABC, for instance, the cut-outs for her words, chosen for their universal appeal, are artistically arranged.

Elizabeth illustrated two books in black and white. One is Canadian Wonder Tales, a new edition of two collections of North American Indian legends and European-Canadian fairy tales, originally published as Canadian Wonder Tales in 1918 and Canadian Fairy Tales in 1922. The author of these collections is Cyrus MacMillan. Judy Taylor of the bodley Head in London had written to Elizabeth and asked her if she would illustrate Canadian Wonder Tales. Doing the pictures in black and white, at this stage of her career (1973, 1974) represented a challenge to Elizabeth and, to make them, she used simple print making methods like monoprints, cardboard and cut paper, linoleum prints, collagraph and mixed media.

The other book done in black and white is The Enchanted Caribou. Elizabeth had been in touch with Jean Karl of Atheneum in New York, who decided, among the several projects which Elizabeth submitted to her, to publish The Enchanted Caribou. Oxford University Press agreed to publish the book for the Canadian market. The Enchanted Caribou is an Inuit tale of transformation: when the girl he loves is tricked and transformed into a white caribou, a young hunter uses magic to bring her back to him. To illustrate the story, Elizabeth created shadow puppets, a medium which lent itself very well to its magical theme. The book is striking and appealing in its simplicity and has the look of folk art. Elizabeth had found a perfect vehicle for her love of puppetry.

Most of Elizabeth's work was in colour--colour and texture were the dominant features of her artwork. Reviews of her books often contained the words "brilliantly coloured illustrations," or words to that effect. One reviewer spoke of her stories as "peacock-bright stories" (Times-Canada). Elizabeth found working in colour "very difficult" because it was "a great struggle" for her "to achieve a colour relationship that was harmonious" ("Words and Images" 178). In her first book The Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada, a collection of poems compiled by Mary Alice Downie and Barbara Robertson, Elizabeth prepared coloured collages which alternated with black-and-white linoleum or potato prints. Trees dominate her compositions in this book, and, in fact, throughout her artwork in general, the image of the tree is featured. (It is interesting to note that one of the things that Elizabeth wanted to do before her death was climb and sit in her favourite tree in Westmount Park.)

The Wind Has Wings was a landmark in Canadian children's literature. One felt that it should be given official recognition, and when the Canadian Library Association established, in 1971, the Amelia Frances Howard Gibbon Award for the best illustrations in a Canadian book for children, Elizabeth was its first recipient. A second edition was published in 1984 with the title The New Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada.

Elizabeth's two first books of North American Indian legends, How Summer Came to Canada, a Micmac legend, and The Mountain Goats of Temlaham (a Tsimshian legend), were done in the same year (1969); The Loon's

Necklace, another Tsimshian legend, was done in 1977 and The Fire Stealer, an Ojibwa legend, was done in 1979. Elizabeth felt a great affinity with the North American Indian legend and her excellently-coloured collages, except for The Loon's Necklace, where the brilliance of the pictures is more subdued, capture the emotional intensity of the tales. Elizabeth's use of colour to illustrate the legends has sometimes been described as inauthentic. But she had her own perception of these tales and she portrayed their legendary quality in an expressive and insightful way. Her illustrations sometimes had other elements besides cut-paper, such as pine needles, cedar branches, birch bark, and twigs.

The Witch of the North: Folk Tales from French Canada, adapted by Mary Alice Downie, was published in 1975. Elizabeth was eager to illustrate this book and she had been asked to make one picture for each of the nine legends (all the pictures, except one, are in colour).

In the execution of her pictures, Elizabeth felt somewhat hampered by the fact that she could only make one picture for each story, rather than several pictures for each story as was her usual approach in her picture books. If one has seen the original illustrations for The Witch of the North, one can understand Elizabeth's frustration with the colour reproductions in the book.

When Elizabeth was approached by The National Film board of Canada to do a story and pictures, within the framework of a series that would introduce children to the various Canadian ethnic groups, she chose The Miraculous Hind: A Hungarian Legend which is a legendary account of the founding of the Hungarian nation and knew that it would have universal appeal.

She chose this legend since her ancestry was Hungarian. Her retelling of the story of two brothers, whose quest to capture a hind leads them to a new land and a new way of life, was based on the poem written by Janos Arany in 1863 and translated by E. D. Butler in 1881. When Elizabeth did the book version, she had to add some new illustrations and experienced some difficulty in creating harmony between the facing pages. Her main figures are created by linoleum cuts and the detail of their costume is rich. After the publication of The Miraculous Hind, Elizabeth received a letter from a librarian and naturalist in New Zealand who wanted to know why the hind had been depicted with horns. Elizabeth's explanation was that the hind was a divine being and that, in mythology, there are many references to hinds with antlers.

In 1976, Elizabeth met Jean Karl of Atheneum Publishers and asked her if Atheneum would consider publishing a picture book of Petrouchka. Jean Karl agreed, and the book was published in 1980, with Macmillan of Canada agreeing to publish it for the Canadian market. With Petrouchka, Elizabeth had found a story that brought together two themes that she dearly loved: puppetry and ballet. She worked hard on the colour relationships that would best convey the moods and feelings of the story: for instance, the different shades of blue and purple which are used to depict the evening scenes, or the gloom and loneliness of Petrouchka in his cell contrast effectively with the brilliant reds and greens of the Moor's cell. All the characters, as well as the set pieces, are made from linoleum prints which are put together in a collage.

Elizabeth said: "I played with cut-out characters of Petrouchka, the Moor and the Ballerina, moving their legs, arms and bodies trying to find the right gestures. . . . When we observe the pictures they remind us of paper cut-out characters that can be animated as in a puppet performance or animated film" ("Words and Images" 293-95).

Elizabeth Cleaver was an artist of picture books of international acclaim. Her pictures and books have been shown in exhibitions around the world.

She left an outstanding legacy and for generations to come, children and adults will continue to read and enjoy her books. She used to say: "I'm just doing what I feel is right; I'm doing what I love to do."

Her style was right for her; what she chose to illustrate was right for her.

Before proceeding with the filmstrip I would like to mention that Elizabeth left in her will the original fund of $10,000 for an award to be named The Elizabeth Mrazik-Cleaver Canadian Picture Book Award and to be administered by the Canadian Section of IBBY. By establishing this award, Elizabeth hoped to encourage excellence in the area of the Canadian picture book and to give, in some small measure, financial support to Canadian illustrators.

National Library of Canada

Notes

[1] *How Summer Came to Canada*; *The Mountain Goats of Temlaham*, *Canadian Wonder Tales*; *Love and Kisses Heart Book*; *The Witch of the North: Folk Tales of French Canada*; *The Loon's Necklace*; *The Fire Stealer*; *Petrouchka*; *ABC*; *The New Wind Has Wings: Poems from Canada*; and *The Enchanted Caribou*.

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Rev. *Times-Canada* 18 Mar. 1983: n.p.

1987 ChLA AWARDS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

PHOENIX AWARD:

Leon Garfield for *Smith* (Constable, 1967; Pantheon, 1967; Penguin, 1968; Dell, 1987)

CHLA SCHOLARSHIP AWARD:

David H. Jackson, "The Reception of R. L. Stevenson's Fiction, 1883-1894"

Mark I. West, "The Grenville Tennessee Censorship Case"

THE WESTON WOODS MEDIA SCHOLARSHIP:

John Cech, "Crossover Creations: The Films of Maurice Sendak, *Where the Wild Things Are* and *In the Night Kitchen*"

CRITICISM AWARD FOR BEST ARTICLE:

Hamida Bosmajian, "*Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and Other Excremental Visions." *The Lion and the Unicorn*, 9 (1985): 36-49.

CRITICISM AWARD FOR BEST BOOK

Neil Philip for *A Fine Anger: A Critical Introduction to the Work of Alan Garner*. London: Collins, 1981.

Samuel Pickering, Jr. (honorable mention) for *John Locke and Children's Books in Eighteenth Century England*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee P, 1981.

THE PHOENIX AWARD is given to the author, or the estate of the author, of a book for children first published twenty years earlier which did not win a major award at the time of its publication but which, from the perspective of time, is deemed worthy of special recognition for its literary quality.

The Recipient of
THE 1987 PHOENIX AWARD

SMITH
by
Leon Garfield

(Constable, 1967; Pantheon, 1967;
Penguin, 1968; Dell Yearling, 1987)

Scrawny, scroungy 18th century London street urchin Smith picks an old gentleman's pocket of a document, then observes the man killed for the very paper Smith now possesses, whose contents ironically, being illiterate, he cannot read. His efforts to learn to read and to evade the assassins hot on his trail lead him through a convoluted, action-filled, carefully controlled Dickensian plot. It offers a full measure of amazing characters, close encounters, treachery, connivance, and villainy, for grandly entertaining and thematically provocative reading from suspenseful beginning to surprising and thoroughly satisfying conclusion.

Previous Winners

The Mark of the Horse Lord
by
Rosemary Sutcliff
(Walch, 1965; Oxford, 1975; Penguin, 1983)

Queenie Peavy
by
Robert Burch
(Viking, 1966; Dell Yearling, 1975)

Each year an elected committee of ChLA members considers nominations made by members and others interested in promoting high critical standards in literature for children. The 1987 Phoenix Award Committee members are Alethea Helbig, Chair, Eastern Michigan University; Mary Ake, Littleton, Colorado, Public Schools; Agnes Perkins, Eastern Michigan University; Peter Neumeyer, San Diego State University; and Mark West, University of North Carolina-Charlotte.

Acceptance: 1987 Phoenix Award
by
Leon Garfield

Ladies and gentlemen, first of all I want to thank you for the honour you have done me by awarding the Phoenix to Smith, not least because it puts me in the company of Rosemary Sutcliff and Bob Burch. If prizes are to be valued according to the quality of their recipients, then the Phoenix stands very high indeed.

At the moment, I feel at the wrong end of a postcard, inasmuch as my sentiments are not so much, "Wish you were here," as, "Wish I were there!" So I must remain a disembodied voice. But perhaps that is best for a writer. Books, I feel, once written, belong to the reader; and the writer should mind his own business and let the reader's imagination take what it wants. I remember once talking to a school about Smith. There was a boy, a fidgeting, restless, disagreeable-looking boy, who when at last permitted to speak, announced that Smith was the book for him. My opinion of him went up and I saw that, far from being disagreeable, he was a most sensitive and intelligent boy, blessed with discrimination and good judgment. Then he went on to tell me why he had liked the book, and, giving way to enthusiasm, he launched upon a splendid exposition of the story, improving on it at several points. Finally, exhausted as much by his own invention as mine, he concluded by saying that it was a very good book and I ought to read it.

I believe it was the same boy--although I like to think it was another,--for a writer always likes to multiply the number of his admirers--who explained why he thought that Smith was a book that had something in it of value for everybody. There was, he said, pick-pocketing for boys and sewing for girls.

Smith was a book that cost me a great deal of labour to write. It was my third book; and, as the two previous ones had been first-person narratives, my editor, Grace Hogarth, thought it time I grew up and left the nursery of 'I' for the grown-up world of 'he'. I was thrown into a panic. No longer could I hide my historical ignorance under the convenience of seeing only what one pair of eyes would see. Mistakes made by a first-person are mistakes made by a character, and, to the charitably-minded, can seem deliberate. But mistakes made in the third person are mistakes made by the writer himself. So I had to work hard and do a great deal more research, for which I was fitted neither by inclination nor training. Because I never knew where to look precisely for what I wanted, I stumbled upon many an item of queer and out-of-the-way information when looking in quite the wrong place. In fact, many of the episodes in Smith arose from just such chance encounters. I only found out about the ventilators in Newgate Prison because I was looking up something else; and, although I kept to my original intention to have Smith escape under his sister's skirts, I couldn't resist using the ventilators as well.

I still do research in the same haphazard way. Sometimes people ask me why I don't employ a researcher and save myself time and trouble. The answer is that, apart from the cost, research for a storyteller is like the quest for the right husband or wife. You don't know what you're looking for until you find it.

There now! I think I've talked enough. I'm sure the bar is open, and you all have better things to do. In conclusion, while thanking you again, let me remark on the paradox of awarding a pipe-smoker the Phoenix. Far from rising from the ashes, the ashes most frequently arise from me!

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The remarks of Mark West:

In Smith, Leon Garfield explores the underside of eighteenth-century England. It is a book about pickpockets, prisoners, and an array of other characters who exist on the fringes of society. In The Strange Affair of Adelaide Harris, published in 1971, Garfield returns to eighteenth-century England, but this time his characters are a bit more affluent, if not more respectable. The central characters are two twelve-year-old boys: Harris, a clever but mischievous son of a prominent physician, and Bostock, a not-so-clever son of a retired ship captain. Like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, Harris and Bostock have a close but somewhat lopsided friendship. The two are nearly inseparable, but it is usually Harris who takes the lead. One day their teacher happens to mention that the Spartans sometimes exposed their unwanted infants to the elements, and Harris finds this idea intriguing. He decides to try it out with his baby sister, Adelaide. It is not that he wants to dispose of her, he explains to Bostock; he just wants to see if she will be taken in by a kindly wolf or some other wild animal. They leave little Adelaide in a wooded area where she is soon discovered by a young woman and her suitor. Much to the suitor's chagrin, the young woman decides to rescue Adelaide. What follows is a hilarious comedy of errors complete with a duel, a love affair and a mysterious private investigator who misinterprets every clue he unearths. It is a lively and amusing book about two lively and amusing boys.

Eight years after the publication of The Strange Affair of Adelaide Harris, Garfield published a second book about these boys. The English edition bears the title Bostock and Harris while the American edition is called The Night of the Comet. In this book, the boys have aged a year and are beginning to take an interest in girls. Bostock has a crush on Harris's sister Mary, but he has no idea how to win her affections. Harris agrees to help his friend for a price. Bostock's father owns an expensive telescope which Harris wants in order better to see a comet that will soon pass over England, and he insists that Bostock give him the telescope as payment for his advice. As it turns out, though, Harris's advice is not worth much. Everything he knows about courtship is from an article about the mating habits of animals, and the boys soon learn that girls are not necessarily attracted to the same things that attract females of other species. Like The Strange Affair of Adelaide Harris, the book is filled with ridiculous situations and complicated plot twists, but through it all Harris and Bostock somehow manage to preserve their friendship.

Garfield has clearly mastered the art of telling a comedic tale, but not all of his books belong to this genre, and The Apprentices is one that does not. First published in 1976, this book consists of twelve loosely connected stories, all of which deal with the experiences of apprentices living in eighteenth-century London. These young people work for a variety of masters, including a lamplighter, a midwife, and a pawnbroker. Most of these apprentices are not quite as destitute as Smith, but they tend to have more in common with Smith than with Harris and Bostock. Like Smith, they do not have happy and carefree childhoods. For seven years, they must spend most of their time at work. Still, as Garfield makes clear, they are more than the jobs that they perform. They are also emotional beings, and it is upon this aspect of their lives that most of the stories are focused. In "Moss and Blister," for example, Garfield describes the bitter disappointment that one ambitious apprentice feels upon learning that his master's wife has finally given birth to a baby boy. The apprentice had planned to marry one of the master's daughters and eventually inherit the business, but with a son in the picture his hopes for a secure future instantly evaporate.

In all three of these books, Garfield shows that he is as concerned with the complexities of human nature as he is with the complexities of English social history. This is one of the reasons why his historical fiction so often succeeds in touching the hearts of his readers.

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Remarks of Taimi Ranta:

Leon Garfield, a prolific author for nearly a quarter-century, has become recognized as a leading British historical novelist for young people, surpassed only by Rosemary Sutcliff. Often his setting has been the eighteenth century, his atmosphere Dickensian, his characters experiencing a rags-to-riches change. However, in the early 1970s Garfield turned to retellings of Greek mythology and in the early and middle 1980s to picture books, these often retellings of Bible stories.

In 1970 (U.S. 1971), he published his Carnegie Award-winning The God Beneath the Sea and in 1973 The Golden Shadow. Both were co-authored by Edward Blishen, a man well-versed in Greek myths, and an editor and friend.

The God Beneath the Sea is a retelling of Greek myths, framed with the two violent expulsions of Hephaestus from Olympus by each of his cruel and angry parents. The two authors attempt to restructure the collection of myths into a continuous narrative. They divide their work into three sections: "The Making of the Gods," "The Making of Man," and "Gods and Men."

In "Part One: The Making of the Gods," Garfield and Blishen begin with the account of the ugly infant Hephaestus' expulsion from the heavens when his mother Hera rejects him. The authors follow the myth found in the Iliad which makes Hephaestus the first child of Hera and Zeus and has him cast out of heaven and down into the depths of the sea by his mother because of his monstrous deformities. The goddesses of the sea, Thetis and Eurynome, become his guardians, protecting and raising the deformed child. As they tell him the history of the gods beginning with the birth of the Titans and continuing through the birth of his own brothers and sisters, they reveal the history of Olympus. Part One concludes with Ares' birthday party when Hephaestus is restored to Olympus and is granted the beautiful Aphrodite, "the magical goddess of desire" (72), as his wife, which follows closely the story found in the Odyssey.

"Part Two: The Making of Man" recounts Prometheus' creation of man from clay. Prometheus, in defiance, does not follow Zeus' order to destroy his creation, but instead gives man the gift of fire. Zeus, greatly angered, does not strike out against Prometheus immediately, but rather bestows on him the gift of lovely Pandora as a wife. Through her, mankind will suffer opposition of their own passions as they mingle with the gods. Prometheus is then thrown into chains and besieged by the vicious vulture who is to torment him by day.

"Part Three: Gods and Man" relates the mingling of gods with mankind. The bulk of this section includes the retelling of the story of Persephone, the child of Demeter and Zeus, and her fate to live in the underworld with dark Hades, and that of Autolycus, child of Chione and Hermes, and his rivalry with Sisyphus. Garfield and Blishen conclude the work with Zeus' overthrow by Hera and their children. With the help of the sea goddess Thetis and the hundred-handed giant Briareus, Zeus is freed and wreaks revenge on his wife and children. Zeus then flings Hephaestus, who is sympathetic to Hera's plight, out of Olympus again. When readers have finished the book, they have been exposed to a sweeping narrative from the Titans to the birth of Odysseus and the building of Troy.

This piece of fiction is written in a poetic style befitting the passionate tales it relates. The ugly and violent passions of the Titans in Part One are equalled by the tender and compassionate emotions felt by Prometheus for his little creatures in Part Two. The authors weave the two worlds of gods and men together briefly in Part Three. Although the beauty of their style is appreciated by some, Garfield and Blishen frequently sacrifice clarity in an effort to link so many myths into a flowing narrative. Often too many characters create confusion, and the text has to be read slowly, with frequent references to Hamilton or Bulfinch for clarification. Its swift pace, the compacting of so much in so short a work, and the authors' seeming assumption that the reader already has substantial knowledge of mythology limit the book's audience.

The Golden Shadow by Garfield and Blishen is a more satisfactory experience for a wider range of readers. This recreations of Greek legends is easier to follow and is quite beautifully written. The unity of the book is provided by "a poet, a storyteller, who collected tales that he wove into ballads for the entertainment of any who'd clothe and feed him" (12). The Golden Shadow traces the history of Heracles from birth to death, giving an account of four of his twelve labors (the slaying of the Nemean Lion, the killing of the Hydra, the cleaning of the stables of Augeas, and the abduction of the dog Cerberus from Hades). The prophecy that Thetis would bear a son greater than his father is witnessed by the storyteller and is also woven throughout the story of Heracles. As the storyteller spends his life following the life of Heracles, he himself longs to understand the prophecy he has witnessed and to actually see a god. He eloquently bemoans the fact that "the pursuit of knowledge had blinded him" and he has "lost the power to behold the divine: and worse, almost the strength to believe in it" (16).

Although the storyteller is a literary device to link the myths being retold and gives unity to the work, he also supplies the mode through which the theme of the work is developed. He exemplifies man's constant searching for the gods, who are always slightly out of reach. Only in death does the storyteller finally see Hermes, who comes to carry him away. Hermes reassures the storyteller that his lifelong hero, Heracles, has been restored to life on Olympus and properly rewarded for his lieftime of struggles.

This work is well-crafted, and the constant presence of Zeus, "the golden shadow," is artfully presented. For good readers at the high school level who are interested in mythology, this could be a rewarding reading experience.

Neither The God Beneath the Sea nor The Golden Shadow can be thought of as source material, and, as Clara Hulton Pointed out in Library Journal, they do not take the place of Colum, Benson, Hamilton, and Graves (2137). But, then in the Afterword of the British edition by Longman, the authors pointed out that they wanted to produce "a piece of fresh fiction out of some of the oldest tales in the world." That they did.

Mixed reactions have been elicited by the two titles. In Contemporary Literary Criticism, is is noted that "The modern interpretations of Greek myths which Garfield wrote with Edward Blishen have been especially criticized for their loftiness and for losing the significance of the myths in the psychological theorizing of the authors" (215). In the New Statesman, Alan Garner called The God Beneath the Sea "very bad." "It is almost impossible to read, let alone assess," he added (606-07). The Bulletin of the Center of Children's Books recommended its reading for grades eight and up, and described it generally as "a stunning book" with "a fluent imaginative style" (56).

The God Beneath the Sea won the prestigious Carnegie Award in 1971 and was one of the most controversial of all Carnegie Medal Awards to date. When asked in an interview if it was ironic that he had won the coveted prize for The God Beneath the Sea and not for one of his other books, Garfield replied, "Aggravating rather than ironic" (204.)

All of Garfield's five picture books are oversized and extravagantly illustrated. The first, Fair's Fair in 1981 (U.S. 1983), is one with his Dickensian touch, set in snowy London right before Christmas. Two orphaned street waifs are both led to an elegant, deserted mansion by a large fierce-looking black dog. There they eat mysteriously-appearing meals, together clean and take care of the place, and even share their food with others. On Christmas Eve, two sinister-looking men appear with the seeming intent to burglarize, which the children avert. The happy ending proves them to be the owner and his lawyer who conveniently have been looking for two such kind, brave, honest, and generous children to adopt. Fair's Fair is a sentimental book with large, conventional, detailed illustrations in full color by S. D. Schindler to set the mood for a satisfying story, especially around the Christmas season.

Then came three picture books that are retellings of Bible stories: King Nimrod's Tower, The Writing on the Wall, and The King in the Garden. They are all illustrated in grandiose style by Michael Bragg.

King Nimrod's Tower is based on the story of the Tower of Babel from the King James version of the Bible. In this unusual variation, the author juxtaposes a small boy who is trying very hard to make friends with an unruly puppy and the Tower rising gradually in the background. God doesn't want to destroy the proud Nimrod's Tower because the lad might be injured, but rather He brings about the familiar confusing of tongues. The boy finally succeeds in persuading the puppy to accompany him home and the Tower is abandoned. The full-color illustrations are striking but not in keeping with the time of the story. "The boy and the workmen resemble figures from Breughel, and God looks similar to William Blake's depiction of him" (510).

The Writing on the Wall is based on the Belshazzar story of the writing on the wall and Daniel's interpretation of the words. Here, too, as in King Nimrod's Tower, the events are seen through the eyes of a small boy. Sam, a kitchen boy, is more interested in an old hungry cat, Mordecai, than in the earth-shaking events occurring around him. Bold illustrations in double-page spreads depict the details of the castle, the gross eating habits of the gluttonous guests at something that resembles a medieval banquet more than an ancient feast. They are frequently and annoyingly interrupted by the text. Neither the boy-cat story nor the Belshazzar story stands up well on its own.

The King in the Garden is an adaptation of the Old Testament story of King Nebuchadnezzar's madness. Little, spunky Abigail finds the absent, humiliated, bedraggled king in her garden, groveling in the dirt, eating her grass and flowers, and frightening her fish. She takes him in hand and helps him regain some self-esteem. Many of the illustrations are luminous, with yellow and clearwater green dominating. The events alternate between the garden and the castle, which would be difficult for young children. As Rebecca Ray writes in School Library Journal, "The invented detail of this story adds nothing useful or beautiful to the original in the Book of Daniel. The picture book audience is not ready for this 'art imitates life' approach" (54).

Although at first glance, the Bible retellings look inviting and inspiring, upon closer scrutiny and evaluation they do not offer the bedrock essence of these stories found in good Bible story collections. Sumptuous illustrations, inclusion of distracting little subplots with child characters, additional narrative details with something of a contemporary flavor all tend to make these less than really successful retellings of well-known Bible stories (Ray 54).

Garfield's latest picture book is The Wedding Guest, illustrated by the very versatile Charles Keeping, but is currently unavailable in the United States. It uses some elements from the old Sleeping Beauty story "to embroider the truism that man's love is divided between the 'very type of normal and easy' and, if not sinister, at least the strange and unattainable" (Julia Briggs, Times Literary Supplement, 29 Mar. 1985: 350). Jack and plain Jill are to be married but he hasn't invited his old nurse to the wedding. Her present draws him from his comfortable wedding preparations and leads him on a strange journey to seek that second bride, a journey on which he encounters the beautiful princess covered with dust. After complications, he does in the end marry his Jill, but "the reconciliation of two such fundamentally opposed impulses runs the risk of being reductive or inconsistent" (Briggs, 350). It seems that to instill an old familiar tale with new meaning is not as easy as one might think.

All in all, Leon Garfield's retellings of Greek mythology and his picture books have not been as well-received as the body of his work. When he is in his own element, that of historical fiction, his work has more vigor, direction, drawing power, and sense of audience than when he collaborates or when he attempts to give an established story a contemporary twist.

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The remarks of Agnes Perkins:

Smith, Leon Garfield's scruffy, undersized, ignorant hero of his 1967 novel, is a twelve-year-old pickpocket in 18th century London. Smith (he seems to have no other name) is clever and quick--"a rat was a snail beside Smith, and the most his thousand victims ever got of him was the powerful whiff of his passing and a cold draught in their dexterously emptied pockets." The chance selection of a country gentleman as his victim leads to a maze of threats and betrayals, for after skillfully lifting the contents of the old fellow's pocket, Smith ducks into a doorway and sees the man murdered and his body searched. After mingling with the crowd and escaping, Smith looks to see that his prize is a document, valuable enough to be murdered for, which he cannot interpret, being illiterate. Because no one of his acquaintance who has skill with letters can also be trusted, Smith sets about trying to find someone to teach him to read.

Before this can be accomplished, Smith is fingered as the holder of the document, and, pursued by the murderers, two sinister men in brown, he runs through London's back alleys and sooty courts, finally eluding them and bumping into a lost blind man, Mr. Mansfield, magistrate, whom the boy in pity leads to his home. Set up in the Mansfield household as assistant groom, with the magistrate's daughter teaching him to read, Smith is accused by an attorney of having killed the old country gentleman, and Mr. Mansfield, whom the boy calls "Old Blind Justice," regretfully sends him to Newgate Gaol. From then on their lives are inextricably bound together, with Smith escaping from prison, saving the magistrate in a blinding snowstorm on Finchley Common, and later refusing to abandon him when the real villains discover them in the cemetery at Prickler's Hill.

The story has a breakneck pace, with tense scenes and melodramatic flourishes. Besides following the conventions of the eighteenth century novel, rich in language and labyrinthine plot, it skillfully enlists the reader's sympathy for an initially unsavory hero. Scenes of the grimy area of London around St. Paul's and Ludgate Hill, as well as the prison itself, are strongly sensory, particularly in smell, and the biting cold of Smith's nights in the streets and on the common is equally vivid. The novel also unsentimentally demonstrates the theme that blind justice must be tempered with compassion.

Smith has been chosen by the Children's Literature Association Phoenix Award Committee as the best book published twenty years ago which did not at that time receive any major award but which has stood the test of the passing years. It is certainly one of his best novels, showing him as a skillful plotter, a brilliant stylist, and an author capable of inventing a protagonist to whom a reader is drawn emotionally set in a story that considers a theme of depth and complexity.

Garfield was born in Brighton in 1921, studied art, and, after serving from 1940 to 1946 in the Royal Army Medical Corps, worked as a biochemical technician for more than twenty years. His writing, which began in 1964 with Jack Holborn, a sea story, has been prolific and varied. Among other honors, he has won the Whitbread Award, the Guardian Award, and the Carnegie Medal; two of his other books have been on the Carnegie Commended list, three have been honor books for the Boston Globe-Horn Book Award, and seven have been included on the Horn Book Fanfare lists. He has written biography, picture books, retellings of myths and Bible stories, ghost stories, and novels that range from the grim and melodramatic Drummer Boy to the high comedy of the Bostock and Harris books.

Two of his novels that have much in common with Smith are Black Jack, first published in 1968, and John Diamond, published in 1980 and reissued in the United States under the title Footsteps. If Smith can be viewed as a study of the conflicting demands of justice and compassion, Black Jack might be said to be about human bondage, the fears, obligations, and emotions that hold people together against their logical judgment. When Mrs. Gorgandy, a "Tyburn widow" who makes a good thing of claiming bodies of those hanged without any true grieving family and selling them to physicians, needs help handling the huge body of the ruffian Black Jack, she calls upon the pity of a young draper's apprentice, Tolly Dorking, and then tricks him into sitting with the corpse while she rushes off to dicker with prospective buyers. To Tolly's horror, the body begins to move and make some choking noises and--by signs--to get him to pull a silver tube from its throat, which Black Jack has inserted himself to thwart the hangman. From then on Tolly is in the power of the giant, linked to him by mutual fear, Black Jack's that Tolly will turn him in to be hanged properly, and Tolly's that Black Jack will murder him or other innocent victims if he tries to get away.

When Black Jack puts a large stone in a turn in the road where it will certainly cause a coach to upset, planning to get a reward for helping right it or to rob the passengers, the first to overturn spills out an unusual cargo. It is Dr. Jones, who runs a private madhouse in Islington, and his newest inmate, a mentally disturbed girl named Belle Carter, being sent by her wealthy family to be kept out of sight so that her older sister can marry into a titled family without their secret shame being discovered. Belle escapes to a nearby wood, Tolly goes to find her, and together they wander on, Belle alternating between sweet, childish prattle and fits of violent temper. They join a traveling fair, where Dr. Carmody, who sells the Elixir of Youth, takes them in, convinced that his quack medicine can cure the girl. To Tolly's horror, Black Jack joins the group, planning to take Belle to the madhouse to collect a reward, but Tolly discovers the giant's weak point: he is terrified of madness and dare not take the girl by force. As Belle's mind clears with good treatment, Tolly finds himself a victim of his own contending emotions, dreading the fate of being caretaker of a madwoman yet drawn to Belle with what becomes deep and overpowering love. His feelings toward Black Jack are also contradictory, made up of fear and hate and a longing for admiration rather than scorn from the huge villain. Through the rest of the book these three break away from and are drawn back to each other in a complex plot that includes blackmail, horrifying scenes in the madhouse, and the public panic as an earthquake seems to presage the end of the world prophesied by a street preacher.

John Diamond is equally melodramatic, with stronger elements of mystery. Night after night, twelve-year-old William Jones has been awakened by the sound of footsteps in the room below his, as his dying father paces the floor. Stricken by conscience, he believes his father is "dying of a worthless son." Hearing the footsteps suddenly stop one night, he creeps down, and his father gives him his gold watch and confesses that he is weighted down by a long-concealed sin: he cheated his friend and partner, Alfred Diamond, and fears he may have caused Diamond's death. Next day he is dead, and William's obnoxious uncle accuses the boy of stealing the watch. Frantic with grief and hatred, William runs off to London, determined to find Mr. Diamond, who he is sure, will somehow vindicate him.

In London, he becomes involved with a number of Dickensian characters and blunders through a series of ludicrous situations, sinister intrigues, and chilling adventures in which no one is quite what he seems. William, whose first-person narration depicts him as far from perfect, is a naive and sympathetic character, and Garfield's style, as always, is highly individual and skillful. The theme that appearances are often far different from reality is one that recurs in many of the author's books, as does the mixture of melodramatic adventures lightened by ironic, often biting, wit.

These three novels exemplify one aspect of Garfield's writing. Even if he had not achieved distinction in other types of books, these alone would be enough to merit a memorable place in children's literature.

The remarks of Alethea Helbig:

Among Garfield's other books are several eerie and mysterious ghost stories. Two are full-length novels: Devil-in-the-Fog, which concerns an unusual family of traveling actors and won the first Guardian award, and The Drummer Boy, which strips away the glamour from war. Two novelette-length books improvise upon the Faustian legend: Mr. Corbett's Ghost and The Ghost Downstairs. All display the Garfield hallmarks of eighteenth century settings; distinctive, exuberant, sensory style; intricate ploys full of carefully controlled, deliberately melodramatic events that lead to unexpected endings; ironic humor; moral complexities; and elemental themes of greed, hatred, vengeance, illusion, and deception.

Like most Garfield books, Devil-in-the-Fog defies brief summarization. George, the fourteen-year-old narrator, enjoys life as the eldest son in the Treet family, an irrepressible troupe of strolling players praised with immodest candor by George as some of "the most talented personages in England." One misty November a "dark and devilish" Stranger calls in the "unwholesome bargain eating away at my father's soul" and plunges George into the strange, new role of real-life heir apparent to family-proud Sir John Dexter. Sir John is embroiled in a Cain and Abel feud with his brother, Richard, whom George soon encounters skulking in a copse on the Dexter estate, a tattered, worn, and pathetic fugitive from Newgate, certainly not the villain George expected. Aiding and advising Richard is the curiously ambiguous Mrs. Montagu, sometime necromancer to Lady Dexter. Mrs. Montagu has called up from the grave an infant "she swore was the spirit of George Dexter," now seemingly a "wicked, wicked ghost" that has prevaricated about his identity.

Though the book's center doesn't produce the emotional pull promised by the beginning and the conclusion is overly extended, a full measure of excitement transpires before George and the reader make important discoveries. In addition to learning who his father is, George finds that things in the real world are not always as they seem and that the accoutrements of a gentleman do not in themselves a gentleman make. Vain, posturing, ambitious, a self-professed genius, George, to his credit, tries hard to please the Dexters. Given the challenge, he seeks to ferret out the truth, though the effort endangers his life.

He has mixed feelings about flamboyant, unpredictable Mister Treet, the book's other most interesting figure. Catching George's bitter uncertainty about returning to Mister Treet, when the latter has been acknowledged George's true father, Lady Dexter helps the youth put things in perspective:

> "Now you've discovered Mister Treet is not the blackest of villains, dear George, don't be mortified that he's not the brightest of saints, either! There's something in between, you know! So forgive him--for I'm sure he's a great man in spite of it all!" (203)

And George forgives and accepts his father for the good he knows is there, puts the man's shortcomings out of his mind, and rejoices to leave the manor and return to the troupe, his "golden past to be ... [his] golden future as well," and the eight Treet geniuses are together again.

The Drummer Boy also involves delusion, illusion, and deception. Complex in ideas like Devil, stylistically and structurally it is more tightly knit and hence more emotionally engaging. Charlie Samson, army drummer boy, and five red-coats are the sole survivors of ten thousand soldiers "quite harvested by ambush" on a battlefield in France. They make their way through their fallen comrades, he drumming as they "talked and robbed and talked and robbed." Haunted by the specter of a dead soldier, Charlie travels to London to deliver a message to one Miss Sophia Lawrence, who turns out to be the daughter of the defeated general. Hopelessly enamored of her, Charlie perjures himself to save her father, then discovers that this idol also has feet of clay. His salvation comes from unexpected quarters: the opportunistic surgeon, Mister Shaw, who has conceived an ambiguous fondness for Charlie, and Charity, Miss Sophia's sensible, forthright serving wench, whom Charlie has hitherto scorned. The whole culminates in a smashing chase in New Forest and concludes with Charlie splitting his drumskin, which signifies entry into manhood, and then leaving arm-in-arm with Charity.

Irony supports themes well but distances us from the protagonist. Charlie lacks definition; he is less interesting than his flamboyant counterpart, George Treet. Faceless, stupidly innocent, he is a shallow type who perpetuates his own deception. Having gone to war "to find something to be worthy of," he learns the survivors among the soldiers he idolized are alive because they fled and hid in ditches during the fighting, the general to whom he dedicated his drumming is pompous, self-aggrandizing, and unnaturally attached to his beautiful daughter, and the beauty of the daughter to whom Charlie has given his untarnished devotion masks a cruel, haughty, life-destroying ugliness. Yet Charlie remains doggedly romantic throughout. When he changes, he changes expectedly, and his entry into adulthood, though motivated, seems abrupt. His departure from the forest with Charity "on his arm--and charity deep in his heart",--the novel's final words--usher him into another romantic world, a happy-ever-after conclusion to the novel that offers hope but disquiets the thinking reader.

Scenes are memorable, their pictures sharp, their language energetic and rich with imagery. The ironically poetic and visually vivid opening in present tense--"the scarlet men are marching. The hillside is in bloom with them . . . mounting as if to capture the sun,"--establishes the romantic tone, sets in stark relief the horror of the ambush and the earthiness of the body robbing soon to follow, and contributes universality. Mister Shaw, the grotesquely comic surgeon, "gray and fat, with little frightened eyes," wastes no time as he prudently scours the battlefield "gathering teeth, fine, fresh teeth. Teeth for the toothless back home. Teeth for the ladies; teeth for the gentlemen--at upwards of two pound ten a gnasher" (16). Though not without shortcomings, Drummer stands out for the skill with which it is composed.

In Devil and Drummer, the supernatural forces provide atmosphere. In Mr. Corbett's Ghost and The Ghost Downstairs, two finely cut gems that outshine these two predecessors, the ghosts become functioning characters in their own right. Mr. Corbett's Ghost echoes the tale of Scrooge as it plays twists and turns on the theme of unholy bargain. One New Year's Eve, willful, defiant Benjamin Partridge, apothecary's apprentice and aspiring celebrant, is ordered by his hard-driving master, Mister Corbett, to deliver a mixture to a little, old, black-garbed man about whom there is "an unmistakable smell of graveyards." Obliged to walk three miles through the dark and cold, despairing and raging ("Nails in your coffin, Mister Corbett"), Benjamin repairs to a secluded house on the heath and concludes with the same little old man a bargain for Mister Corbett's death. When the corpse and then the ghost become unmanageable, he opts for an unselfish act that redeems both him and Mister Corbett, and Benjamin welcomes the New Year, relieved to have his master in the flesh again. He has learned that the cost of irresponsible action may come high and that forgiveness is sweeter than revenge.

We feel little sympathy for complaining, surly Benjamin at story's start, and still less when he initiates his dark agreement. But the discipline of suffering he undergoes changes his outlook substantially and draws us to him. We disapprove his attempts to justify himself. "You brought it on yourself, Mister Corbett. You were as hard as iron," he asserts unhappily. We think better of him when remorse sets in and he acts compassionately for the piteous ghost. When he realizes the ghost can "give but terror and freezing cold" and that there is no place for the two of them to go "in their misery and their shame," we see how much he has changed and share his suffering.

At the very end, when Benjamin "begins to wonder whether his dark venture had been a dream," we, too, wonder. The third person focus is so tight it gives the effect of "I" narration. Maybe, we think, this has all taken place in Benjamin's head, a figment of the over-wrought imagination of a rebellious adolescent. But so vividly does Garfield draw the ghost, so tormented is the specter ("Hell is cold . . .," he pleads), so clearly realized is the ironic New Year's Eve party at which Benjamin helps the ghost warm himself at the fire and thus is revealed as a murderer, that we have no difficulty accepting the events as actually happening, the ghost as real as Benjamin. Along with Benjamin we conclude that the evil we do has its origin within us.

The macabre in the allegorical sense hinted at in Mister Corbett's Ghost is more fully realized in The Ghost Downstairs. Mr. Fishbane, new neighbor below, reeks of sulphur. Since he also reeks of wealth, Mr. Fast, sharp-minded solicitor's clerk, cultivates his friendship. Supremely confident of his ability to outwit the old man legally, he draws up a contract in which in return for a million pounds he will give the old man his soul and seven years off the end of his life, a contract signed not in blood, but with beetroot juice, and hence "red in tooth and clause." Even though the fine print specifies the first seven years of his life, Mr. Fast soon feels uneasy with his bargain. He notices a dark and shadowy shape accompanying his benefactor, which slowly and horribly materializes as a sad-eyed, pallid-faced, little boy dressed in an old-fashioned sailor suit, Mr. Fast has bargained away his own childhood, and with it his hopes and dreams, rendering-ironically-the million pounds of no value. What good is money without dreams for it to satisfy? Dismay and fear progress relentlessly into terror when Mr. Fishbane grants the ghost-child's fondest wish, to drive a train, which to his horror Mr. Fast soon realizes is a death train. He halts it, saving the passengers at the cost of his own life, and is thus redeemed from his unholy bargain.

Mr. Fast is more repulsive at the beginning than is Benjamin Partridge. The grasping solicitor's clerk appears to have no redeeming qualities. We are introduced to him in a sardonically witty passage:

> Two devils lived in Mr. Fast–envy and loneliness. Together they gnawed at him, drained the color from his face, the luster from his eyes and the charity from his heart. (3)

A little later we're told that avarice became a "welcome tenant," too, who "got on famously with the two devils . . . all three of them held parties in his head, and dined off Mr. Fishbane's estate" (9). His pride, greed, and arrogance continue to repel us. We dislike him intensely when he attempts to purchase the child's dreams (his own, that is) with the gift of a silver running hoop. The pivotal scene, where we begin to feel sympathy, occurs when he gives his arm to an old woman and helps her through the fog to the train, a Boy Scout act that epitomizes childhood virtue and hints that his discipline of suffering has awakened a decency dormant since childhood. When he is convinced that "the phantom child was fixed on destroying him and . . . was driving the train to destruction," he undertakes to save the glimpse of the phantom at the controls, through Mr. Fast's anguished plea, "Take everything back! Take all my soul–only stop the train!" through the poignant death scene, after which the child speaks as father of the man, whispering, "My son . . . oh, my son . . .," to conclude with poetic ambiguity. But the end leaves us to ponder the identity of Mr. Fishbane and the phantom child:

> "Come, Dennis," murmured the old man. "Come away, my dear."
>
> Then this weird pair–the shabby old man and the little boy in the sailor suit–drifted away from the glowing scene and seemed to mount the embankment and so dissolve in the upper reaches of the night.
>
> "Where shall we go now?" whispered the little phantom, its pale face smiling up into the old man's.
>
> "God knows," answered Mr. Fishbane, and his beard streamed out to catch the stars. (107)

Perhaps Mr. Fishbane isn't the devil at all. Perhaps the only devil is in Mr. Fast's baser nature. Perhaps, as in Mr. Corbett's Ghost, the only evil people do originates with them.

This brief discussion has merely sampled the surface texture of these four rich and deeply satisfying books. There is no time here to discuss such aspects as tone, color, the orchestration of rhythm and pace, the wit, the wordplay, the imagery and their effect on characterization, plotting, and atmosphere. Garfield is a master craftsman, whose work, I believe, has not received the attention it deserves on this side of the Atlantic. His books are simply good reading entertainment. They give us perceptive insights into human nature and the way things are in the world, and at the same time they enhance our appreciation for the delight that beautiful writing brings.

–Edited by Alethea Helbig

Editing Inuit Literature: Leaving the Teeth in the Gently Smiling Jaws

by

Robin McGrath

A quick glance around any Canadian children's library or bookstore will reveal a proliferation of books by and about native North Americans. This wealth of native material is the result of a realization by parents and educators that native songs and legends "reflect archetypes of world mythology adapted to the Canadian environment" (Whitaker 162). The works help to put non-native children into harmony with the country of their birth or adoption in a way that stories rooted in Europe, Asia or Africa cannot, and they also help to keep native children in touch with their culture. The use of native oral literature in books involves a number of complex processes, including transmission, translation, adaptation and editing, processes which should be undertaken with caution and care if the integrity of the original material is to be retained. This paper will look at problems of adapting and editing Inuit literature and will compare several original manuscripts with the English texts that eventually reached the public.

It is important in talking about editing Inuit literature to draw a clear distinction between literature about Inuit and literature by Inuit. An excellent example of an adaptation of Inuit legend, literature about Inuit, is Elizabeth Cleaver's The Enchanted Caribou. Another is James Houston's Tikta'Liktak. Houston based his story on a real incident, but as he tells us:

> The year after Tikta'Liktak returned he and his wife starved to death; he was gone. I never used that in the book because I think it sounds depressing that, after having fought through all that to save himself, he should have died in such an ordinary way as starvation. (qtd. in Stott 7-8)

Houston's story is his own, and he is free to change or omit the ending. The problem arises when editors change Inuit writers' stories.

A photographic version of the Taqaliktaq story can be found in Peter Pitseolak's People From Our Side. The sub-title is A Life Story With Photographs by Peter Pitseolak and Oral Biography by Dorothy Eber, the translator of the manuscript section is named, the six interpreters who worked on the interviews are listed, a page of the syllabic manuscript is reproduced on the inside of the cover, and a distinction is made between the original manuscript and later insertions from interviews by the use of italics. I, Nuligak, edited by Malurice Metayer, is similarly documented and includes a sample of the original Inuktitut with both a literal translation and the final interpretation so that readers can judge how the work has been altered by the editor.

In contrast, Elik and Other Stories of the MacKenzie Eskimos is an example of a book that may appear to be by Inuit but is not. Herbert T. Schwarz devotes almost half of this book to photographs and profiles of the storytellers he met in the Mackenzie Delta, but a careful reading reveals that Schwarz speaks no Inuktitut, several of the storytellers spoke very little English, the stories were never tape-recorded, and an interpreter was used for only one of the tales. Schwarz's comment that one story-teller was such a superb actor that "there were times that I did not need to understand Eskimo to comprehend his tale" (69) should be received with some skepticism. Elik is an adapted work but gives the incorrect impression that it has simply been edited.

Authentic literature by Inuit is usually fairly easy to recognize. The storytellers or poets are identified by name or at least by tribal affiliation; the translators are listed; any interim languages such as Danish or French are noted; additions are identified as such either through footnotes or the use of italics; and finally, it does no harm if a certain number of inconsistencies of language or narrative development are retained. If, as an English reader, you understand everything in the work, then it is probably not the product of an Inuit writer.

Sometimes the changes editors make are so subtle that it is difficult to know if the editor was making a deliberate decision or was just inadvertently shifting the emphasis in a work. Either way, the reader is left with an incorrect impression of Inuit life. Agnes Nanogak's version of the story of Aniknlyak, in her new book More Tales From the Igloo, contains a number of examples of this kind of change. The story tells of a childless couple who had adopted the husband's younger brother. The young man longed for them to have a baby, a girl that he could look after, but the when the wife eventually became pregnant she gave birth to a boy. The father, concerned that his brother might harm the child in his disappointment, instructed his wife to dress the child as a girl. All went well, until the child was old,enough to play outside. One day, when the uncle and child were catching birds, the uncle discovered the deception.

Roy Goose's original translation describes the discovery in this way:

> So when the child wanted to pee–he helped it to pee–so he found out only then that the child was a little boy instead. (Nanogak ts. 77-8)

The published version reads:

> The child went to relieve himself, and the uncle saw that he was not a girl. Only then did the uncle find out that the child was a little boy instead. (Nanogak)

Several of the changes in this text can be justified. The elimination of the word "so" (taima!), used to punctuate oral narratives, and the substitution of "relieve" for "pee", are decisions that editors are free to make, particularly when they are working with a rough translation. However it is very clear in the original text and in the translation that the uncle is helping a child that he thinks is a girl when it needs to urinate. The edited version distances the uncle–"The child went to relieve himself."

We are told earlier in the manuscript that the uncle "looked after" the child, but the published version changes "looked after" to "protected". All the descriptions of the uncle's relationship with the child have been changed to fit a non-Inuit stereotype. In reality, Inuit men are extremely nurturing, they are quite comfortable being seen feeding, washing, or "looking after" babies and small children. Inuit men do not just "protect" children–a word that suggests a man alert to dangerous polar bears–they look after children, which includes wiping noses and bottoms. A teen-aged boy would not hesitate to help a two year old girl go to the toilet. One suspects that the editor was anxious to eliminate any implication of sexual contact from the story. The translator refers to the child as "she" when dressed as a girl, but the editor has substituted "he" or "it"; since there is no gender distinction for the second person singular in Inuktitut, the use of female in English might have been accidental but most likely was deliberate and perhaps should have been retained.

The editor of More Tales From the Igloo seems to have had a real aversion to bodily functions. In the manuscript version of one story, a man dumps a urine pot on a fiery demon but in the book the contents of the pot are unidentified. Motivations that children or adults might understand often disappear in the editing. A beast-fable, in which a crow tricks some wolves into an act of cannibalism, hinges on the fact that the wolves are so appalled that they run outside to try and vomit. Crow hides their parkas and they freeze to death. In the published story the reference to their attempts to vomit is deleted and the wolves run outside for no apparent reason. A beast-fable about an enchanted moose who continues talking to the hunter after he has been killed and skinned provides another example of this editor's fastidiousness. Originally, the moose skin objects to being used as a blanket because the children might wet the bed. Now the moose skin suggests that the children might "get it dirty." Surely a reluctance to be peed on is a stronger, more realistic motivation in such a story.

The original manuscript of More Tales From the Igloo provides a number of glimpses of Inuit life that are quite intimate but that were deemed inappropriate by the editor. In one story, a married couple have a serious altercation; the husband goes caribou hunting to calm down. What we are told is that the husband was getting out of the house so as not to beat his wife. He doesn't beat her; however he eventually creates a drop-trap full of worms to kill her but ends up falling into it himself and being consumed. The original comment about why he went hunting is open to two interpretations: either we are being told how to deal appropriately with anger (i.e., go caribou hunting), or we are being told that if rage is suppressed it will grow. Apparently the editor thinks it is all right for an Inuk to speak in print about feeding a spouse to a ditch full of worms, but references to wife-beating are verboten. A much milder form of the same censorship has a hunter kill two caribou when in the original story he has killed a caribou cow and her calf. This particular story is chock-full of murders–it seems that an Inuk Rambo is acceptable as long as he doesn't shoot Bambi's mother.

Editors who are working with modern Inuit literature have a particular responsibility to their authors. Writers such as Markoosie and Alootook Ipellie frequently set their stories in traditional times but they are writing in English and using European narrative techniques. Markoosie's Harpoon of the Hunter, which was edited by James McNeil, displays both the strengths and pitfalls of such a relationship. Markoosie was working as a bush pilot when he wrote the book, and had a somewhat weak background in traditional Inuit skills. McNeil quite properly did not attempt to eliminate the romantic love motif in the plot, a European element that some reviewers regarded as a distortion, nor did he want Markoosie to change the abruptly tragic ending in which the hero commits suicide. He did, however, change the heroine's name from Lizzie to Putooktee, and he failed to recognize that musk-oxen do not "roam the land, living on whatever they can kill" (Markoosie 44), but, as Fred Breummer reminds us, are fairly mild herbivores (v); furthermore, the harpoon of the title has a detachable head which would make it impossible for the hero, Kamik, to repeatedly strike a polar bear. A knowledgeable anthropologist frequently knows more about the details of traditional camp life than a young Inuk brought up in the contact era.

When McNeil edited Markoosie's next work, Wings of Mercy, the situation was somewhat reversed. Markoosie's descriptions of Arctic flying were frequently too detailed and specific for the editor's taste, and the language a little too colloquial. Under McNeil's blue pencil, a sled became a komatik, just as in John Auaruak's work a boat became an Umiak, and Markoosie's village English was cleaned up and dignified. Where a character originally sent a radio message that read: "Would you tell RCMP I'd like to talk to him" (ts. 12), it now reads "Would you tell the RCMP man I'd like to talk to him." Inuit frequently refer to non-natives by the occupation and will address them as Pilot or Teacher or even Co-Op, and since Inktitut does not have articles such as "a" or "the", these are frequently dropped in English as well. Village English is often colourful and delightful and Inuit writers frequently push familiar words into shapes that those who speak English as a first language would never attempt. Markoosie's sentence: "He switched his eyes to the airspeed indicator," (ts. 12) becomes: "He looked at his instruments" (Markoosie 12), but the notion of the pilot's taking on the characteristics of a machine is lost in this editorial change.

The whole question of whether sex, violence and monsters should be retained in native literature for children is a complex one that is dealt with elsewhere (McGrath, in publication). What is of concern here is that Inuit writers be well served by those who edit them. Often, especially in poetry, editors tend to read too much into fairly simple material. For example, the song "Ptarmigan" by Umanatsiaq gives a delightful imagistic picture of the bird in springtime, but the last two lines, "And right between its buttocks/Sat the sweetest little arse" (Lowenstein 51), can be-- and probably was--misunderstood by the editor who was working with Knud Rasmussen's translations from Inuktitut to Danish. An "itiq" on a person is a bottom; on a bird it is the part that holds the tailfeathers. A bird's "pope's nose" or "parson's nose" is not what is generally understood by the word "arse". A ptarmigan's Itiq is an oily morsel much enjoyed by Inuit because it is literally sweet.

This tendency for editors to make the literal abstract is also obvious in a modern poem, "I Ask of Thee" by Akulak. The poem takes the form of a traditional dialogue song between parent and child in which the boy asks his father about the changes he sees happening around him. The child questions the nature of God, the reason for man's inhumanity to man, and, in the last verse, he asks why the animals they usually hunt have disappeared. The father's explanation is that it is "the machines" that have caused the scarcity of animals; the editor has changed "the machines" to the more abstract concept "progress." Machines may represent progress, but surely that is for the reader to interpret, not for the editor to impose.

With more native material reaching children every day, parents and educators must become aware of how to choose books by and about Inuit. Adapters like Houston and Cleaver understand the tradition from which they are drawing inspiration, so their works function in the same way that works by storytellers like Arnaitok Ipellie, Isa Smiler and Francois Quasa do. Editors like Maurice Metayer, Leonie Kappi and Dorothy Eber treat their authors with intelligence and respect, and interpreters like Anne Hanson and Rose Jeddore consider carefully all the cultural, linguistic and aesthetic aspects of the prose and poetry they are translating. Editors and writers given the opportunity to work with native material must educate themselves so as to produce books as honest to the original material as they can possibly make them, and readers must become more critical of the processes by which stories and songs that originated in the camps of Seekooseelak and Kittigazuit reach us in the south on the printed page.

Tautungie Kubliutok, an artist and teacher from Rankin Inlet in the Hudson's Bay area, made a number of tape recordings before her death of stories that she thought would help non-Inuit to understand her culture. The following account of early Inuit contact with white whaling crews serves as a cautionary tale for editors of native legends:

The Big Ship

> In the olden days we were a very isolated people, but the people before us were even more isolated. We thought, and understandably so, that we were the only people on earth. Little did we know that there were more people, in the land of the Qablunaaq and all over.
>
> A group of Inuit had their camp set up on the seashore. These people would go on hunting trips by qajaq; the qajaq was the only thpe of boat they knew. They did't even imagine that there could be anything different.
>
> One morning, a man went out of his tent and saw something at the waterfront. It was a massive structure with many wing-like forms that waved in the wind. Unbeknownst to the people, the thing had made its way into the bay. The huge looming sails were frightening and as the man did not have any way of knowing what it could be, he became afraid of it.
>
> This group of Inuit had a shaman. They summoned him quickly and helped him don his ceremonial fringe belt. Then they performed a ritual to try and gain an understanding of what was happening to them. The shaman said "These beings are not to be feared. They are people too, just like us. They have bodies like us and they move about like us. The difference is only in the language that they speak. They are not threatening."
>
> The shaman's insight did not seem to calm the people. He went on to explain that the stranger's purpose in coming was to find out more about the Inuit. When a crew member walked about on the ship's deck, the people were absolutely terrified. Then a crew member who was out on deck fixing the sails lowered a dory down the ship's side. When the Inuit realized that the strangers were actually coming to shore, they all fled inland. The shaman was unable to convince the people that they had no reason to flee. As he was soon the only one left behind at camp, he went to join the others. The Inuit group slept overnight up there on the bare tundra.
>
> The next day it became evident that the big ship had left, so the group proceeded back to the shore and to their tents. Oh my!! Their belongings! Their finely crafted tools, all their precious implements, had been taken away and replaced with unfamiliar items. There was some strange, unappetizing food, and who knows what else. They had no idea what these things were or how they could be used.
>
> The people felt incredibly sorry that they had lost their possessions. They didn't know that the exchange items were, in fact, useful objects. Oh, how they regretted that the strange big ship now had all of their belongings; their snowknives, knives, bows and arrows, and other tools. They had lost all of their hunting weapons to the big ship and felt deeply grieved.

The epigraph of Peter Pitseolak's People From Our Side reads: "I am telling the true things I know. I am not adding anything and I am not holding anything back." We must give careful thought to what we are doing before we allow editors of Inuit literature to add things or to hold things back; for it is not always easy to identify what is of value in another culture.

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Cross-Culturalism and Inter-Generational Communication in Children's Literature

by

Peter Hunt

This conference--"Cross-Culturalism in Children's Literature"--is based on an act of faith.

I do not mean that "Cross-Culturalism" does not exist, or has no place in "Children's Literature": quite the contrary. "Children's Literature" is always concerned with forming attitudes, providing views of the world and bases for allusion, simply because its audience is developing--and regardless of didactic intent. Nor do I mean that "Literature" should not have a place in the interaction of cultures; any text must necessarily embody conscious and unconscious features of its own culture, and therefore confirm or challenge the reader.

Rather, the act of faith is in the process of reading--in the capacity of text to transmit a message not just to one reader, but the same message to many readers--whole cultures to whole cultures.

All practitioners of books and literature know that plurality is basic to reading; we cannot prescribe what meaning will be generated by any text for any person in any given circumstance. Theories of reception and response vary between Derrida's view of "the impossibility of determining the text's true meaning" (Hall 108) to Holland's ideas on replicating the self. Common sense tends towards Fish's theory that there is a commonality of meaning determined by the "reading community," from which there are less significant personal deviations. Thus are we able to (broadly) understand each other, and see much the same thing in a given text. The "reading community" is "a social construct whose operations are delimited by the systems of intelligibility that inform it" (Fish 335).

In other words, the meanings that are received from a text are controlled as much by the culture of the reader as the culture of the writer, and so when we speak of cross-cultural transmission we can in reality only speak of the _appearance_ of transmission.

This may be obvious, but it is particularly apposite to children's literature, because, in my view, the most important and difficult form of cross-cultural transmission--and one which underlies all others--is that between adult culture and child culture.

Intergenerational communication has provided a rich vein for socio-linguists, who have found important differences in expectation, meaning, and language patterns between young and old (Coupland). Childhood, as I have suggested elsewhere (Hunt 1985), is very different from adulthood; not only does it involve rapid development (and shifts of perspective), but different perceptions and thought processes. It can be seen as a sub-culture or an anti-culture, which is subversive and partakes of oral-based thought rather than text-based thought (Ong). Children have their own culture, which may well be _truly_ cross-cultural: it is prior to _all_ adult-perceived cultural differences.

It could, of course, be argued that I am simply talking about sub-cultures which will be specific to any given culture. The _Concise Oxford Dictionary_ defines "culture as a "particular form, stage, or type of intellectual development or civilization," and I would suggest that the adult/child gap is as wide, and perhaps even more fundamental than the black/white, male/female, US/Canadian, American/European divides.

My argument is that if we are really going to communicate between cultures, we must first recognize the difficulties inherent in the adult-writer/child-reader cultural relationship. It is not sufficient to provide artifacts from contrasting cultures, or to write _about_ other ways of life in simple terms. (One has only to think of the difficulty that most adults have in sustaining interest in, say, eighteenth century children's books--which represent a cultural gap not just in their content, but in their mode of transmission.) Nor should we assume that because we can elicit "correct" responses from a child-reader, that reader has absorbed the cultural message we wished to transmit.

I would like to examine very briefly some of the adult/child cultural differences, and I would like to treat them optimistically--as challenges to our literary and critical thinking, and, perhaps, as sources of insight into cross-cultural transmission in general. My categories are arbitrary and incomplete, largely because any individual standpoint will, I am sure, provide many other possibilities, but they represent problems which we commonly ignore or avoid.

Problems of Perception

Childhood can be defined as a characteristic way of thinking. As W. H. Auden said of the Alice books, we must ask: "What insight do they provide as to how the world appears to a child?; and, second, to what extent is the world really like that?" (Philips 37). Ong's work suggests that oral cultures "sort" the world differently from written cultures, and that their story shapes are different. The work of Applebee and Crago suggests a mental sequencing and perception in the developing child which is strikingly similar to that of the "unsophisticated" proto-novel such as Defoe's Moll Flanders. (It is interesting, then, that novels for children tend to be diluted versions of the sophisticated adult novel, and may thus be quite inappropriate to the child mind.)

The most violent clash between child and adult cultures may thus be at the point of meeting the book, as the embodiment of the written (adult) culture. All at once we are imposing upon (or teaching) a "story-shaped world," in which end is an inevitable function of beginning, and vice versa, and children have to learn text-codes which are invisible to the skilled reader. Learning to cope with these text-based codes, and to integrate them into the child's culture is not the same as acquiring literacy. It represents a shift in mode of thought.

People with small children, like myself, are constantly coming upon--or stumbling over--such conflicts of perception. Recently, I was reading Shirley Hughes's Up and Up, a wordless picture book with a close-sequenced cartoon-like set of illustrations with my 2½ year-old daughter. In the story--or at least, the story as I had interpreted it in our previous thirty or so readings, a little girl tries to fly, using paper wings, and then balloons. The sequence with the balloons shows (1) little girl on the ground,(2) little girl rising off the ground, lifted by balloon, and (3) the balloons bursting on an overhanging branch. On the 31st reading, my daughter pointed to the balloons in (2), and said, "Those balloons have not popped." The implications of such a statement should make the adult reader pause. Does my daughter see each picture as a separate event? And does that mean that she thinks that the book is a compendium of single events in the lives of 123 different little girls?

As a literary critic, I am prepared to accept that what I have just described is a commonplace to teachers of reading, or developmental psychologists. But, if that is so, why do I never find any references to such problems in the elegant descriptions and reviews of picture books which I read each week? And, more puzzling, what does my daughter think of me as a reader? Has she merely been patronizing my curious reading habits? We cannot assume that we share the same inner perception merely because it displays the same external response.

These problems of perception are closely linked to two other areas:

Problems of Allusion, and Problems of Control

It is commonly said that what is lost in translation is not merely tonal; it is the whole cultural substructure which gives meaning to the original text. To read, for example, Arthur Ransome's exemplary collections of Russian folk tales, is to be made aware of a mode of perception which is very different from say, the Grimms' tales. But whether we have approached any understanding of Russian culture, is more questionable. We may know differences intellectually, but, even if we feel them through the power of story, there is no way of telling whether we are feeling the culture, or the conflict or contrast with our own culture. Now that, as stated, may seem unanswerable, and therefore not worth saying, but it makes the point that we consistently underestimate the importance of our cultural heritage in providing cues as to what to feel, as well as how to understand.

Nor is this simply a question of acquired knowledge of cultural facts. In the case of the child reader, there are intertextual allusions which control the transmission of meaning. Let me take a totally random example. The first book on the shelf in front of me as I write is Philippa Pearce's much acclaimed Tom's Midnight Garden, and the first sentence of that book is:

> If, standing alone on the back doorstep, Tom allowed himself to weep tears, they were tears of anger.

How do we understand this sentence? It is quite a complex sentence, and thus it implies a reader with quite advanced skills. In terms of reference to the external, "real" world, we also need to know what a "back doorstep" is--not necessarily an obvious concept, even for those of the same local culture as the author; we need to understand the concept of anger and tears. Now, that is not too difficult. Nor, perhaps, is the text-code which we must grasp which says that more will be explained about "Tom," that he is a central character in whom we should take more interest, and that this location will be filled out. But do we also see the allusion inherent in the selection of the word "weep"--as opposed, say, to "cry" (perhaps a more usual selection for collocation with children). The word weep--it seems to me, as a fairly widely read adult--carries a slightly nineteenth century or Victorian air; the redundancy of "weep tears" (what else?) signals the faintly ethereal tone which pervades the whole book; indeed, the whole sentence structure is one which calls up echoes of other books and the atmospheres they contain. In short, we underestimate the degree to which textual allusions (inter- and intra- and extra-) convey the "meanings" we take for granted.

The problem of control, that is, the degree to which the oral narrator is initiated in the written text by authorial tone, is a complex one. Narratorial absence or presence, directness or indirectness of presentation, showing or telling, are all elements which modify and influence the way in which any reader feels about a text (Chatman, Hunt 1984). Rose has, perhaps notoriously, seen the text-child relationship as a power struggle, but there is no doubt that the move from oral to written also throws up practical problems.

Problems of Content

Cultures can be defined by what they find important, by their attitudes to things--and indeed, linguistically, what words they have for concepts and distinctions. Child culture and adult culture can also be defined in this way. The naming of something which is significant in one culture may have no meaning in another culture. I am told, for example, that the concept of "weather" has little meaning in some parts of Canada, whereas the rather bolder concept of "climate" has little meaning in England. Whether you react to the word "snow" with excitement, or indifference, or fear, depends on where you live--your whole cultural training and expectation. If we acknowledge this in general cultural terms, we might have less fear about introducing concepts such as sex or death into children's books. In the child culture (as far as one can generalize) the interest in sex might be much the same as the interest in monsters or puddles in the road: interesting--and perhaps rather fun as a weapon in the counter-culture war. Similarly with violence. It is only in the adult-culture that there is a prurience about violence; in the child-culture it is exploratory and pragmatic. And the taboo of death, which adults bring with so much trepidation into the child's world must, I think, be perceived very differently by the child. Whether the child's reaction is based on ignorance, or on a Zen-Romantic closeness to the elementals of birth and death, or on an underdeveloped ego, which has less to lose--the result is the same: the child is different.

When we talk about cross-cultural communication, then, we must beware. Do we slice the cake of world cultures vertically, as it were, into separate cultural chunks (which contain men, women, and children), or do we slice it horizontally, into layers (where all men are different from all women and all children different from all adults)? Or some combination? As you will see, all the examples of adult vs. child cultures I have given are considerably complicated if we step outside our own "vertical" cultures to places where, for example, there are no doorsteps, or where there is no childhood. It is a difficult problem, and it is one we should face before we talk glibly about the ways in which cultures communicate. It should be clear that superficial knowledge of other peoples' cultures will often do no more than to reinforce prejudices or stereotypes. If this is true of visible cultural differences, how much more is it so of the invisible differences, such as that between adult and child. True understanding of cross-culturalism, then, really does begin at home.

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Catechisms: Whatsoever a Christian Child Ought to Know

by

Patricia Demers

Proscriptive lists and codes have fallen upon hard times. The parroting of "precept upon precept" (Isaiah 28.10) has become as quaint as a strict adherence to Leviticus's innumerable "commandments" (27.34). The most familiar type of catechesis and the one cited in the New Testament (Luke 1.4; Acts 18.25, 21.21; Romans 2.18; Galatians 6.6) is religious. And it is in the field of religious instruction in particular, so the charge is levelled, that the reductive and deadly aspects of mere memorization are most damaging. Graham Greene has described the catechism's catalogue of "preposterous" questions and answers as "smug and explanatory: mystery like a butterfly killed by cyanide, stiffened and laid out with pins and paper-strips" ("A Visit to Morin" 71). In his play The Living Room Greene emphasizes Father Brown's inability to help a girl in the throes of an affair with a married man by having the priest admit that his "tongue is heavy with the Penny Catechism" (58). Yet my own response to reading, and often discovering, catechisms leads me to look upon them as more than dusty relics or imprisoning codification. At times they resemble the declension and conjugation paradigms that all of us have probably struggled with in second-language classes: a necessary grid by which to translate and interpret. For a conference on the theme of cross-culturalism they represent the ways in which the practices of the early church were transposed and adapted; they also reflect some of the possible variations on the founding moral tenets of children's literature.

Catechetical instruction, in the printed English tradition at least, was aimed at children who were never too young to learn--or, to sin. Unlike the lengthy baptismal preparation of adults in the catechumenate of the first six centuries, catechesis in the Renaissance and later was a duty shared by parents and pastors. In A Shorte and fruitefull treatise of the profite and necessitie of Catechizing (1580) Robert Cawdray proved his thesis not only by citing the Book of Common Prayer and the curate's duties to "instruct and examine" but also by quoting from the promulgation of the Queen's high commissioners issued at Lambeth, May 15, 1576, to the effect "that al fathers and mothers, maisters and dames, shall sende their children and servants to the Churche every Sunday and holyday, with their Catechismes to bee instructed in the same." Thomas White's A Manual for Parents (1660) advised the gifts of the Bible and Catechism as "fittest to bee given" ("Epistle Dedicatory"), advice still endorsed a century later by the preacher-engraver George Burder, whose Early Piety (1777) held the "entertaining history of Master Billy and Miss Betsey Goodchild" whom the schoolmistress Mrs. Lovegood rewards because of their diligence "in learning their catechism" (12). Predictably supporting the validity of an unordained ministry, John Bunyan underscores the need for parents to catechize their children through various exhortations. His A Familiar Catechism; or, Instruction for the Ignorant (1675) devotes a chapter to the discussion "of seeking salvation young," in which the answerer cites Biblical texts both to insist that God does indeed "punish little children for sin against him" and to clarify the grim option: "Either go on in your sins; or 'remember now your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil days come.' Eccles. xii.1" (16). Positive and negative examples of parental guidance abound in his work; one of the most poignant scenes in The Life and Death of Mr. Badman (1680) is the deathbed catechizing of her children by the virtuous wife of Mr. Badman--whose continuous villainy contrasts with her piety and duty. Although the abundance of Greek and Latin terms bandied about by the unknown author of The Father's Spectacles to Behold his Children and the Child's . . . to Kneel Before his Parents (1695) suggests an audience very different from Bunyan's, their directives are remarkably alike: "1st, To educate them in good discipline, as the word paideia signifieth. 2dly. To instruct them in divine knowledge" (3).

Catechizing that was closely linked to discipline and obedience understandably became the central element in the curriculum of eighteenth-century Charity Schools established for the education of workhouse children. One of the schools' earliest and most articulate supporters, James Talbott, buttressed his claims about religion as "the most proper Means" of knowing "what is of the greatest Importance to our Happiness in this and the next World" with a particular adaptation of Locke's Tabula rasa; as Talbott argues about "the Business of Instruction" in The Christian School-Master (1707),

> . . . it must be considered that the Minds of Children, like blank Paper, or smooth Wax, are equally capable of any Impression: The Use and Exercise of our Understanding advances by slower Degrees than that of our Limbs, and requires more Assistance from without, to guide and direct it. (17)

The school master's paramount duty is "to imprint in the Minds and Memory of the children committed to his Instruction, the fundamental Doctrines and Duties of our holy Religion, as they are laid down in the excellent Catechism of our Church; a short but plain Summary of whatsoever a Christian ought to know and believe for his Soul's health." Talbott's endorsement of memorization as a good and "natural" (93) consequence of repetition parallels his view of childhood as a time of "Submission and Obedience, . . . a State of Subjection to the will of those that are more capable to govern" (40-41).

Throughout its history, in the catechumenate and later in the Tridentine period, the art of catechizing has been intricately connected both to a respect for discipline and tradition and to a knowledge of the Creed and Scriptures. In the early church the presentation of the Creed--the text itself--to the Competentes (or electi, or illuminandi), graduates of the catechumenate who were approaching Baptism at Easter, was a cause for rejoicing and for profound contemplation of the mysteries involved. Speaking to "recent converts," St. Augustine fashioned the topic of "The Presentation of the Creed around a delicate yet precise simile:

> We call it Creed or symbolum, transferring the term by a kind of simile, because merchants draw up for themselves a symbolum by which their alliance is held bound as by a pact of fidelity. Your union, moreover, is a spiritual fellowship, so that you are like traders seeking a valuable pearl, that is, the charity which will be poured forth in your hearts by the Holy Spirit who will be given to you. One makes progress toward this charity by faith in what is contained in the Creed. (Sermon 212, 117)

Augustine was talking to adults and, in fact, like Basil and Gregory of Nazianzus before him, he, too, was baptized as an adult. But by no means was the moral education of the young overlooked; if it is not the largest subject in patristics, it is probably because it was such a natural, taken-for-granted occurrence. One stirring defense, appropriate to cite because of the parallels between its jewel images and Augustine's, is John Chrysostom's Address on Vainglory and the Right Way for Parents to Bring Up Their Children (c. 388). Likening the child's soul to "a city but lately founded and built" Chrysostom traces the development until the child eventually becomes a parent and begins to catechize his own children, thus contributing to "a golden cord". Later treatises in English are not as metaphoric, yet their emphases on the importance of the Creed and instruction are similar. The eighth of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England upholds the Nicene, Athanasian and Apostles' Creeds as "thoroughly to be received and believed" (Bicknell 147). Robert Abbott introduces his A Mother's Catechism for Her Children (1646) by distinguishing it from a sermon:

> . . .whereas preaching is a speaking unto men to instruction, edification, and comfort, catechising is a speaking to men for instruction mainly: preaching is a dilating of one member of religion into a body; catechising is the contracting of a whole into a sum: preaching is for all sorts; catechising for the yong and ignorant.

This "knowledge of the grounds of religion" encourages the learner to "make an Hedge of Divinity to enclose all . . . readings, and hearings from the world, within their proper bounds, for the setling of . . . judgments, and raising up

. . . affections insuperably."

The way to ensure the success of this protective contracting is to tailor the material to the capacities and awareness of the world of the child, one of the salient features insisted on by all catechetical theorists. Thomas Becon's A New Catechism, Set Forth Dialogue-Wise in Familiar Talk Between the Father and the Son, which was written during the reign of Edward VI, begins its lengthy discussions of repentance, faith, law, prayer, the sacraments and the offices of all degrees with the father's promise to his six-year-old-son that the talk will be "not of things which far exceed both thy age and capacity, but of such matters as be meet for children to know" (8). The title and contents of John Paget's A Primer of Christian Religion, Or a forme of catechising, drawne from the beholding Gods works in the creation of the world (1601) make clear his empirical, inductive bases; gathering lessons from every imaginable source under the sun, Paget always grounds his exercises in the familiar and the recognizable:

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> As in a horne-booke, which little children carrie, there bee letters in a paper within which appeare through the same: so under the blew Saphir of the firmament there is spread a sheete of royall paper written all over with the wisdome of God. (31)

The kind of instruction John Bunyan formulates in A Book for Boys and Girls (1686) is deliberately drawn from domestic events and objects, thus complying with his pledge that "by their Play-things, I would them entice" (A2). One of the lengthiest of these Country Rhimes (Bunyan's subtitle) is the dialogue of the Spider and Sinner, in which the insect catechizes the backslider, who penitently admits "They learn may, that to Spiders go to School." Methodology has to be adaptable. Isaac Watts is shrewd enough to realize that the much-maligned set response could be abbreviated and that the "Scripture proofs" themselves could be omitted with, however, a clear pedagogic aim in view: "as a very delightful way of leading them to a more complete acquaintance with the holy scriptures" (vii).

The three catechisms I have chosen to discuss in some detail, from the sixteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centures, show some of the diverse ways in which the foregoing common principles were adapted. Laurence Vaux's A Catechism or Christian Doctrine, Necessary for Children and Ignorant People (1567) is the first English adaptation of the continental Tridentine manuals, especially those of Peter Canisius. Dorothy Kilner's The First Principles of Religion, and the Existence of a Deity, explained in a series of dialogues adapted to the capacity of the infant mind (c. 1787) is a most lively and challenging exchange in which the child is nothing like a submissive yes-sayer. Albert Lacombe's Catholic Ladder or Pictorial Catechism (1872), designed for work in the mission field, narrates all of Christian history through symbolic pictures.

Circulated in the Elizabethan Penal Days, Vaux's Catechism was one of the first English compilations of the catechetical tradition dating back to Cyril of Jerusalem, Ambrose and Augustine; and yet, despite its indebtedness to many sources and admitted borrowing from the work of the German Jesuit Canisius, the distinctive voice of the Recusant teacher and priest is heard throughout. Much of my own interest in this neglected catechism grew from the amazing contrast between its measured equanimity of tone and the upheavals and pain of Vaux's life. Warden of the Collegiate Church of Manchester at the time of the passage of the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, in 1559 Vaux fled first to Ireland and then to the Recusant community at Louvain to avoid interrogation by Royal Commissioners. He was a teacher of the children to lay exiles when his Catechism was first published in Louvain. As part of the large scale missionary expedition of 1580 to England, Vaux was captured at Rochester, imprisoned at Westminster, and, after 1584, in the Clink, in Southwark, where he died the next year--"a prisoner, but well content with [his] state" (Law 1xv).

As impressive as the optimistic cheer of this inmate is the total absence of polemical statement in his Catechism. He candidly admits that a decree of the Seventh Lateran Council, charging schoolmasters "upon Sondays and holy days to instruct and teach their Schollers Christian Doctrine," caused him to feel "a great negligence in my selfe, that I had not done my duetie hertofore in bringing up my schollers." Vaux writes with such evident concern for the children's understanding and well being that he embodies all the features Augustine identified as characteristic of the ideal catechist:

> For we must drive out by gentle encouragement his excessive timidity, which hinders him from expressing his opinion. We must temper his shyness by introducing the idea of brotherly fellowship. We must by questioning find out whether he understands. (The First Catechetical Instruction, 43)

His patient and thorough explication of the articles of the Creed, each supported with marginal Biblical citations, shows him closely attuned to the Augustinian advice of attempting "by dwelling somewhat upon them to untie, so to speak, and spread them out to view, and offer them to the minds of our hearers to examine and admire" (Chapter 3). While it is true that Vaux often presents a competent English translation of Canisius's Latin, as, for example, in his definitions of Faith and a Sacrament, he also departs significantly from his Jesuit "source," as these contrasted pairs demontrate:

What is the Church? It is the congregation of all suche as are professours of Christ his fayth and doctrine, whiche is guyded under one, who next unto Christ is heere in earth their chiefest head and pastour.	What is the Church? The church is a visible company of people, first gathered together of Christ and his disciples, continued unto this day in a perpetuall succession, in one Apostolicke faith, living under Christ the head, and in earth, under his Vicar, Pastour, and chiefe Bishop.
What is Chartie? It is a vertue geven us from God, whereby we love God for his owne sake, and our neighbour for God's sake. (Canisius, A Catechisme for Catholiques)	How must we honour God by charity? We must love God with all our hartes so firmely, that neither for feare nor flattery, prosperity, nor adversity, wee be carried away from God. And that the love of no creature remaine in our harts, but for God & Godlynes. With al our souls wee must love god so faithfully, that wee hadde rather our soules should be severed from our bodie then from God. This love maketh all things light and easie: This love causeth the glorious martirs to suffer al kind of torments, both paciently and gladly for the fervent love of God. This ardent love unto God caused the blessed fathers in wildernesse to take greate paines & penance upon them in fasting and praying, weeping and mourning: For their meate and drinke they used dry bread & cold water, hearbes, rootes, and barkes of trees: for their cloathing haire and sack-cloth, the cold earth for a bed: a hard stone for a pillowe: and were ready to suffer any cruell death for Christes sake: their harts were so kindled with a burning charity towardes God. (11, 35-36)

The differences are more than sylistic. Vaux's emphases on the line of apostolic succession and the virtue that willingly endures mortification and torment are tailored to fit an historical situation where both suppositions are being tested. From one perspective A Catechism or Christian Doctrine seems to be standard fare, inasmuch as it contains an exposition of the articles of faith, sacraments, commandments and precepts of the Church, uses the question and answer format–with the responses holding the information–and maintains an authoritarian formality. yet, considered alongside later forms of catechism, Vaux's work remains unique and simple: without the woodcut illustrations (figurata d'imagini) of Cardinal Bellarmine's Dottrina Cristiana Breve (1597), without the clipped, epigrammatic style of Henry Tuberville's Doway Catechism (1649), withut the sectarian harangue of Thomas Lye's anti-Papist A Plain and Familiar Method of Instructing the Younger Sort (1662), and without the compactness of Richard Challoner's Abridgement of Christian Doctrine (1772). In its sheer expansiveness, with answers suited for declamation rather than memorization, Vaux's catechism stands alone and apart.

The gap separating the colloquial exchanges between Maria and her Mamma, in Dorothy Kilner's First Principles, from the formal discourse of master and student in Vaux's Catechism might suggest a vastly different understanding of catechesis. Although the chatterbox Maria sounds willful and almost rude by contrast to her docile, Renaissance counterpart, they are linked by a common adult desire to impart the fundamental elements of religion and belief in an unequivocal yet loving way. Maria's curiosity about basic concepts, such as the origins of people and objects, and the nature of Godhead, prayer and the Bible, sparks all of the dialogues and also accounts for the distinctive emphases of a religious primer organized around this premise:

> Nobody can think a child of three or seven years old should be argued with as a grown person. Long discourses, and philosophical reasonings, at best amaze and confound, but do not instruct children.

As an instructress Mamma is certainly not a know-it-all, and often she is flummoxed by her child's queries, which have the effect of backing her into a corner.

> Maria. Who made the Bible?
> Mamma. It has been made a vast number of years.
> Maria. But who made it?
> Mamma. Some very good men wrote it, that every body might know how to be good, and do what God pleased.
> Maria. But how did those men know what God would please?
> Mamma. Because God directed and taught them what to write, and therefore they were sure it was what God pleased.
> Maria. How did God direct and teach them?
> Mamma. I don't know.
> Maria. Why don't you know?
> Mamma. Because I do not. There are a great many things about God, I cannot explain.
> Maria. I thought you knew every thing, Mamma.
> Mamma. Then, my dear, you was very much mistaken, for there is a great number of things I know nothing of, nor cannot understand. (24)

Maria is a single-minded questioner, determined to extract a response that suits her; for instance, she demands a prompt and tidy answer about "where God is":

> Maria. Why can't you tell me now? I want to hear now, and I want to know where God is, that I may see God. (12)

The child's frustration, in trying to attach a gender to God, is not dispelled by her mother's saccharine refusal to compare or speculate:

> Maria. If God is not man, is God a woman? or what is God?
> Mamma. I never saw God: but I know that God is neither a man or a woman, or like anything in the world. But I know that God is very kind and good, and loves all good people. (14)

The candour and resilience of Maria--in many ways a forerunner of Edgeworth's Rosamond--make her an endearingly real child, who admits being distracted in church ("always thinking about something else, and looking about") and wanting to say long prayers with a very pragmatic aim ("to ask God to give me things, and to make God love me"). Maria is proud of her acts of charity, but is appalled by the "naughtiness" of poor boys, until her mother explains that their "fathers and mothers are out all day working very hard, to get a little money to buy them some victuals, and have no time to teach them" (43). With her believable middle-class lapses and prejudices Maria is still a more enjoyable character than insipid paragons like Mrs. Sherwood's Mary, who, in Stories Explanatory of the Church Catechism (1817), enters mechanically and cravenly into one conversation after another with her godmother; Kilner's headstrong Maria is definitely the initiator and animator of discussion.

Lacombe's Tableau-Catéchisme might seem at first glance very far removed from the texts of Vaux and Kilner. Yet this pictorial charting of salvation history was conceived with the same earnest pedagogy that brought the earlier catechism and dialogue into being. After eight years of careful preparation, and no doubt innumerable experiments, the Oblate missionary allowed his Catholic Ladder to be printed, announcing in the subtitle that it had already been "used with success for the speedy and easy instruction of Indians, children and uneducated people." In his Memoirs Lacombe clarified that the catechism had emerged from his work among the Cree and Blackfeet and his attempts to enliven explanations with symbols drawn in the sand or sketched with charcoal on buffalo hide; the lithographed chart was a considerable improvement:

> At St. Albert . . . I made with ink and paper a longer history with these pictures. It started at the Creation, and went down through Bible history to the coming of Christ, then through the history of the Church and All Life on our pilgrimage to Heaven. (Hanley 86)

His endorsement of the power of the picture is as conscientious as Cardinal Bellarmine's, and also reverses the long-standing opinion, among Jesuit missionaries, that pictures were not an appropriate mode to begin to instruct an unbeliever. The first Jesuit Superior in Canada, Father Paul Lejeune, had decided--as early as 1637--to switch from pictures, or "change [his] battery," in attempting to explain the major episodes of the Bible to Makheabichtichiou, an Indian living near Quebec. (Thwaites X1, 157). Over two centuries later, Father Francis Blanchet, Vicar General in the lands west of the Rockies, re-instated the picture or representation as a powerful teaching device in his Sahale Stick; meaning "the stick from heaven" in Chinook jargon, it helped the catechist to tell the whole Judaeo-Christian story with a single visual aid. Lacombe's Ladder was a development and refinement of Blanchet's Sahale Stick, for the Oblate's easily portable chart was not only more detailed but more consciously dualistic as well.

The enlarged-poster-size versions (68 x 104 cm.) of Lacombe's Tableau-Catéchisme that have survived generations of use in Oblate-run residential schools for Indian and Métis children are a real curiosity to the modern viewer. The catechism is a vividly coloured outline of the "fundamental mystery" and "most important facts per centuries" designed in a way that recalls a giant game of snakes and ladders. But there is nothing frivolous about the sinuous paths of yellow and gray that frame the interior ladder-like measurement of black and red bars and circles, representing centuries and years (or days), respectively. Whether the chart was cut lengthwise and taped to produce one long story, or mounted as a broad poster with the Biblical and post-Biblical accounts side by side, three features remain outstanding: the pictorial narratives are dualistic, typological and interconnected. Echoing the oldest extant manual of explicit catechetical instruction, the anonymous Didache (The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles) of the second century, with its theme of the two ways, "One of Life and one of Death" (Schaff 162), Lacombe calls his two routes "voie du bien" and "voie du mal." The design and coloration of various different yet related events, such as the cloud encapsulation of the Sinai Covenant and the Crucifixion scene and the sacrificial altars separating Jacob and Isaac from the Worship of False Gods, indicate a typological frame of mind which has always been a fundamental ingredient of the catechetical enterprise, involving, in the words of Cyril of Jerusalem, turning "from the old to the new, from the figure to the reality." (Lecture xix, 144) That there are well-traveled paths connecting the Way of Good and the Way of Evil, along with hovering depictions of virtues and vices and appropriate angelic or demonic guides, shows that despite all the schematizing of this symbolic journey, the crucial and dynamic element of the individual will is never overlooked.

These three multiform examples have, I hope, proven something about the resourcefulness and adaptability of this literary form. Conflated by Vaux, domesticated by Kilner, and simplified by Lacombe, the catechism is a reflection of the state of children's literature in periods of development, establishment and dissemination. And yet the story is neither as tidy nor as predictable as such Baconian triads might imply. Vaux's catechism is an underground work, challenging the politically sanctioned belief of the day; Kilner's dialogue recognizes the impertinence and wilfulness of children in a way that would have incensed a critical doyenne like Mrs. Trimmer; and while versified, musical and variously nostalgic catechisms appeared in Victorian England, Lacombe dared to return bluntly and, what is most amazing, non-verbally to basic catechetical principles.

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The Queer, the Strange, and the Curious in St. Nicholas: Cross-Culturalism in the Nineteenth Century

by

Greta D. Little

R. Gordon Kelly's Mother Was a Lady has demonstrated the value of examining children's periodical literature of the late nineteenth century as a means of discovering the values promoted by society at that time. His focus is on aspects of our own culture and how they are advocated. He does not touch on cross-cultural themes. However, the highly acclaimed St. Nicholas has numerous articles which inform readers about the world at large, about people who are not like the typical upper middle class children who subscribed to the magazine.

I thought it would be interesting to see just how much cross-cultural content there was in St. Nicholas and what kinds of attitudes toward other cultures were being disseminated to young people of the late nineteenth century. So I examined twelve of the first fifteen volumes of the magazine (I-IX, XI, and XV). For my investigation I considered an item to be cross-cultural if it was set in another country, was translated from the folklore of another society, or explained the customs of another people. I included American Indians and American Blacks as representative of other cultures, but did not include Great Britain. Sometimes I was uncomfortable with the exclusion of Britain because the articles in question (such as "The Lord Mayor of London's Show" or "London Milkwoman") were clearly explaining an aspect of British culture the author believed the American audience to be unfamiliar with. Nevertheless, for the sake of consistency I did not include these as examples of cross-cultural content. As a result, my figures are probably conservative. I found myself making fairly arbitrary decisions in considering some of the fiction when some of the characters were blacks, Indians or natives of other lands. If one of the major characters represented another culture, I counted it as an example of cross-culturalism. For example, in "The Fairport Nine," a serial about a baseball team, one of the players is black and is an active protagonist throughout the story. If, however, the main characters were mainstream American or British, and their contact with the other culture was incidental, then I did not include the story. Since several of the serials in St. Nicholas are peripatetic adventures, there were frequent instances where one or two chapters of a story concerned another culture, but that setting or theme was not typical of the entire story. I did not include them as cross-cultural examples, so once again I think my counts are on the conservative side.

For the twelve volumes between 1873 and 1888 that I examined, the percentages ranged from 15% to 23%:

Volume I	19%
Volume II	17%
Volume III	21%
Volume IV	15%
Volume V	17%
Volume VI	18%
Volume VII	19%
Volume VIII	22%
Volume IX	15%
Volume XI	23%
Volume XV	17%

For such consistent pattern of inclusion, we might suspect an editorial policy dictating a certain amount of cross-cultural material.

Mary Mapes Dodge was editor of St. Nicholas from its beginning in 1873 until her death in 1905. It is widely agreed that hers was the guiding hand in forging the magazine's character. Her stated policies were as follows:

1. To give clean, genuine fun to children of all ages.
2. To give examples of the finest types of boyhood and girlhood.
3. To inspire them with a fine appreciation of pictorial art.
4. To cultivate the imagination in profitable directions.
5. To foster a love of country, home, nature, truth, beauty, sincerity.
6. To prepare boys and girls for life as it is.
7. To stimulate their ambitions--but along normally progressive lines.
8. To keep pace with a fast-moving world in all its activities.
9. To give reading matter which every parent may pass to his children unhesitatingly.

Although she does not directly state a policy related to cross-cultural content, at least two of her policies would contribute to the inclusion of cross-cultural material. The most obvious is number eight, keeping pace with the world, but number six, too, preparing for life as it is, contributes to St Nicholas' commitment to providing information about other peoples and cultures.

The articles and stories I looked at cover a full range of the components which comprise culture, with special emphasis on those which have appeal to children. Typical articles about customs practiced in other lands include titles like these: "St. Nicholas Day in Germany," "How I kept the Chinese New Year," "Curious Customs at Easter," "Some Oriental Sports I Saw," "Amusements for Arab Children," and "Games and Toys of Corean Children." The music, food and clothing of other cultures also receive attention. "A Japanese Child-song" appears complete with sheet music. There are articles detailing the history and use of various musical instruments, such as "About Violins," and explaining dances like "Some Malayan Dances." "Some Queer Dishes" outlines a selection of the more interesting and exotic food prepared throughout the world. "African Fashions" also describes the clothing and hairstyles of the Niam-Niam people of West Africa. Japanese dress is discussed in "Blossom-Boy of Tokio" and in a pictorial study of "A Japanese Military Noble in Court Dress." "Various Headdresses of the Present Day" depicts hats worn by women in several European countries.

Language received significant attention in St. Nicholas. In the early issues passages in French and German were given for readers to translate. Those who sent their translations to the editor were rewarded by seeing their names printed in a later issue. Samuel Chew (134) saw the practice as a "doubtless unattractive feature" which was soon abandoned. However, despite fewer readers' sending in their translations, the passages continued to appear for several years. Even after full scale translations were no longer asked for, the editor was still promoting foreign language skills. Volume XV contained a series known as "Pictures for Little French (or German) Readers," which consisted of a half-page picture or cartoon with a French or German caption. In feature articles about children from other lands, linguistic information figured prominently. "Blossom-Boy of Tokio" listed Japanese greetings, simple phrases and vocabulary for several everyday items. Different writing systems were also presented--Egyptian and Aztec hieroglyphs as well as Arabic, Chinese, and Japanese scripts. The legends and myths of other countries appeared either individually as in "Golden Hair: A Russian Folk Story," or in series such as "Italian Fairy Tales" and "Stories from the Northern Myths."

Religions other than Christianity and non-nuclear family structures receive very little attention. "Mumbo Jumbo," a treatment of African ritual is the exception. Most of the rites discussed even in that article are viewed as illogical superstition; however, the following proviso is included:

> Of course, all savage and heathen people do strange things in connection with their religion and laws, yet however odd and ridiculous some of them may seem to us, the people themselves believe them right and proper because they are so taught by their priests and rulers.

As we can see, nineteenth century cross-culturalism is not free of bias, certainly not as it appears in St. Nicholas. There is very little recognition that non-Christian religions even exist. Jews and Mohammedans are mentioned, but little effort is made to explain their beliefs. There is also bias in favor of European cultures as well. Germany and France are the leading sources for the cross-cultural stories, articles, and pictures I examined. Northern cultures fare better than southern, particularly tropical ones. The Far East is treated with care and respect. A reader is even taken to task for being critical of the Chinese in this editorial response:

> The best thing that could happen to you would be just what you so dread,--"to be taken to China." You might get used then to what you call "the dreadful slits of eyes that the Chinese have and those disgusting chopsticks." . . . they [the Chinese] consider them much more suitable and convenient than any implements we use in eating. To their view, the use of chopsticks is an evidence of superior culture; and they insist that the use of such barbarous instruments as knives and forks, and cutting or tearing the meat from the bones on the table, . . . are evidences of a lower order of civilization.

While St. Nicholas stories and articles show the virtues of European cultures and sympathetically explain the sometimes strange ways of the Japanese and Chinese, such tolerance is not extended equally to all cultures. American Indians, for example, are described in this way:

> The Piute Indians are poor creatures. They hang around the Pacific Railroad stations and beg for money, or clothes, or anything, except soap, that they think they can get. They are always dirty and have a sullen look. . . . But these Indians may grow up to be respectable . . . for . . . there are Indians upon whom white missionaries have exerted such a good influence that they are industrious and thrifty. . . .

In "An Indian Story" some children ask their grandfather who is in the right and he responds, "Perhaps the English were sometimes unjust in other matters, but is it not better, after all, that a people like them should have the country who could grow to be a great nation, than a few Indians, who were only a little above the bears they killed and ate?"

St. Nicholas, however, had Indian readers and the negative attitude toward Indians relaxed in later issues as shown in stories about noble savages such as Louisa May Alcott's "Onawandah," in which the Indian dies while saving the children of a white pastor who befriended him. These Indian readers wrote letters about themselves and their lives--a story, "Nedawi" by one of them even appeared in the magazine. Dodge called readers' attention to the story, "not only because it is a sketch from real Indian life, written by an Indian, but because the writer, 'Bright Eyes' is a proof herself of the capacity of the Indian for education and the best enlightenment." A letter from Bright Eyes herself is included which ends this way: "It would be so much better for my people if the white people had a more thorough knowledge of them, because we have felt deeply the results of their ignorance of us."

Like Indians, Arabs, Africans and aboriginals of the South Pacific don't fare well in the pages of St. Nicholas. Arabs "appear best at a distance; for soap is not . . . fashionable." Africans are characterized as "richer in spare time than in anything else . . . . They're savages." Australian bushmen are called "black rascals" and "blundering savages." Color is definitely a major issue, as this line from a poem about people of different cultures makes clear: "Oh! let us be glad of our clear white skin . . . ."

American blacks also suffer in many treatments of them, their language, and their way of life. Cartoons and pictures frequently feature them as buffoons. They are almost always presented speaking a non-standard variety of English. In "Dab Kinzer" Dick Lee, the black boy who is Dab's "man Friday" in all his adventures, tries to speak "white folk's English" after his friends arrange for him to attend boarding school with them. His speech is described as having "every word slowly and carefully uttered." Although many of the portrayals of blacks in St. Nicholas stories follow the very stereotypes that modern children's literature tries to avoid, there is a clear effort to include blacks as a part of the society St. Nicholas seeks to build. Drawings depicting blacks are often included in issues which have no stories or articles featuring them. Furthermore, fiction with only peripheral black characters is often accompanied by illustrations including those black characters. There is even evidence of some sensitivity to racial issues. In her Jack-in-the-pulpit section, Dodge is telling readers about a very funny book called "The Ten Little Niggers." She introduces it by offering to share "the thrilling story it illustrates, if you'll allow me to change one little word throughout the poem, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings." The poem is then printed as "The Ten Little Black Boys."

In its early years St. Nicholas definitely undertook to introduce its readers to the world and its people. Its philosophy is probably stated rather clearly in the final lines of "Queer People," a poem about people from other cultures which appeared in 1876:

> These are a few of the folks we have found,
>   How do you like their looks?
> If you're not able to travel around,
>   You may meet them in your books.
> But, among the people that we have seen,
>   The queerest of all are those
> Who never notice their neighbors' ways,
> But live in ignorance all their days,
>   Of fact which the whole world knows.

St. Nicholas may not have always preached tolerance for other peoples and cultures, but it surely advocated a knowledge of them.

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The Clash between Cultural Values: Adult versus Youth on the Battlefield of Poverty

by

Diana Chlebek

In her book on children's fiction and American culture in the first half of the nineteenth century, Anne Scott MacLeod raises the provocative question of intentionality:

> Any view of reality in children's literature is refracted through adult attitudes toward children and society, with the result that juvenile stories are often as suggestive for what they leave out as for what they include. Death and poverty, for instance, were a commonplace in the children's literature of antebellum America--but no child character was seen to defy authority successfully. (10)

Early children's books were especially energetic in enforcing a "Christian" view of poverty through allegories and parables that created an image of the poor as a class separate from the rest of society; this image was often reinforced by racial and ethnic prejudices that portray poverty as the peculiar burden of blacks, native Americans, or immigrants.

Modern authors of juvenile realistic fiction address the issue of poverty in the child's world from points of view that are opposed to the moralistic judgments in earlier children's literature. Until recently, Western society plied itself and its children with the sugared fantasies of Walt Disney, or cozy tales that focused on home and hearth. Not until the appearance of books such as Eleanor Estes' One Hundred Dresses was the issue of social discrimination arising from economic disparities squarely faced. From the first pages of the story, when Wanda's material and social status is described in school, Estes clearly shows that all children are victims of an insidious social stratification that is implicitly modeled on adult prejudices and values that spring up like toadstools in the course of the story: "Boggins Heights was no place to live. It was a good place to go and pick wild flowers in the summer, but you always held your breath till you got safely past old man Svenson's yellow house. People in the town said old man Svenson was no good. He didn't work . . ." (9). Maddie, one of the poorest girls in the class, and a persistent tormentor of Wanda, eventually questions the values of the pecking order in her group, and, implicitly, in society at large. The poignant narrative is filtered through Maddie's point of view in small flashbacks. When the girls pay a visit to Wanda's home and reconstruct the details of her impoverished but dignified life, a social message is conveyed clearly and unobtrusively. The contrast between the characters of the two little girls, Peggy--brusque and self-centered, Maddie--guilt-ridden and empathetic, presents a moral choice to the reader. There is a note of hope in the bitter-sweet ending, when contact with Wanda is partly re-established through her gift of pictures to the two girls, after she has left the community. The realization that a friend has been lost for good underscores the pressing need for tolerance, understanding, and generosity in contact with the underprivileged.

Lois Lenski's observations of regional cultural differences prepare the way for an authentic social consciousness that goes far beyond abstractions and moralizing. Her message is truly democratic as she states in the Foreword to Cotton in My Sack:

> I have heard many conflicting points of view in cotton economy, but my primary concern was human nature in action, controlled by an environment. (xi)

The description of the Hutleys as a typical example of sharecropper mentality and material circumstances is dramatized by the common destitution of the rural ghetto. The Saturday spending spree in town acquires symbolic meaning:

> All the things they saw took on a shining glory because they were within their reach --rings, gold watches, bracelets, jewelry, anything. . . . "I can have that, I can have that," she kept saying to herself. "I can have all these things if I want them." (17)

The environment and the system are blamed for the economic miseries that plague the sharecroppers, yet the message at the end places the burden of fiscal responsibility on the individual. To some extent, the economic misfortunes create a basis for individual growth and communal understanding, as the Hutleys and the Shands gradually realize that their survival depends on mutual assistance.

Ann Nolan Clark expanded awareness of social circumstances in children's fiction through a recreation of the values of other cultures. In Magic Money, she narrates the story of a Costa Rican boy's efforts to earn enough money to buy a present for his lonely grandfather. Although the author tries to convey such abstract concepts as money and work from the viewpoint of this particular culture, her depiction of a poverty-stricken country is whitewashed by a Western bias that defines progress as upward mobility based on cash values:

> This was the day when Mama could buy Rosita shoes. Oh blessed Costa Rica! Good, kind country! Its poor could climb up step by step, into the world the rich people lived. The poor could have shoes, houses, automobiles, anything that they could buy, if they could get the money. This was like that wonderful country called the United States. (37-38)

By the time Aimee Sommerfelt's My Name is Pablo was published, the world at large had gone through enough social and economic upheaval so that third-world structures could be considered with greater equanimity and less ethnocentrism. In this novel, Pablo's plight becomes a symbol for the economic inequality in all impoverished countries:

> "When I was in Norway," Mrs. Harbo said, "I had no idea that there were slums like this. I had to come to Mexico--"
>
> "To Mexico!" interrupted Senor Ramon indignantly. "As if there were slums only in Mexico! In Asia, Africa, the whole of Latin America! Why, two-thirds of the world is as poor as these boys." (128)

What Ellis calls the rise of the working-class story in the sixties in British children's fiction (79) has a parallel in American juvenile novels. These are contemporary counterparts of the Lenski regional stories in that they focus on the plight of the rural poor. Burch's Queenie Peavy examines social issues in terms of the emotional growth of Queenie as she learns to take responsibility for her actions and discovers that her father is a bad model, that her hopes for the economic future of the family involving him are false ideals. Although the story has some description of the grim effects of the Depression, such as the debilitating consequences of malnutrition on the health of Little Mother, Queenie's classmate, the basic social message of the book is a conservative one. When Queenie becomes disillusioned with those close to her, poverty spurs her to action--it becomes linked with the humiliation of her family. She embraces an individualistic ethic: "'I'll make something of myself! There's no telling what I can do if I try!'" (151)

Where the Lilies Bloom stresses a grimmer aspect of rural poverty: the dog-eat-dog mentality of a community trying to scrape survival from the thin Appalachian soil. The Luther children instinctively mistrust the adult community--for good reasons. When they demonstrate their economic self-sufficiency by exploiting the riches of the land through wild-crafting, they must combat attempts by Kiser Pease and Mrs. McConnell to control the lives of the family. Making money becomes a way of asserting their dignity, self-worth and freedom; charity is seen as the worst form of servitude. Mary Call, the surrogate parent figure of the group comments dryly: "'. . .charity is seldom of real service to those upon whom it is bestowed, and those who receive it are always looked upon with suspicion'" (11). The struggle for survival matches the rhythm of the seasons in this environment, but ultimately it is the momentum of man's emotions in the form of Kiser's desire for Devola, the lovely eldest Luther daughter, that saves the family. In the end, Mary Call's survival seems assured as she asserts her faith in education and in her intelligence to make more money and escape the net of poverty that controls her life.

With the appearance of Sounder in 1969, the plight of the rural Southern black was made evident, with all the accompanying horrors that racial bigotry had engendered. There is an epic quality in the description of the courageous endurance of the family, but the boy's persistence in his search for father and dog shows a resistance that is in direct contrast to his mother's tradition-bound, fatalistic attitude of "'We was born to lose, I reckon'" (53).

Despite defeat of the father by poverty and by man's inhumanity, the ending indicates that the boy's education has taught him to go beyond helpless acceptance of destitution and death. Virginia Hamilton's M. C. Higgins the Great magnifies the declaration of hope and pride in the race. Helpful forces from the outside, in the character of the black folklorist, and from within, in the form of M. C.'s realization of his skills, show the black youth that he must stay and defend his birthright against the physical erosion of the slag heap, and the spiritual erosion of poverty and cultural despair.

The problems of destitute urban children are closely linked to those of minority groups, particularly Hispanics and blacks; linguistic and cultural differences are added to those of an unstable economic status. In Thomás Takes Charge, the struggle for physical survival as the children forage for themselves, after apparent abandonment by their father, produces an unexpected result: the emotional problems of Fernanda, the agoraphobic sister who has been sheltered for many years by an overly-protective grandmother, are literally exposed to the light of day when the children take off on their own. The resourcefulness of Tomás, confronted by specific economic choices to be made, emphasizes the need for a realistic attitude in the toughness of modern existence. The children eventually gain enough confidence in their ability to survive to question their need for adults:

> . . .Tomás . . . felt warm and clean and not the least bit hungry. What if Fernanda was right, and Papa did not come back? They would live here forever, just like this? (71)

John Rowe Townsend's novel, Trouble in the Jungle, deals with a parallel situation in an English ghetto. However, the social bureaucracy appears far less threatening than in Talbot's novel, where "Welfare" presents an omnipresent terror for Tomás and Fernanda. The adult guardians in the British novel are simply neglectful, far inferior to their child wards. Kevin, the child-narrator of the novel, takes an important step toward emotional maturation when he realizes that his stepmother's wretchedness is a burden for all society:

> The truth was, I realized suddenly, that Doris was simply not equal to things. It was a further development in my understanding. Poor soul, I thought, life's pretty grim for her. We'll have to carry her along somehow. (155)

This reversal of roles is an accurate reflection of the social reality in the ghetto, where the children of immigrants and unemployable or criminal parents learn to fend for themselves early in life.

Frank Bonham is a white author who presents an especially sympathetic portrayal of black youth in the urban ghetto. The Nitty Gritty portrays the black hero, Charlie, as an ambitious teenager in conflict with both parents and teachers. He doesn't share his father's pessimistic view of education as a shaky ladder for black ambition; however, his white teacher's warnings against get-rich quick schemes only spur Charlie on to more greater risks, since he mistrusts the man's high evaluations of his capabilities. As money becomes the price for escape from the Dogtown ghetto, the desolate trash dump where the youth finds items to sell is transformed into a treasure trove, in the same way that the garbage heap of food from the Market in Tomás Takes Charge becomes a cornucopia for the scrounging children. The reader is caught up in Charlie's excitement, comes to see the grim activities as "golden opportunities," such as the sale of "smack" or blood transfusions for cash. When his uncle abandons him, the greyness of Dogtown overwhelms the teenager, and his father's cynical reaction to the failure of the scheme threatens to crush the boy: "'Oh, shoot', his father said, 'What'd you think you was buying, U.S. Steel Stock?'" (149). Eventually his teacher's positive values inspire Charlie to the constructive self-direction needed to escape the ghetto. Instead of a focus on the efforts of an aspiring individual, Bonham's Hey, Big Spender confronts the issue of survival of an entire community. When the teenager Cool becomes the agent for Breathing-Man's one-man welfare project, he soon grows aware of the complications of social responsibility in dealing with poverty, and he eventually begins to share the community's view of the bureaucratic inefficiency of government charity:

> Public Welfare . . . clumsy machine dragging itself like a crippled elephant . . . hurting almost as many as it helped . . . (95)

After Cool's aunt asserts the need to insure the survival and well-being of future generations through the establishment of a foster home, that Breathing-Man's "magic money" finally starts to have a beneficial effect upon the

ghetto. Perhaps this vision of money as a catalyst for ever-expanding social good is an overly-rosy solution to poverty, but it does underscore the need for a balanced picture of both extrinsic and intrinsic causes of economic conditions. Modern children's authors challenge an era when adults tried to foist their social prejudices on children under the mask of "teaching"; by contrast, Lenski, the Cleavers, and Bonham, amongst other contemporary writers, probe social conflict at all levels of culture, no matter how painful the revelations may be for both child and adult.

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Fanny Fern and the Culture of Poverty
by
Anne Scott MacLeod

"Fanny Fern" was the pen name used by Sara Payson Willis Parton, a determined, outspoken woman whose writing was extremely popular in the middle of the last century. She was born Sara Willis in 1811, daughter of Nathaniel Willis, founder of the Youth's Companion, a long-lived juvenile periodical established in 1827. In 1838, Sara married Charles Eldredge, who died of typhoid in 1847, leaving her penniless, with two children to support. After a period of severe financial struggle, she made a marriage of convenience which soon proved disastrous. The marriage ended within a few years, and Sara was on her own again.

Daughter to one editor and sister to another (and abandoned by both after her divorce), she turned to writing to support herself, using the pseudonym "Fanny Fern." She wrote in a variety of forms, including novels, children's stories and magazine articles, all of which quickly found an enthusiastic audience. By 1856, when she married James Parton, "Fanny Fern" was sufficiently established as a writer to be offered $100.00 a week to write a regular column for the New York Ledger. The Ledger column, published weekly from 1856 until her death in 1872, was her most characteristic work, consisting as it did of short sketches and essays full of social comment, most for a general public, some addressed to children. Parton's writing for children is usually damned as her worst, and there's no doubt that it is painfully sentimental--lachrymose, as one critic put it. Yet in her sketches and stories about children is a wealth of information, not only on the wretched condition of poor children in the New York of her time, but about the emotional impact on American society of urban poverty. The anger, the fear, even the sentimentality of Parton's writing about the children of poverty was representative of the response of many Americans to the discovery that a culture of poverty had established itself in the land of promise, a culture that destroyed children and, through children, threatened the future of the country.

In mid-nineteenth century America, as in the present, the problems of the age were more concentrated in New York. Heavy waves of immigration between 1840 and 1860 deposited thousands in the city who had neither skills, nor resources, nor even health and hope. There were few government agencies to help; workhouses, almshouses, and penitentiaries siphoned off only the most desperate and the most vicious of the city's destitute. The rest remained, housed in slums, exploited as cheap labor (if they had luck enough to find work at all), a blight on the city, a menace and a reproach to the respectable.

The problems were not entirely new, of course; industrialization had been proceeding apace since the 1830s, as had immigration of unskilled laborers. In the major industrial centers of the United States, an urban proletariat was already a reality by 1850. Yet consciousness of urban poverty, and especially consciousness of its grim intractability, seem to have reached a new high in the 1850s. Above all, an awareness of the children of poverty and of their potential effect on the social order began to surface with increasing frequency, in both popular writing and children's literature, in the 1850s.

And in fact, the children of the urban poor were hard to ignore. They lived on "the streets and the docks and the woodpiles . . .very naturally," as Charles Loring Brace observed, since their homes were too wretched to bear (330). They were the highly visible, "little blue-lipped and barefooted children on the pavements" the Youth's Companion described (28.52(1855): 207); they were children who had "no one to care for them, and [who spent] their lives in the street, or in comfortless sheds and outbuildings, where you would think no human being could live (29.33(1855): 140).

Sara Parton wrote often of these waifs, addressing the children as well as the adults of more affluent classes. If her style was overstated, the destitution she chronicled could hardly be.

The poor, Fanny Fern told her "dear little readers," "live huddled together in garrets and cellars, half-starved, half-naked and dirty and wretched beyond what you, in your pure and happy homes, could ever dream of" (Little Ferns 94). A little girl in one of her stories was "so filthy dirty--so ragged, that she scarcely looked like a human being" . . . her hand "so bony it looked like a skeleton" (Little Ferns 48). To add to their miseries, the children of the poor were sometimes abused and often exploited by their parents. Clara's mother sent her out each morning to beg, "or if she couldn't beg, to steal–but at any rate to bring home something unless she wanted a beating. Poor little Clara!–all alone threading her way through the great, wicked city–knocked and jostled about, *so* hungry–*so* tired–*so* frightened!" (*Little Ferns* 49).

The pathetic children in Parton's fiction were meant as samples, not oddities; they represented the thousands of city urchins growing up in abject poverty--"wretched" is the word Parton uses again and again to describe them. While her compassion was genuine, Parton, like many of her contemporaries, saw the situation of these children as more than just a tragedy for them: It was also a danger to the whole society. Poor children learned vice early. In the slums of New York, Fanny Fern told her child readers, "[children] are taught to be wicked . . . they are whipped and beaten for *not* being wicked." A street boy, she pointed out in her column, might be "a boy in years, but a man in vicious knowledge" (*Little Ferns* 98).

Charles Loring Brace shared both her view and her alarm; he called the homes of New York's poor "nests in which the young fledglings of misfortune and vice begin their flight," warning his fellow citizens that the fledglings would soon become "the dangerous classes" (65). The Children's Aid Society he founded in 1853 was an effort to prevent the awful harvest an uncaring society seemed to be sowing for the future. Twelve years later, Fanny Fern was still writing about the problem, in the same terms. She visited a slum, which she described as "a little piece of hell," adding "how *can* those children ever get a chance to grow up anything but penitentiary inmates?" (*New York Ledger* 25 June 1863: n.p.)

What Parton and Brace (and many other Americans) were observing was the sociology of urban, industrial poverty. They were recognizing that poverty could and did create a culture of its own, self-perpetuating, resistant to reform, impervious to sporadic private charity, and deeply destructive of orderly society. They saw that poverty often begot more poverty, that misery could induce, not an effort to improve, but the lassitude of hopelessness. They understood that suffering could be deeply corrupting. "Yes–Clara's mother was very cruel," Parton wrote, "but God forbid, my little innocent children, that you should ever know how hunger, and thirst, and misery, may sometimes turn even that holy thing–a mother's love–to bitterness" (*Little Ferns* 40).

To recognize the culture of poverty was not necessarily to sympathize with its victims. The association of pauperism and vice hardened as many hearts as it melted with compassion. Mid-century authors, including authors of children's stories, spoke often of the "vicious poor," the "wicked poor," who, "when congregated together, make poverty an excuse to sin." The writer who called herself "Aunt Friendly" stiffened when she faced the "dreary alleys" of the cities where "the poor and the wicked are huddled together, and grow poorer and more wicked as the long days go by" (5). Contemplating the vices of the poor, some found it easy to blame the victims for their plight. "Extreme want and the degradation of squalid poverty," wrote one author, "are generally confirmed to the vicious, the indolent and the grossly improvident." "Idleness and beggary," remarked T. S. Arthur, "are next door neighbors to vice." (*Maggie's Baby* 36)

Even Parton's responses were mixed. Her own experience of impoverishment colored her view of the miseries she saw in New York. Her heart went out quickly to women and children, helpless as she had felt herself helpless, in a society where only men had real economic power. She considered women "an abused class; . . . life for most women is a horrid grind," she wrote (*New York Ledger* 23 March 1860). She was less kindly disposed toward men. Rich or poor, men had the advantage over women and children, and Parton had small sympathy for those who brought their dependents low by dissipation, neglect of duty, or laziness. Her 1864 picture of a New York slum is graphically revolting, but the reader's empathy for the inhabitants runs a little cold when it meets Parton's characterization of the men.

> There were slaughter-houses with pools of blood in front, and round which ambolled [sic] pigs and children; there were piles of garbage in the middle of the street, composed of cabbage stumps, onion skins, potato paring, old hats and meat bones, cemented with cinders and penetrated by the sun's rays, emitting the most beastly odors. Uncombed, unwashed girls, and ragged, fighting lads swarmed on every door-step, and emerged from narrow, slimy alleys. Weary, worn-looking mothers administered hasty but well-timed slaps at draggled, neglected children, while fathers smoked, and drank, and swore, and lazed generally.

This is a long way from the glimpses of poverty to be found in early nineteenth century children's books. Then the poor were widows or orphans or honest working men in temporary trouble. Then the appeal was to individuals who as Christians and citizens gave to the poor--and took in return their gratitude and their blessings.

By mid-century, however, such simplicities were clouded with doubt. Besides Parton's jaundiced view of the male sex, what comes through in her sketch of a slum is the shade of despair that marked even sympathetic commentaries on urban poverty in the 1850s. Not only was there nothing genteel about this scene, there was also nothing of the humble--and grateful--air about its victims which might make charity rewarding. These wretches were neither poor-but-clean nor hard working-but-unfortunate. They were dirty, disorderly, immoral and unambitious. They were not in temporary need, but deeply mired in the self-perpetuating culture of poverty and their hopelessness induced a reciprocal pessimism even in those who wanted to help.

Parton was sympathetic, but she had few realistic solutions to propose in her stories about the children of poverty. Sometimes wealthy strangers adopted her pitiful fictional waifs. Sometimes, her little Bennies and Betseys and Claras found temporary benefactors who proved that "bright angels yet walk the earth"--though what happened the next day and the day after, Fanny Fern did not say (Little Ferns 49). Mostly, they died, in the snows of the streets or in the squalor of the slums, a reproach to the society that could not or would not help them. Sara Parton represented a dilemma of her time. She saw that chronic poverty was fundamentally a social problem, yet she belonged to a generation still strongly committed to individual moral responsibility, both for and by the poor. Even as she used her stories to criticize a social system, Parton appealed to individual conscience, trying to reach the hearts of her countrymen with sentimental tales of the suffering and death of little children. Like Dickens before her (though far less memorably), Parton made fiction about the children of poverty a vehicle for social protest. She hoped that a society roused to concern would find a way to save the children, if not the already doomed adults of the urban underclass. But the growing understanding of her time of the complex culture of urban poverty, an understanding she shared, cast a shadow over easy optimism. Simple Christian charity seemed no match for the moral decay that was the companion of industrial pauperism, and Parton was not alone in doubting that institutions were ideal places for children to grow up (Little Ferns 47-51). For twenty years, "Fanny Fern" expressed herself, vividly, angrily and sentimentally, about children caught up in a cycle of physical destitution and moral degeneration, but without finding answers. Her stories for and about children show a mind divided, as her society was divided, between compassion and despair at their plight.

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Crossing and Double-Crossing Cultural Barriers in Kipling's *Kim*

by

Judith A. Plotz

Kipling's *Kim* is arguably the greatest cross-cultural achievement in children's literature, arguably, as Nirad Chaudhuri has called it, "the finest story of India" ever presented to Western readers (47). Yet as a frankly colonialist work, however loving, *Kim* embodies the dilemma of all cross-cultural works in which one culture is normative, the other supplementary. Can the two cultures be presented as manifesting equal humanity? Must a colonialist fiction involve a diminution of humanity through what JanMohamed has called the "Manichean allegory" which "orientalizes" every member of the supplementary culture into a faintly comic foreigner, into an "Other"? Both in its great successes in presenting the fullness of Indian life and in its failures of reciprocity between East and West, *Kim* is an illuminating example of cross-cultural colonialist fiction.

Kim has been praised as the most richly inter-cultural of Kipling's works. To Kinkead-Weekes, *Kim* "embodies the urge to attain a deeper kind of vision, the urge not merely to see and know from the outside, but to *become* the 'other'" (217). To JanMohamed, the book "overcomes the barriers of racial difference better than any other colonialist novel" (78); to McClure, the Kipling of *Kim* "is able to see beyond the horizon of his times and portray a world of yet to be realized interracial harmony" (168). To Thompkins, Kim is doubly a "chain-man," for he is a link, "a bridge suspended for the passage of understanding between two territories of Kipling's heart" (24).

Kimball O'Hara, as an adolescent inhabitant of the border territory between childhood and manhood, is a great crisscrosser of boundaries. In some ways he is deeply Indian--fluent in Punjab, eloquent in Urdu, at home in Muslim and in Hindu dress--but of course he is not Indian:

> Kim was English. Though he was burned black as any native; though he spoke the vernacular by preference, and his mother-tongue in a clipped, uncertain sing-song; though he consorted on terms of perfect equality with the small boys of the bazar; Kim was white--a poor white of the very poorest. (3)

Nor is he exactly English either. Not only was his first English teacher a German (162), but both Kim's parents were Irish, a heritage the narrator uses to explain the boy's curiosity ("Irish enough by birth to reckon silver the least part of any game" [61]) and a heritage which marks his kinship to the colonized as well as the colonizers. Kim's father, the alcoholic sergeant turned opium addict, was also something of a cultural boundary crosser for he was both Roman Catholic and Freemason (4, 183).

So flexible are the boundaries of Kim's identity--"What am I? Mussulman, Hindu, Jain, or Buddhist?" (234)--that he seems to don a new consciousness with each set of new clothes. Sometimes he appears in "Hindu kit, the costume of a low-caste street boy" (7) or moves invisible among crowds as "a Hindu urchin in a dirty turban and Isabella-coloured clothes" (27). Sometimes he is a young sahib in "a white drill suit" (204), sometimes "a Eurasian lad . . . in badly-fitting shop-clothes" (240). With Mahbub Ali Kim is from the first, "externally at least, a Mohammedan" (214) and is eventually rewarded with a splendid set of Pathan clothes, appropriate border-garb with the explicitly Afghan, northern Indian, and even Russian elements:

> There was a gold-embroidered Peshawur turban-cap, rising to a cone, and a big turban-cloth ending in a broad fringe of gold. There was a Delhi embroidered waistcoat to slip over a milky-white shirt, fastening to the right, ample and flowing; green pajamas with twisted silk waist-string; and that nothing might be lacking, russia-leather slippers, smelling divinely, with arrogantly curled tips. (279-280)

Though he knows or seeks to know all the castes of India, he is bound to none and drawn to all. Kim carries conviction both as an "ash-smeared . . . wild-eyed" *faquir* and as the Buddhist lama's faithful *chela*. But even at his most Buddhist, with his "sad-coloured, sweeping robes, one hand on his rosary and the other in the attitude of benediction," Kim reminds the English narrator of nothing so much as the very English "young saint of a stained-glass window" (320).

The orphan child of white parents, Kim is also the adoptive child of many substitute parents. As Lionel Trilling notes, Kim "is full of wonderful fathers, all dedicated men in their different ways, each representing a different possibility of existence" (123). Kipling's own father is the model for the Lahore museum curator. Father Victor of the Mavericks (who knew Kim's real father) paternally entrusts the boy to Colonel Creighton who, along with Lurgan and Hurree Babu, acts as Kim's father in the art and craft of the Great Game. Equipping Kim like a Pathan even to the "mother-of-pearl, nickel-plated, self-extracting .450 revolver," Mahbub Ali calls him "my son" and gives him an affectionate paternal blessing: "please God, thou shalt some day kill a man with it" (280-281). The lama returns from the brink of death and of triumphant merging into the Great Soul in order to rescue Kim as the "Son of my Soul" (473) from bondage to the Wheel. There is a maternal presence as well. The Sahiba nurses Kim with all a mother's affection and Kim gives her a son's gratitude: "'Maharanee,' Kim began, but led by the look in her eye, changed it to the title of plain love--'Mother, I owe my life to thee'" (453). Indeed Kim regards all India as his family. When asked "And who are thy people," he replies, "This great and beautiful land" (222).

All India, especially that which is out of bounds, seems Kim's province. Kim habitually moves in and out of restricted areas, delighting in "the stealthy prowl through the dark gullies and lanes, the crawl up a water-pipe, the sights and sounds of the women's world on the flat roofs, and the headlong flight from housetop to housetop under cover of the hot dark" (6). His first appearance "in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah" (3) is, as Kinkead-Weekes has noted, "emblematic" (216): English Kim sits where his playmates, Hindu Chota Lal and Muslim Abdullah cannot. While the other boys fear the new and unfamiliar lama, Kim delights in novelty and plunges into the museum. Kim is continually moving in and out of secluded precincts, venturing in and out of restricted areas in defiance of various municipal and cultural orders. In Lucknow, Kim rides high in the cab as a sahib, but breaks decorum to leap down into "the road headlong, patting the dusty feet" of his lama (198). Kim moves in and out of school, now a sahib in a white drill suit, now a wondering native. He almost moves in and out of his own skin, sometimes as pale as his Irish genes dictate, sometimes as dark as the fierce sun and the dyes of the bazaar can make him. He is a border violator who riskily intrudes into the army camp and later, at much greater risk, into the "mysterious city of Bikaneer" (278) which he clandestinely maps.

Just as its protagonist is a crosser of borders, so does the novel Kim incorporate diversity. The epigraph to chapter 8 praises "Allah Who gave me two/Separate sides to my head" (214) and that to chapter 14 pays tribute to the power to hear one universal human meaning in many languages, many creeds:

My brother kneels (so saith Kabir)
  To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
But in my brother's voice I hear
  My own unanswered agonies. (410)

This harmony of multitudes is further promoted by the structure of the work as a road novel. The Grand Trunk Road spreads all India before Kim and the reader:

> And truly the Grand Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight bearing with it India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles--such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world. . . . There were new people and new sights at every stride--castes he knew and castes that were altogether out of his experience. They met a troop of long-haired, strong-scented Sansis with baskets of lizards and other unclean food on their backs. . . . Then an Akalsi, a wild-eyed, wild-haired Sikh devotee in the blue-checked clothes of his faith, with polished steel quoits glistening on the cone of his tall blue turban. . . . Here and there they met or were overtaken by the gaily dressed crowds of whole villages. . . . Kim was in the seventh heaven of joy. The Grand Trunk at this point was built on an embankment . . . so that one walked, as it were, a little above the country, along a stately corridor, seeing all India spread out to left and right. (94-104)

This clear emphasis on the glorious multiplicity of Indian life makes it possible to read Kim as a cross-cultural Bildungsroman in which the adolescent's long-sought identity is achieved through a synthesis of the multitudinous experience of "all India spread out to left and right" and of the many modes of being offered by his Indian and British father-substitutes. In such a reading, Kim is the ideal Anglo-Indian, the "idealized embodiment of what Kipling would have liked an inhabitant of British India to be" (Kettle 214), be a good British subject as well as a loving son of India because so clearly identified with the wholeness of India in a way no individual Indian--bound by caste or religion--could ever be.

This buoyantly cheerful cross-cultural reading, however, suppresses Kim's coming-of-age in the role of a spy, a secret agent. The rules of the Great Game force on Kim a role that impedes fully human communion between him and the Indian world.

Kim's temperament as it is put to use by the British excludes him from true fellowship with India. Kim is above all a watcher. He is repeatedly characterized as one who sees unseen. He is a watcher in the shadows, "lithe and inconspicuous" (6), "like a shadow" (22). Repeatedly "Kim watched . . . considering and interested" (23); Kim "kept his watchful eye" (51) or "watched between drooped eyelids" (116). He regularly stations himself out of sight to watch others. At the museum he is the hidden observer: "Kim laid himself down, his ear against a crack in the heat-split cedar door, and, following his instinct, stretched out to listen and watch" (13). In Mahbub Ali's camp, Kim, unseen, spies on the spy searching the tent: "Kim with one eye laid against a knot-hole in the planking . . . had seen the Delhi man's search through the boxes" (42-43). After delivering the message to Creighton, "flat on his belly lay Kim" (62) to watch the British officers. Again lurking in shadow "behind the thick trunks in the cool dark of the mango-tope" (130), then "belly-flat" by the mess-tent door (137), Kim watches the Mavericks.

It is his watchfulness that marks Kim as truly British. In the world of Kim the British are the masters of clear vision. It is the English museum director who gives the lama a marvelous pair of spectacles: "How scarcely do I feel them! How clearly do I see!" (31) It is the English museum director who sees and comprehends all Asia as he presides over photographs even of the lama's distant Tibetan monastery, even of the "little door through which we bring wood before winter. And thou--the English know of these things?" (14) It is the Englishman who presides over the "mighty map," compiled by Europeans, on which he points out to the learned old Buddhist "the Holy Places of Buddhism" (15). Colonel Creighton and Hurree Babu watch India overtly through the Ethnological Survey, covertly through the Secret Service. Kim by instinct is also an ethnological surveyor; he leads the lama into the museum with the exhilarated sense that "he is new" (11) and therefore something "to investigate further: precisely as he would have investigated a new building or a strange festival. . . . The lama was his trove" (22). District Superintendent Strickland, also of the Secret Service, is so indefatigable a watcher and so persuasive a tempter that he gets the Sahiba, the embodiment of Mother India, to remove her veil (124). The English in Kim see all the world unveiled; they "know of these things" (14). The English are scientific investigators, the knowers, the masters of ethnography; the Indians are the known, the seen, the collected materials of ethnography, the mere objects of scrutiny.

In training for the Great Game, Kim learns to cultivate his natural watchfulness so as to see without being recognized as an English boy or as a conscious looker. He must learn to see without provoking response; he must always perceive what he looks at as Other, never allowing his own humanity to be engaged in a reciprocal gaze. During the encounter in which Mahbub Ali first recommends Kim to Creighton as a candidate for the Game, the three look at each other:

> [Kim] gazed imploringly at the clear-cut face [of Mahbub Ali] in which there was no glimmer of recognition; but even at this extremity it never occurred to him to throw himself on the white man's mercy or to denounce the Afghan. And Mahbub stared deliberately at the Englishman, who stared deliberately at Kim, quivering and tongue-tied. (178)

Here Kim watches Mahbub who watches Creighton who watches Kim. None acknowledges the humanity of the other ("no glimmer of recognition") but each contemplates the other as an object for possible use and control. Assessing vision such as this is what enables a surveyor, a "chain-man" such as Kim becomes, to map and thereby control new territory: "by merely marching over a country with a compass and a level and a straight eye," a boy

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could "carry away a picture of that country which might be sold for large sums" (267). The surveying, controlling, acquisitive "straight eye" marks the ethnographer and the spy.

Kim's natural aptitude for seeing is matched by his equal resistance to being seen and controlled. The resistance is partly manifested in his talent for disguise: Kim can pass as a low-caste Hindu street boy, a Muslim ostler, a crazed *faquir*, or the lama's disciple. More strikingly, however, Kim is designated as an agent of rare promise when he withstands Lurgan's controlling hypnotic vision. As "the only boy I could not make to see things" (283), Kim resists becoming the object of Lurgan's vision; he will not consent to see the broken jar as whole:

> "Look! It is coming into shape," said Lurgan Sahib.
>
> So far Kim had been thinking in Hindi, but a tremor came on him, and with an effort like that of a swimmer before sharks, who hurls himself half out of the water, his mind leaped up from a darkness that was swallowing it and took refuge in--the multiplication table in English!
>
> "Look! It is coming into shape," whispered Lurgan Sahib.
>
> The jar had been smashed--yes, smashed--not the native word--he would not think of that--but smashed into fifty pieces, and twice three was six, and thrice three was nine, and four times three was twelve. He clung desperately to the repetition. The shadow-outline of the jar cleared like a mist after rubbing eyes. There were the broken shards; there was the split water drying in the sun, and through the cracks of the veranda showed all ribbed, the white house-wall below--and thrice twelve was thirty-six. (251-252)

Kim's resistance to Lurgan's mastery involves shifting from a yielding accepting Indian consciousness to his resistant isolated British consciousness which is associated with the reductiveness and the control of arithmetic. Clear vision in *Kim* belongs to the British--to the realm of rationality, numeration, isolation, and control. But this clear vision involves throwing off any reciprocity and mutual recognition.

What further impedes Kim's participation in the thoroughly reciprocal cross-cultural world is the conditional nature of almost all of his relationships. Though Trilling may be right that the "charm" of each of the several surrogate-fathers possessed by Kim is that "the boy need not commit himself to one alone" (123), this charm is also something of a curse. The "fathers" are almost all "father-figures" or "father instruments" to be used to further specific aspects of Kim's education and initiation into the Great Game. When Father Victor praises Creighton as "a good man" for aiding the boy, the ethnographer-spy candidly responds: "Not in the least. Don't make that mistake. The lama has sent us money for a definite end" (185). Creighton too seeks the boy for a definite end, a use, and not out of human kindness. To his British trainers, Kim is a mere agent, highly valued for his function but only for his function. Though with Mahbub Ali Kim develops from disposable utensil to cherished near-son, the threat of mutual betrayal remains present throughout the relationship: "Wilt thou some day sell my head for a few sweetmeats if the fit takes thee?" (327) Mahbub asks Kim.

Kim's dearest relationship, ultimately presenting itself more as a duty than an interesting investigation, is that with the lama. Yet that cherished relationship is also turned to the purposes of the Great Game. Kim manipulates the lama, urging him to travel into the mountains, much as Mahbub Ali and Creighton have manipulated Kim. The lama's spiritual search is turned to the ends of the Game. That Kim loves and, even while loving, betrays the lama; that he can use him as an object even as he loves him as a father, shows that the boy has fully mastered the tradecraft. He has internalized the duplicity that makes him a perfect spy; but the double burden of loyalties precipitates his breakdown after the descent from the mountains.

Kim's breakdown and recovery at the close of the novel are open to conflicting interpretations. On the one hand, it may be suggested, as Blackburn has argued, that the adolescent Kim is at last being born into his long-sought adult identity which synthesizes the values of both the cultures he has known and served and that the boy, in Mahbub Ali's formulation, "sure of Paradise, can yet enter Government service" (467). Yet, on the other hand, the breakdown may suggest that the boy has broken under the unendurable burden of two cultures which cannot be reconciled. Though Kipling does not everywhere take this view, in *Kim* he makes plain that real cultures are not simply spectacles "for to admire an' for to see" but complex sets of binding obligations (*Verses* 356). The *kilta* of letters weighs Kim down with his obligations to the British way; the heavy body of the old lama weighs Kim down with his obligations to the Asian way. The British duty, appropriately enough, is written, formal, abstract; the Asian duty is fully embodied in a beloved person. Together they are too much. Kim's strength suddenly gives out under this double burden of equally imperative, equally heavy duties. The closest Kim has come to being both a perfect Indian and a perfect Briton is in being a perfect spy; but it is this state of cross-cultural double-cross that breaks him down. Though Kim recovers, the recovery promises no synthesis. Indeed the novel stops abruptly--"*it*" stopped, Kipling told his father about the end of the novel (*Something of Myself* 137)--as if to cut off any vision of an *adult* Kim living successfully in two worlds, as if such a prospect were unimaginable.

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Notes

[1] John Le Carré has acknowledged the influence of *Kim* on his distinguished espionage novels in which love, betrayal, and game-playing are intertwined. The protagonist of Le Carré's most recent book, *A Perfect Spy* (1986), is Magnus Pym, a charming betrayer of everything he most loves. Pym's name and characteristics suggest that Le Carré perceives him as a grown-up "great Kim."

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Adolescents as Instruments of Change: The English-language Novel Set in Post-independence India

by

Meena Khorana

The colonial tradition glamorized by the novels of Rudyard Kipling and Dhan Mukerjee is perpetuated by both contemporary Western and Indian authors writing in English. The realities of post-independence India determine the content of the adolescent novel set in India. Soon after Independence from the British in 1947, Prime Minister Nehru's cabinet laid out elaborate Five Year Plans to ensure a government-controlled industrial development. The attempts of Tagore and Gandhi to re-discover the roots of Indian culture could not withstand the Western orientation of the English-speaking elite. Since only two percent of the literate population uses English as its first language (Singh 112), authors woo Western readers who are still fascinated by "exotic" India. "Some Indian writers, fully aware of this appeal, exploit it, piling on local colour, explaining and expatiating upon Indian customs, detailing recipes of Indian dishes, describing sarees and outlining the colourful rituals of an Indian wedding" (Williams xvi).

These divergent trends make social and national progress a compelling theme in children's novels by both Western and Indian writers. The adolescent protagonists, mainly boys, become the vehicles through which this inherited colonial legacy is reflected. The novel thus becomes didactic and highly stereotypical. Each novel has a definite agenda; whether it is to promote education, technology, medicine, or a more modern outlook, it is the young hero who is burdened with fulfilling it.

The setting of most of these novels is rural. When a book does have an urban locale, it is set in the poverty-stricken areas. The novels are hence a sociological investigation into village attitudes. Reporter-like, authors catalog the features of village life--child marriages, drought, dependence on the monsoons, and superstitions against technology. Despite these deplorable conditions, there is a strong opposition to progress by the older generation. Passive acceptance and a reluctance to change their traditional ways make villagers unfit to survive in modern times. "What can I do if God is angry with us? Man cannot change His will" (Life of Keshav 9) is the typical attitude. In each novel the young hero overcomes opposition and finds a successful means of bringing prosperity to his family and becomes a symbol of hope to his community.

A major theme in these novels is the education of village youth. With a literate population of only 245 million, or 36 percent of the total population, the lack of educational facilities in villages is a prime hindrance to progress. As in her earlier novel, Ramu, the Story of India, Indian scholar and author Rama Mehta narrates a village boy's quest for education in The Life of Keshav. Education comes to the village of Bedla when a school teacher gives night classes in Hindi. Keshav, the hero, is an avid student and he realizes the possibilities of learning. His dream of going to a proper school is fulfilled when a rich benefactor sponsors him to go to a school in the city of Udaipur. At first there is opposition from his mother because acquiring an education imposes a rather long period of economic dependence. Keshav doesn't get enough time from his household chores to do his schoolwork and burning oil to study at night is expensive. "'School, school, that is all you think about. What good is your learning to us if you can't share the responsibilities of the household? Throw those books aside', said Ganga reaching out to snatch them from his hands" (74). Once Ganga sees the future job possibilities for Keshav, she makes untold sacrifices to fulfill his dream.

To Keshav himself, education has been at best a mixed blessing. He is teased cruelly by the rich city boys for his village attire and because he is married at the age of fourteen. His education alienates his village friends and, but for Ajay, the son of his benefactor, the vast social and economic gap prevents him from making friends at school. With hard work he comes first when he graduates from high school. When the novel ends, the author hints that Keshav might go to engineering school.

Twelve-year-old Raman in "What Then, Raman?" is not so lucky. He is forced to assist his mother when his father goes to the city to look for a job. His father understands his dream of becoming a scholar and promises Raman that he can resume school once there is money: "It is important to dream as well as to work. When I was your age I, too, dreamed of becoming more than a woodcutter like my father before me. That is why I wanted you to go to school when you were old enough, so that for you it might become more than just a dream" (36). When

Raman confides his dream to the missionary teacher from America, she challenges him to think of what he will do with his education.

The author also broaches the issue of girls' education. With nearly eighty percent illiteracy among women, the missionary tries to counter the argument that girls don't need to read and write because they will eventually get married. "But it will not be wasted. They will marry and keep house, it is true, but they will teach their children. . . . And then too, Raman, in our school we teach many things besides reading and writing: how to farm, and how to raise better crops, and how to build new houses; and for girls, how to prepare better meals, how to care for those who are ill . . . " (12). Raman is convinced and he starts teaching his young sister and her friends. His life takes on a new meaning when he remembers "the heady sense of satisfaction each time he finished a lesson with Vasanti, each time he saw the knowledge growing in her and knew that it was he who helped it to grow" (162).

The Day the River Spoke, a short fictional work by Kamala Nair, also has the education of village girls as its theme. Young Janu is a typical village girl: she looks after siblings and helps her mother with the housework, but she also has an inquisitive mind. She wants to know why young fish in the paddy fields turn to frogs, why yellow spiders hide in yellow flowers, and where the river goes. Yet no one allows her to study because the fruits of education are distant and, in the case of girls, unrecognizable. The murmurous voice of the river offers her a solution: "Seems to me little girls can do as much as little boys. . . . You just skip along one morning and sit there in the school and listen to what's going on, and maybe the teacher will let you stay." The teacher is so impressed by Janu's clever answer to a difficult question that he persuades her father to let her attend school. Janu is ecstatic and vows that she will open her own school for village girls.

Another recurrent theme is the introduction of technology in Indian villages: scientific methods of farming, distribution of high yield seeds, promise of dams and canals, and the use of tractors and other equipment.

Anita Desai's The Village by the Sea is set in Thul, a fishing village near Bombay. The presence of a tractor loaded with pipes presages an end to the "peaceful" village life for the older generation, but it becomes a symbol of hope for youngsters who are disenchanted with poverty and a lack of ready cash and steady jobs. They have abandoned fishing, the trade of their fathers, and their only salvation is in working for the proposed fertilizer factory. Hari, the protagonist, is divided between the two options: the traditional way with its starvation and perpetual want or working in the factory for regular wages, with its inevitable loss of land, independence and, perhaps, human dignity. Hari sees no hope at home with a drunken, ineffectual father, a sick mother, and two sisters to provide dowries for. Bitter and discontented, he makes a daring bid to enter the adult world in a meaningful way by running away to Bombay.

On leaving Thul, Hari's mind expands; even the bullock-cart driver who gives him a ride has heard of the unlikely word "fertilizer." The driver understands that due to overpopulation the old economy has to change. "Now we want everything to come from the shops, ready made. No more spinning of yarn, no more grinding of wheat at home--no more making of cow-dung cakes or compost" (71).

In Bombay, Hari sees a different type of human misery--overcrowding, filth, child labor, beggary and crime. He takes what the city can offer him--a job in a third-rate restaurant and training in watch-mending--and longs to return to his village. He saves enough money in one year to start a watch repair shop in an industrialized Thul and a small poultry farm that his sisters can manage. The book explicates the Darwinian theory of survival of the fittest: Hari and the villagers have to adapt just as the city pigeons have done. "The wheel turns and turns and turns: it never stops and stands still" says Mr. Panwallah. "You are young. You can change and learn and grow. Old people cannot, but you can. I know you will" (129).

Hari's journey to Bombay has gained him an identity, maturity and economic independence. As an affirmation of technology he returns to his village by bus and then annoints himself with the sweet waters of the well. "He felt like a new person, like someone who had emerged from a tightly shut box and now saw the light and felt the breeze for the first time. He could have been newly born--a butterfly emerging from a cocoon" (140). He returns in time for the festival of Diwali; like the hero of the epic Ramayana, his return symbolizes domestic happiness and material wealth.

Medical treatment is another aspect of life in India that is depicted in books for children. The village in each story is without a doctor and the people rely on home remedies, burning red chilies to exorcise the evil spirits, praying to the goddess, or visiting the medicine man for cures. In each case, the authors remind the reader that it is the medicine obtained from the city doctor that has cured the patient. When Gulab has a severe attack of jaundice, the doctor scolds Keshav: "What good are you if you don't use your intelligence? You know, don't you, that village medicines gotten from the midwife are useless? Next time use your education" (*Keshav* 177-178). The villagers of Thul are similarly at the mercy of the "sharp looking" medicine man. His arrogance, his pills and potions, the author tells us, "gave him the air of a magician, or witchcraft" (*Village* 51). In spite of the food, attention, and payment of a silver ring, all he gives them is holy ash. The mother is cured only when she is admitted to the nearest city hospital where she is given free treatment for anemia.

Two novels by Aimee Sommerfelt, who spent a few years in India, deal with the lack of medical facilities for India's poor. In *The Road to Agra* thirteen-year-old Lalu takes his younger sister Maya on a 300-mile journey to Agra to get treatment for her failing eyesight. At first, the father opposes the plan with: "God will never allow Maya to go blind unless it is ordained that she *shall* go blind" (26), but the grandmother encourages Lalu to take this bold step. After encountering a series of stereotypical situations that one associates with India--cobras, camels, performing bears, thieves, and even a maharajah's son on an elephant--they reach Agra only to be rudely turned away by the hospital gatekeeper. As they leave the city in disappointment, they are helped by the UNICEF and WHO crew who are distributing free milk and medicines to the lepers and the poor. Astonished at such generosity, Lalu is condescendingly told that "Far, far away from here there is a country where everyone has plenty of food. . . . If some child or other in that far-away country decides that he doesn't want an ice-cream cone and gives the money to UNICEF instead . . . then *you* will get a glass of buffalo milk" (175). Nurse Astrid then introduces Lalu and Maya to the Indian lady doctor who takes charge of their board and lodging and Maya's treatment. "'I think,' said Dr. Prasad, 'that India is the world's most unfortunate country if she can't even help her own children'" (178). Lalu's story is continued in the sequel *The White Bungalow* where the author places Lalu in an all-or-nothing choice between traditional village life, which he now considers worthless and the profession of a doctor.

These adolescent heroes are, thus, the harbingers of a new age for their families and communities. This faith placed in Indian youth reflects the promise of a New India after 200 years of foreign domination. Adolescence, a transitional phase from childhood to adult thus becomes a metaphor for the moment of change for India. Most of the books discussed above follow the home-adventure-home pattern in the initiation of male protagonists into society. Hari, Lalu, Keshav and Raman are recognized as adult members of society not by assimilating the values of the older group but by rejecting them, just as newly-independent India hoped to be accepted by the world community.

These adolescents, though interesting and admirable in their determination to reach their goals, are, nevertheless, one-sided. We see them only in their sociological roles. Other aspects of adolescence, such as interest in the opposite sex, rebellion against parents, conflicts between Western and Indian social values, especially in the area of dating and arranged marriages, which would be more relevant to the urban, well-to-do reading audience in India, are not even mentioned.

Ultimately, it is the realities of publishing for children in India that determine the content of the books written by Indian authors and force them to seek a Western audience. Even though India is the world's seventh largest publisher of books, only three percent of the books are for children (Nair, "Promoting" 1); hence, publishing for children is not economically feasible. Once publishing for children gains maturity, specialists in the field hope that authors will avoid imitative writing and draw on the cultural heritage, based on a synthesis of science and philosophical content of social traditions and customs prevailing in different regions of the country (Gupta 1).

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Virginia Hamilton's Symbolic Presentation of the Afro-American Sensibility

by

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Virginia Hamilton is most vexing when, in the midst of meticulously-detailed realistic description, she introduces elements which sorely try her readers' credulity. Take, for instance, the marvelous solar system created by Mr. Pool for Junior Brown in a forgotten basement room of the school, or the intrusion of the ghost of Brother Rush into Tree's otherwise uneventful life. Not all critics graciously accept these fanciful turns of plot. David Rees, for one, complains of the ghost's presence in Sweet Whispers, Brother Rush: "The use of the supernatural seems like a cheap short cut to give Tree knowledge: the author should have found a more convincing way of imparting information . . ." (182). On the other hand, Rees applauds M. C. Higgins, the Great (176), even though that work contains material nearly as fanciful. Paul Heins has remarked that Hamilton herself "is not sure whether she is a realist; actually, she often feels that she is a symbolist. One might call her an inventor" (347). Hamilton has, perhaps, invented her own kind of fiction, which is especially suited to her penetration of the Afro-American character and to her exploration of the Afro-American experience. Hamilton's books are--as is so much of adolescent fiction--stories of survival, of people learning to get along in the world. Her fiction is not so much a vehicle of social protest, as is that of so many black writers, but rather it is the impassioned portrayal of individuals in the process of getting along in the world. Through her use of symbolism, this process unfolds as an almost mythic enactment of the Afro-American will and means for survival.

In M. C. Higgins, the Great (1974), Hamilton effectively created a symbolic presentation of her concept of the Afro-American sensibility, in which survival is achieved through the hero's coming to terms with two fundamental precepts: realizing the importance of his cultural heritage, which informs him that he has something worth preserving; and understanding the importance of the sense of community, which assures him that his plight is not a singular one and success depends upon individuals striving together. Through these two precepts, the hero acknowledges the will to survive, imparted by the past, and the means to survive provided by the communal spirit of the present. He thus becomes capable of initiating positive action and inspiring others to join him in that action to face the future. In Hamilton's vision of the Afro-American sensibility, the hero is ennobled through acknowledging his past and through accepting the communal spirit (significantly not through undertaking an individual heroic effort). Consequently, human existence is given meaning finally by decisive and deliberate action.

To find the sources of this vision, we may benefit from what Janice E. Hale has said of African culture: "Two guiding principles characterize the African ethos: survival of the tribes and the oneness of being. A deep sense of family or kinship characterizes African social reality" (48). Hamilton's characters typically find their identity to be inextricably tied to that of their family. The African tradition is in sharp contrast to Western culture which has generally elevated individualism over the bonds of family. The Afro-American emphasis on these ties was certainly fostered by the more recent historical experience of slavery, which frequently deprived blacks of any meaningful family structure, making family perhaps more fervently craved in the Afro-American cultural tradition. By extension, as the family heritage is crucial, so is the tribal heritage, or one's roots in general. Among the most important steps a social group must take to establish its identity is the celebration of its history, the glorification of its origins. For the individual, this means grasping an understanding of the motivations and desires of one's ancestors. In a similar vein, the sense of community is frequently stronger in the black culture than in the white. This may result from a natural tendency for members of an oppressed or minority group to bind together, as well as from the African sense of "oneness of being" which denies the extremes of Western individualism. Rudine Sims speaks of "a traditional awareness of the ties that bind disparate members of [black] families and communities together" (70). The ties that bind the black community are at once more intense and more enduring than the communal relationships typical of white American society.

In M. C. Higgins, the Great, Hamilton illustrates symbolically the coming to terms with these two cultural precepts enabling her hero to assert himself by the novel's conclusion. On the surface, little happens in the novel. A mere 48 hours pass in the book's 220-plus pages, and in those 48 hours, a boy, living on an isolated mountain, watches over his younger siblings while his parents work, shares moments with a friend from a nearby hill, and meets two strangers–a wandering girl, Lurhetta Outlaw, and a folk music collector, the "dude" Lewis. The exhaustive detail seems further to impede the plot, yet the lack of momentum is appropriately suggestive of M. C. Higgins' own inability to act--an inability he must overcome in order to join the ranks of the survivors.

The opening chapter is permeated with aerial imagery; everything seems to soar upward. "Mayo Cornelius Higgins raised his arms high to the sky and spread them wide," the novel begins, "he was M. C. Higgins, higher than everything" (9). Later on, he and his friend, Ben Killburn, are, in fact, airborne, swinging on vines (16). M. C. goes up "Sarah's High Path" (22) to his mountain home, "a great swell of earth rising to outline the sky" (25). But the ultimate image is, of course, M. C.'s forty-foot pole and "its sparkling height" (26). From atop this pole, M. C. can sit on a bicycle seat, pedal two tricycle wheels and sway through the air and daydream. There on his pole, pedaling and swaying, he is "truly higher than everything on the outcropping" (29). There he has the pleasant "sensation of falling free . . . (29). His thoughts drift to his ancestress, Sarah, who first came to the mountain. He imagines Sarah's first sighting of the mountain: "Then she saw it. It climbed the sky. Up and up. Swelling green and gorgeous" (30). The effect of this compounding of aerial imagery is that of exhilaration, freedom–curiously, the very effect we often expect from a conclusion rather than a beginning.

The freedom provided by the soaring pole is temporary, at best, and largely illusory. While swaying on the pole, M. C. "began to feel sick. Going to lose my balance up here" (29). He can pedal furiously, but when he stops he is still fixed upon the pole. The pole's symbolism is augmented when M. C. learns with surprise that it is not, as he had believed, exclusively his pole, a gift from his father, Jones, for swimming the Ohio River. It is, in fact, a grave marker for "Everyone of Sarah's that ever lived here. . . . The pole is the marker for all the dead" (96). Suddenly, the pole is transformed in M. C.'s eyes and in ours. It no longer symbolizes his escape from the world beneath, his temporary freedom, but rather it becomes a mark of his heritage and an anchor. Our attention is drawn away from that curious, and impractical, bicycle seat at the pole's top, and toward the sanctified ground below, where in a literal sense M. C.'s ancestral roots lie. Virginia Hamilton once said of her native Ohio, "[It] is surreal to me now. The past is fixed into symbol; my home is the warmth of clan and race. This fine valley soil is both freedom and internment" (Commire 99). True freedom is not found in escaping from one's heritage, but in embracing it.

But this embrace is complicated for M. C. because his ancestral home is threatened with destruction from a creeping strip-mining spoil. He acquires a sense of direction with the aid of the two strangers. Through the "dude," M. C. comes to examine his cultural identity. Lewis refuses to fulfill M. C.'s dream of making his mother a recording star, which would have allowed the Higgins family to escape their threatened home. Instead, Lewis, it turns out, is a preserver--not a promoter--of the rural life enjoyed by the Higginses. He realizes that to make Banina Higgins a performing star would also be to destroy her ingenuousness, and undoubtedly her soul. Lewis reveres, as does Jones, the family's mountain heritage, and he is compelled to record Banina Higgins' fabled voice because "I must, like my father before me" (213). Lewis is driven by the example of his forebears, by his roots, although he does not comprehend Jones' wish to remain on a mountain threatened by imminent collapse: "Stubbornness. Ignorance. . . . Like seeds sprouting from generation to generation," he laments (213). But we all must understand our heritage in our own way, and Lewis, the outsider, brings the necessary objectivity to M. C. with which he can appreciate the special qualities of his own heritage.

It is through another outsider, Lurhetta (significantly surnamed "Outlaw"–an example of Hamilton's unabashed, symbolic use of names), that M. C. begins to understand the importance of community. With Lurhetta, M. C. visits the Killburns, even though Jones has forbidden him to go there. The Killburns are red-headed with six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot (striking symbols of the clans' oneness of being, not retribution for the sin of inbreeding). They are a wondrous clan and the entire description of Kill's Mound moves into the surreal. At Kill's Mound, M. C. and Lurhetta see a "snake rolling away from them down a runner bean row. . . . It had taken its tail in its mouth and run off like a hoop. Grinning, Ben [Killburn] sidled up to it, careful not to step on any runners. He stuck his arms through the circle the snake made and lifted it, a dark wheel, still turning" (184). Detailed with utmost seriousness and realism, this is, nevertheless, sheer fantasy. The Killburn place is teeming with life, albeit bizarre. The property is virtually choked with living things–fruits, vegetables, snakes and children. It is a vital, happy place. Perhaps the most marvelous discovery the visitors make is the great net--a kind of giant trampoline in which the multitudinous Killburn children can safely play. As an image, the net stands in distinct contrast to M. C.'s pole: the pole supports a lone individual high above the earth, while the net embraces a community of children close to the earth's bosom. Rather than restraining the children, the net permits them greater freedom of movement along with comforts and security. It is the value of community, of interpersonal relationships, and of the warmth and strength of communal bonds that M. C. finds on Kill's Mound. Isolation, for which M. C. exhibited a decided preference at the novel's outset, is clearly to be understood as a shortcoming, as is his aimlessness, symbolized by his futile pedaling, his expending energy and getting nowhere. It is the aimless energy of early adolescence which must, with maturity, be harnessed and directed in productive ways if one is to be a survivor in the adult world.

It is Lurhetta who spurs M. C. to action. She is a person of bold action, as her underwater swimming feat clearly--and almost fatally--demonstrates. M. C.'s efforts to impress Lurhetta go--as they do so often in adolescence--unrewarded. Lurhetta departs without a goodbye, but not without leaving a parting memento--her knife. M. C. finds that knife and it becomes for him a symbol of action. With the desire to preserve his family heritage (instilled by his parents and reinforced by Lewis) and the will and means to action given him by Lurhetta, M. C. can now take positive steps against the impending disaster threatening his home. He begins building a wall of earth and stone as a barrier against the sliding spoil. The closing chapter abounds in language suggesting the earth and solid ground. "His pants were muddy to the knee" (224). "He dragged his feet" (225). "He searched the ground" (225). "He gouged a hole in the side of [a hill], but he had no anger strong enough for murdering hills. He could feel their rhythm like the pulse beat of his own blood rushing" (228). It is this anger which he finally channels into positive action, and the book, which is so full of relative inactivity, ends with considerable zeal. By the novel's conclusion, an entirely new imagistic pattern has emerged--a pattern both opposite of and complementary to the opening chapter's soaring aerial imagery. The earth imagery was introduced early in the book--M. C.'s bedroom is a cave dug into the side of Sarah's Mountain and is at once womb and tomb, nurturing him in his ancestral land and isolating him from the world. M. C.'s connection to his ancestry is seen in yet another symbol: his great-grandmother Sarah's name was originally McHigan, a name bearing a striking resemblance to "M. C. Higgins," and we have the same sense of coming full circle on Sarah's Mountain. Jones once muses about the mountain, "It's a feeling. . . . Like, to think a solid piece of something big belongs to you. To your father, and his, too. . . . And you to it, for a long kind of time" (72).

When M. C. finally gets that feeling, he discovers that strength comes not from madly pedaling and swaying a forty-foot pole and pursuing vaporous dreams,but in descending from the pole and soiling his hands with reality. Through the acknowledgement of his family heritage and his acceptance of the communal spirit, he can find in himself the determined will to action. The symbols of the conclusion are striking. The communal spirit is strengthened when M. C.'s brothers and sister join in building the wall. When Ben Killburn, once regarded as an outcast by M. C.'s family, is welcomed in the effort, a new communal bond is cemented. Finally, when Jones brings the tombstone of the matriarch Sarah to reinforce the wall, M. C.'s enterprise is sanctified by the spirit of his family heritage. Taking this spiritual and cultural strength derived from his heritage--which is the past--and the moral and physical strength found in the sense of community--which is the present--M. C. Higgins can forge a positive an deliberate action shaping his future. Now his claim to the title, "the Great," is justified.

Contrary to Rees' opinion that "it is not a happy ending" and that the wall represents a futile attempt to stave off childhood (175), the conclusion contains much that is positive and hopeful. It matters not that the wall is, in fact, an inadequate defense against a crumbling mountain. Hamilton does not intend that we interpret the actions of the final chapter on a more realistic plane than we had viewed, for example, the forty-foot pole, the Killburns' wonderful net or their six fingers and toes, or the snake hoop. To read this work as pure realistic fiction is to miss the more enduring truth for which Hamilton is striving. M. C.'s valiant efforts are a fitting prelude to the main preoccupation of adulthood, and building the wall represents his movement away from childhood and not an attempt to stave it off. What matters is the affirmation demonstrated by the deliberate action taken in the face of adversity. And if the hero can only say, with T. S. Eliot's persona, "These fragments I have shored against my ruins," perhaps that is no small accomplishment--many do far less. Hamilton's most salient message speaks to humanity's resilience and instinct for survival, and through symbolism her characters transcend their mundane surroundings and achieve something like mythic proportions. M. C. Higgins is a distinctly Afro-American hero who must come to terms with his own cultural identity in order that he may embark on his struggle for survival. In M. C.'s waking to the

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knowledge of himself, he speaks to all humanity, and his struggle for survival is part of the same great labor acted out daily by each one of us.

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Arabic Detective Fiction for Adolescents
by
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Detective fiction, especially in series, is a favorite among young readers in the Arab world. The Middle East has several series comparable to the Stratemeyer Syndicate books in the detective stories of The Three Adventurers and The Four Adventurers, written by various authors, and The Five Adventurers, perhaps the best of the series, written primarily by Mahmoud Salem. A book in each series is currently being published monthly in Cairo in modern standard Arabic, rather than the Egyptian dialect, perhaps in order to expand the audience beyond Egypt. These formula stories of approximately 15,000 words, usually concluding with a puff for the next book in the series, are all set in Egypt. Dennis Porter's belief that Western detective fiction is a "valuable barometer of [a] society's ideological norms" (1) is also accurate for Eastern fiction.

The latter series have all the hallmarks of detective fiction for the young: improbably young heroes and heroines solving crimes which adults have not been able to unravel; past villainy limited to smuggling, theft, or perhaps kidnapping, but usually not murder or terrorism; the dilution of current danger (Fisher 280, 278, 283); the affirmation of moral order; the belief in deductive reasoning; and the creation of a culturally acceptable hero.

The sequence of events that define a detective story includes the crime, its discovery, the search for clues (some red herrings), the recognition of the criminal, the chase and capture, and the final explanation. Young readers with prior experience in the genre especially enjoy the contrast between the "safely familiar" and the "tantalizingly new and different" (Billman 37), the rarity of the crime, the clever solution to a common crime, the development of suspense, and the pleasurable arousal of the reader's emotions (Porter 236). As Anne Scott MacLeod has said, "The real protagonist of [formula fiction] is the reader; the real plot is a satisfying vicarious experience that also--and not incidentally--conveys messages the reader wants and is able to hear" (129). Both Eastern and Western tales affirm their readers' beliefs; indeed, "the persistence of certain recognizable national cultural traditions within the large corpus of detective fiction" is, according to Porter, "remarkable" (127). I not only agree, but also propose to demonstrate how the cultural differences permeate aspects of the characterization, the action, and the methods for creating suspense.

An Egyptian story differs by its expansive cast of characters from a Nancy Drew mystery. In The Mystery of the International Smuggler and The Mystery of the Dead End Street, two of the more than two hundred books in The Five Adventurers series, the five protagonists range in age from seven to fifteen. The oldest, Tawfiq, whose nickname Takhtakh appropriately means "tubby," excels in logic and ratiocination; he bears no stigma in the Middle East for being a little overweight. His companions, two sets of brothers and sisters, Mohib and Nousah, Atif and Lozah, do not possess the same intellectual prowess. The girls, Nousah and Lozah, play small roles, not because of their sex, but because of the difficulty of sustaining roles for five detectives. The two, who serve traditional female functions such as preparing food, nevertheless, accompany their brothers, indicating a move toward female equality. Occasionally, they even contribute to a mystery's solution; for example, in The Dead End Street the detectives know that a key was used in a robbery, but the keeper of the keys is innocent of any wrongdoing. Nousah's theory that the key was duplicated some months earlier when the keeper was on vacation and had a substitute proves correct.

The males' behavior is a model of decorum, indicating respect for the girls and each other. The dialogue reveals a lack of competition and jealousy among the youths, unusual by American standards. When an infrequent disagreement occurs, quiet discussion with some deference shown to Takhtakh as the smartest resolves the issue.

This behavior is probably no more unrealistic than some other assumptions behind juvenile detection, such as child sleuths solving crimes that adults cannot solve. Margery Fisher enumerates the child-investigator's natural advantages for detection: "curiosity, an eye for insignificant details, the power to lurk unseen and an awareness of environment as intense as that of a policemen on the beat" (284). One child investigator extraordinaire is Alia, a principal character in The Three Adventurers series. Called "the mother of ideas," Alia bases her theories on careful attention to detail and ratiocination. In The Phony Policeman, her observation of the tight coat and short trousers on a policeman leads the detectives to believe he might be the phony officer they seek. Alia's role equals, or even surpasses, that of her brothers. She could be an Eastern Nancy Drew, except for the danger factor. Always accompanied by someone, her brothers, cousin, or one to four police officers, who respect her ability but feel the need to protect her, Alia is never in jeopardy, the protection of females being integral to Moslem society. When Alia deduces that trailing the gang's messenger will lead to the gang, "Everybody looks at her with appreciation, respect, and admiration. Colonel El-Amari [a high-ranking policeman who doubtless already knows the shadowing technique] says, 'what a sharp girl you are!'". Such high praise for Alia's deductions sounds patronizing to some American readers, but the Egyptian author seems to respect Alia sincerely. Thus female roles are not stereotyped in these stories, but girls are not quite as free as Western females.

The relative balance of action to thought also distinguishes Western from Eastern detective fiction; in the West more exciting events happen to the central characters, and the theoretical solving of the crime receives less emphasis; in the Egyptian series, ratiocination predominates over the few "dangerous" adventures of the protagonists, such as the stranding of the youthful detectives in The International Smuggler when a storm tosses their boat upon a lake shore and the brief capture and imprisonment in a villa of the heroes, but not the heroines, in The Dead End Street.

Because of the intense interest in plot and suspense, characterization usually plays a lesser role in detective fiction. Yet even here differences in development reflect some of the society's values and beliefs, such as the myth of the hero. The detective story "celebrates traditional heroic virtues and expresses many of the attitudes associated with an ideology of hero worship" (Porter 126). The detective/hero is the one through whom the reader lives vicariously and whose values the reader tries to emulate. For example, Nancy Drew's roadster, the epitome of American middle-class materialism, represents one such value. In Eastern detective stories this type of materialism is absent, for the criminal may travel by Peugeot or Rithmo (an Italian-made car), but the heroes go by bus, bike, or small car, such as a Volkswagen--the usual modes of travel by the middle class. No doubt Takhtakh and the others are middle to upper class because they live in a villa, employ a maid, and possess a telephone, phones still being fairly uncommon in Egypt except in the major cities. The hero with whom the Eastern child reader identifies is not only middle class, but also modest, well-mannered, usually quiet and thoughtful; the Western reader sees Nancy Drew as middle class, yet charming, curious, headstrong, willing to take chances and face danger. The hero's qualities are culturally determined; in fact, the Eastern hero follows the tradition of the British detective novel of manners more than the American detective novel of adventure which led to the hard-boiled tradition in adult detective fiction.

Different as the heroes are, a belief in deductive reasoning and the establishment of moral order are universal, even though the laws and the notion of criminality may differ from society to society. Crimes such as murder, theft, kidnapping, and smuggling, however, seem to be abhorred by all cultures as anti-social acts. An international syndicate excites both Eastern and Western readers; the five detectives solve The International Smuggler through the discovery of a most unusual cartridge, shot from a very large gun. A secret opening, deep in a water well, leads to a series of caves where members of an international smuggling team have hidden stolen pharaonic statues. The gradual discovery and the cold and hunger of the stranded sleuths engage the reader's empathy and anticipation.

Since tales of detection are gold from the point of view of the sleuth(s), whom the readers are expected to trust as implicitly as they would a fairy tale's narrator, and since the issues are clearly divided between good and evil, we ordinarily neither meet the criminals nor empathize with them; their motivation, obviously money, is not even mentioned. They are shadowy figures, stock representatives of evil, Egyptians whose leader is, however, an American, John Kent, an inversion of Western fiction, which often employs dark and swarthy villains, perhaps Middle Eastern in origin.

The Dead End Street requires a more sophisticated reader to perceive that a friend of the detectives participated as a gang member in a daring payroll robbery. Mr. Karam, who offers to keep watch for the criminals since they disappeared somewhere in his neighborhood, perhaps in the villa across the street, fools most of the youthful detectives and readers alike, but Takhtakh keeps his own watch and traps Mr. Karam, whose in-depth portrait opposes the generic tradition of relative anonymity for the criminal and thus challenges the reader.

Developing suspense challenges the authors, the different techniques used being a principal contrast between the stories under examination. Traditional methods for developing suspense, such as delaying the action through descriptive passages, dialogue, authorial intrusion, or the inclusion of details about everyday life, are employed by both groups of authors. Both create suspense through the giving and the withholding of information. The Arabic story, however, probably includes fewer red herrings, more repetition than American readers like, and more characters whose portraits are almost Flemish in detail. Because the characters are seldom alone, perhaps indicative of the large families and the crowded conditions in many Egyptian cities, the author must identify the speeches by speaker and perhaps by listener. The plurality of characters, each required to speak on occasion, produces frequent interruptions and tedious reiteration.

Another type of delay for suspense occurs in chapter 1 of The Dead End Street when Takhtakh meets Inspector Sami:

> T: "Something must have happened in Ma'ady [a Cairo suburb]."
> IS: "I have news--fifty thousand Egyptian pounds worth!"
> T: "Don't you want to have a cup of coffee before we talk?"
> IS: "Indeed, I left my house without having anything."
>
> Takhtakh leaves and asks the maid to make a cup of coffee. Then he phones his friends . . . and asks them to come to his house after telling them about Inspector Sami's presence.
>
> When the maid serves the coffee, the four friends come and greet the inspector warmly. It has been quite a while since they last saw him. After his first sip of coffee, the inspector commences talking.

This meeting with Inspector Sami is typical of many gatherings that enable the youthful detectives to discover crimes, pool information, formulate moves, and deduce solutions. The suspense is generated from the delay caused by the polite inquiry about the coffee, the request to the maid, the phone call, and the serving of coffee--all before any further explanation of the fifty thousand pounds. The Arab reader's patience contrasting with the American child's demand for action is indicative of the slower pace of life in Middle-Eastern society as compared with that of America.

The quoted passage also reveals the importance in Middle-Eastern culture of welcoming and serving guests prior to conducting business, and it emphasizes the importance of attention to elders and their positions, for throughout the series each officer is accurately and repeatedly addressed by his appropriate title.

In conclusion, these Egyptian detective stories reflect their society's attitudes about family, females, authority, materialism, hospitality, and manners. Verisimilitude is obvious in the slower paced stories, generated by many methods of delay. Youthful American readers would probably find the plethora of characters, the emphasis on polite behavior, the repetitious dialogue, and the lack of fast-paced action enough to reject these books, but to readers interested in hermeneutics, logic, subtleties of detection and ratiocination, and Eastern culture, they are most provocative.

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"Circling the Square: the Role of Native Writers in Creating Native Literature for Children"

by

James H. Gellert

In a brief but insightful essay on the especial tensions and dynamics which have characterized Native/non-Native relations in Canada, Jon Stott of the University of Alberta adapts the ancient symbol incorporating the circle and square found in Tibetan, Indian, and Chinese emblems in order to explore the nature of the conjunction of these two cultural forces of Canada and North America. Stott suggests that squares and circles symbolize the European and Native cultural influences of North America, and adds that in a figurative sense,

> the history of North America during recent centuries has been dominated by an attempt tc square the circle. . . . All that is symbolized by the checkerboard pattern of prairie landscapes has been dominant; English law, political structures and religious beliefs have been superimposed on the land and the people. All that is symbolized by the circle--tribal organizational patterns, spiritual ideals, and artistic patterns--has been attacked as outmoded, primitive, and foolish. Squares have been imposed on circles, destroying the configurations of the latter or pushing them underground where they could neither be seen nor be effective. (2)

Jon Stott's metaphor is chosen advisedly. Not only do circles represent a fundamental existential concept for Native peoples--a truth reflected in everything from their paintings to their tribal meetings--but the reference to attempting "to square the circle" is a cogently appropriate correlative for the European hegemony over all aspects of Native life and the resultant shifting demographics which have had the ultimate effect of discouraging any real sense of relevance or pride in the Natives' view of their own cultural heritage. Significantly, as Stott notes, one aspect of Native life which has suffered from the imposition of non-Native values on Canadian Native peoples is the artistic. It is notable that along with the more publicized areas of Native concerns such as aboriginal rights, self-governance, land and resource claims, and high mortality and morbidity rates, the Native leaders of Canada and the Canadian government have recognized the need to revive and redevelop Native languages, literature, art, music, and customs. Such attention is warranted, and perhaps most particularly warranted in respect to Canadian children, for the presentation of limited or biased views of the Native experience to children in their formative years is fraught with danger.

This danger is recognized by many who are directly involved in Native art and literature in Canada. For example, the author and illustrator, George Clutesi, stresses that his versions of West Coast Indian tales are more than an exercise in casting a nostalgic eye back to a nearly forgotten culture of a once carefree people. Instead, Clutesi sees his art as performing a critical dual role in Canadian society, in which non-Indians might better understand the culture of the true Indian, and Natives might return to their art to counteract the dubious "civilizing" influences of alien cultures. Clutesi goes so far as to suggest that the attenuation of Native art and literature "could be part of the reason so many of the Indian population of Canada are in a state of bewilderment today" (12). What I wish to explore here is to what extent Clutesi's concerns have been and are being redressed in respect to works which might be read and studied by Canadian children, or, to return to the circle-square metaphor, to ask this question: has there been any circling of the square in works to which Canadian children are exposed? In addressing this question, I especially wish to offer some comments on the role Native writers have played and are playing in this process.

A survey of the wide spectrum of literature about Natives which Canadian children might encounter reveals three roughly chronological phases of development: that in which Natives are stereotyped as savages (noble and otherwise); that in which non-Natives attempt to depict the Native experience more realistically; and finally, that in which Native writers relate their perceptions of their own culture and history. The first phase noted, which began as early as the first decade of the eighteenth century in America with the "Deerfield Captivity Narratives" and which ultimately filtered down through numerous well known works read by children in both the United States and Canada, is by and large characterized by highly generalized, exaggerated, and usually stereotypical depictions of the Native reality. The portrayal of Natives in literature and various derivative media available to children as either nobility incarnate or more often as bloodthirsty heathens bent on sadistic treachery aimed at good Christian folk is one which most adult readers would dismiss as blatantly false. However, to what extent children would recognize the falsity of such characterizations is another matter. Moreover, for children who spend innumerable hours in front of the silver screen or the family television watching cavalry troops, resolute pioneers, and redoubtable mountain men overcome the menace of the red-skinned devil, any reiteration in print of such hyperbole is a matter for concern.

In the second phase of the development of Native literature to which Canadian children are exposed it can be seen that if not always the results, at least the intentions of these non-Native adapters are more constructive than those of writers from the first group noted in one critical way: they demonstrate a conscious attempt to re-create Native realities in their work. Although a dedication to this principle by no means assured for adapters, the attempt to offer the essential spirit and flavour of Native life has become the sine qua non of most literature written about Natives in Canada today.

While time does not allow me to discuss these non-Native writers in any detail, I would suggest that many of their works, because of a fidelity to European fairy tale models and to a style and expression more consistent with such models, the rightness of tone, language, and characterization amenable to Native stories is seldom present. On the other hand, a book such as Christie Harris's Raven's Cry, which won the Canadian Library Association's book of the Year Award for Children's Literature in 1967, is a clear example of how the myth, legend, and history of Native peoples can be incorporated into a convincing work of historical fiction without sacrificing the realities of the original peoples. What is clear in Harris' work is that she succeeds in freeing herself from the domination of European philosophical, religious, and artistic influences. In spite of the successes of a writer such as Christie Harris in treating Native sources, as Agnes Grant of Brandon University notes in an article on five "cultural awareness" books on Native life in Canada written for children by non-Natives, "the question 'How would this book have been written by a Native person?' should always lurk at the back of the reader's mind" (68). Happily, in recent years, some answers to Agnes Grant's critical questions have been made available.

Many of the challenges and problems with which non-Native adapters of Native stories must deal apply equally to Native writers, of course. Recalcitrant source material, translation complications, the required degree of adaptation and embellishment, the intrusions of philosophies and art forms inconsistent with Native culture, and appropriate levels of diction--all must be considered by any writer treating indigenous sources. Other questions arise, however, which apply to Native writers in a somewhat more specialized way. One such query, implied by Agnes Grant in her closing thoughts on the cultural awareness books alluded to above, is whether Native writers have something to offer young readers not available in books written by non-Natives. A second concomitant concern is posed by Jon Stott: is a Native writer using a European language and a European fictional genre limited by these in communicating his materials? (4). In attempting to answer these questions, I shall emphasize the stories and criticisms of three current Native writers: Maria Campbell, Basil Johnson, and George Clutesi. All three can well serve to demonstrate the particular role of the Native writer whose works are read by children.

Maria Campbell, a Métis, was born in 1940 in Northern Saskatchewan. She has written four books, one of which is an autobiography entitled Half-breed; her three other books are often read by children. These three works, People of the buffalo, Little Badger and the Fire Spirit, and Riel's people are all sensitive explorations of the Native Canadian experience. People of the buffalo stresses the idea of the harmonious relationship between Nature and man, a theme obviously important to Campbell since it again appears in Riel's people. In an interview recorded in 1979, Campbell explains why this concept has particular relevance for her: "Even with my own people, we are losing a lot of that. It is important for all of us. If we don't realize that and we don't do something to conserve or preserve what we have, we are going to lose it all, just destroy it" ("A conversation with Maria Campbell" 19-20. Little Badger is a re-creation of the timeless and universal legend of the attainment of the gift of fire, framed by the story of a young contemporary Indian girl's visit to her grandparents' mission home. Campbell is not only relating another legend, however; she is exploring the importance and tenuousness of the Natives' link with the past. The experiences of the young girl are realistically presented, although the themes transcend the specific setting of the Canadian prairie. In Riel's people, Campbell's primary emphasis is on the disconcertingly real plight of the Métis, who as half-breeds, are torn between the two dominant cultures of the Western plains region of Canada.

In each of these three books, whether Campbell is emphasizing the oneness of all life, the Native peoples' links with their traditions and past, or the more specific ramifications of being a Métis half-breed in modern Canada, it is difficult to imagine a non-Native bringing the same degree of insight and feeling to these themes. Campbell is still tied to the land of Northern Saskatchewan; in the 1979 interview cited above, she states that she has a "spiritual feeling" for the land and returns to her birthplace whenever she is really feeling "weak" (16). In her treatment of the Métis' plight in Riel's people, Campbell reveals that as she wrote and relived some of the incidents in the story, "there were parts . . . where I just wept" (20). To return to Agnes Grant's question on the unique contributions to be made by Native writers, it is unlikely that few non-Native writers, whether consulting records in archives or interviewing tribal elders, could duplicate Campbell's perspective.

In his introduction to his tales of the West Coast Tse-shat people (9-14), George Clutesi explains how his stories can transmit the traditional manners and mores of his people to young readers. Clutesi stresses that the tales in his collection emphasize ideas such as the profound pride of his people, their reliance on physical and spiritual strength, their reverence for Nature, and their concept of a universe shared by all living things. Clutesi also remarks on the structure of his stories, and underscores the Indians' belief in the magical powers of numbers (for West Coast tribes the number was usually four) and ceremonial procedures and customs. In addition, Clutesi argues that the repetitive situations and phrases common to many tales are linked to the emphasis on moral didacticism inherent in the original oral versions which were intended to be committed to memory.

The tales themselves are simply presented, suggesting that Clutesi is directing these fundamental Native beliefs and concepts at the pre-adolescent reader in particular. Thus in a typical story, which combines the traditional theme of the human quest for fire with an explanation of "why the inside of the deer's knees are black," the irrepressive appeal of Ah-tush-mit, Son of Deer, who steals fire from the feared wolf people, renders Clutesi's celebration of strength, cunning, endurance, and universal altruism, unobtrusive. As illustrated in Maria Campbell's stories for children, what for most non-Native writers is a two-step process (learning about the traditions and beliefs and them presenting them), for the Native writer is often an instinctive, restorative return to his or her roots. This one-step process applies to Clutesi as well as to Campbell, and the primary consequence is that his stories for children are conveyed with an easy wit and humor, with appropriate detail, and above all, with a sure sense of the original oral versions.

In the preface to his collection of Indian stories, the Ojibway writer and scholar, Basil Johnson, suggests precisely what it is that a Native writer can offer to non-Native and Native readers alike. Like George Clutesi, Johnson begins with a firm understanding of his own heritage, or, as he defines it, "the sum total of what people believe about life, being, existence, and relationships" (7). Also like Clutesi, Johnson perceives his stories as beneficial to both Native and non-Native readers. For the former, the tales are "one way of perpetuating and enhancing the bequest of our forefathers; for the latter, they are "a means of sharing that gift with those whose culture and heritage may be very different but who wish to enlarge their understanding" (7). But perhaps most significant of all--and it is here that a Native writer's perspective might well be different from that of a non-Native--Johnson views the stories not merely as anthropological depositories of information and attitudes, but as an inextricable part of the existence of the Native peoples. He writes, "but it is not enough to listen or to read or to understand the truths contained in stories; according to the elders the truths must be lived out and become part of the being of a person. The search for truth and wisdom ought to lead to fulfillment of man and woman" (7). It is this element of self-actualization, of developing through the stories (so obviously a part of the orally rendered versions) which is instinctive with writers such as Johnson, Clutesi, and Campbell and so often foreign to most non-Native writers. For example, Johnson's vision of the human cycle of life and death, as presented in his tale The Path Without End, is unmistakably clear and convincing because the vision and the tale spring from the same impulse for him. This story on the acceptance of destiny and death as symbolized through the anguished search of a young brave for his dead lover has an immediacy and resonance because for the writer, the story is more than an adventure involving supernatural beings: it is instead, closer to an accepted article of faith.

To return to the two questions asked at the beginning of this brief review of these representative Native writers: the sensitivity, insight, and artistic skill of the writers such as the three discussed here would support the contention that Native artists have perspectives on issues and concepts affecting Native peoples which make their writings invaluable to young Canadian readers. As to the matter of the liabilities of Native writers having to use an alien language and adopted fictional genres to communicate their materials, it should be recognized that any rendering in English of a Native language, oral story is at best a compromise. But like Plato's philosopher, the

Native interpreter is decidedly closer to the "ideal" than are most who approach the stories from another culture, another perspective, and often with another motive.

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Julie of the Wolves and Dogsong: The Cultural Conflict Between the Inuits and the Dominant American Culture

by

Mary Lickteig

In 1986, Gary Paulson received the Newbery Honor Award for Dogsong. Thirteen years earlier, Jean Craighead George received the Newbery Award for Julie of the Wolves. These two books are of particular interest to the topic of cross-culturalism in children's literature. Both books deal with clashes between two cultures of North American people: the Inuit culture of the North and the dominant culture of the Western Hemisphere. The purpose of this paper is to discuss this cultural clash and to observe the importance of Inuit songs and Inuit ways as we note the contrast with Western culture.

Julie of the Wolves is a story set in Alaska. Julie, a young Inuit girl, is running away from an arranged marriage. Her goal is to go to San Francisco to stay with her pen-pal. When she becomes lost on the tundra, she befriends wolves in order to survive. She eventually finds her father, who she thought was dead, and must face the truth that he is not the way she remembered him. This requires that she make a decision about the place--both geographic and cultural--where she belongs.

Russel in Dogsong also lives in the Inuit culture. As he approaches manhood, he becomes aware of a restlessness in himself. In addition, he is concerned about the fact that the Inuit culture is being debased by influences from the Western culture, called "the Outside" by Russel. Realizing his son's restlessness, Russel's father sends him to see Oogruk, the shaman, to seek help. Russel asks Oogruk how to get the song back, those Inuit songs that are the symbol of the truth. As Russel's father says, "Sometimes words lie--but the song is always true" (Paulson 11). Oogruk suggests they must live the right way to get the songs back. Russel's response, "I will," comes from him without knowing he is speaking, but he realizes his destiny is to become a song. Thus, his quest is one to rediscover the old ways and become a song. Leaving with Oogruk and Oogruk's dogs, he completes a journey across the tundra and finds his song.

The major similarity of these plots is the fact that a central character, living in two cultures, confronts the changes in his native ways as these are influenced by a culture from the outside. As an aside, it is worthwhile to note that cultural conflict is the theme of other books of children's literature. Moon Shadow in Dragonwings by Lawrence Yep, for example, must face the conflict between his Chinese background and the American culture in San Francisco in the early 1900's. Similarly Shirley Temple Wong of In the Year of the Boar and Jackie Robinson by Bette Bao Lord, realizes the differences between Chinese ways and the values of the dominant Western culture of Brooklyn, New York, in the 1940's. Likewise, Cassie Logan, a Black American in Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry by Mildred Taylor faces the prejudice of a white society in rural Mississippi during the Depression. In these three stories, as in Julie of the Wolves and Dogsong, young people of one culture feel the effects of living with the Western culture. But Moon Shadow, Shirley Temple Wong, and Cassie Logan are all different from Julie and Russel in that they have moved or have been moved into the Western culture while Julie and Russel have stayed in their own land, and the Western culture has come to them. This is a significant difference, I believe, because the very environment of Julie and Russel seems to cry out for the maintenance of old ways and to resist the changes being imposed on it. The tension between two cultures is, therefore, even more dramatic than in the other stories.

In addition to the cultural conflict that is faced in both Julie and Dogsong, there are other similarities. Both are third person stories, both have one central character, young Inuits (one male, one female). Both stories are linear; they begin at one place and arrive at a different place, not returning to the place where they started. Other aspects of the journeys are similar: the hunger, the weariness, the dangers, and the importance of hunting with some successes, even though against great odds. The goals of the journeys are different. At the outset, Russel has no particular goal, but he feels he must go. At the end of the story, we know that Russel has reached his goal, not necessarily a goal of place, but the goal of his destiny: that is, the destiny to become a song. At the beginning, Julie has a goal--the goal being to live in San Francisco--but when the story ends, we do not know what her goal is.

On their journeys, these characters change, as these are journeys from innocence to experience. Both characters are caught between childhood and adulthood, between Inuit culture and the Western culture. The journeys provide some contrasts. Russel is going north, Julie is going south; Russel is running away from the Western world, Julie is running to it; Russel's journey takes place in winter, Julie's in summer. Interestingly, the perils of winter (cold and storms) for Russel are no greater problem than the perils of summer for Julie. As Julie says, "I am lost and the sun will not set for a month. There is no North Star to guide me" (George 10). So Julie is waiting, even though she knows where she wants to go, while Russel is running, sometimes in what seems like a fury, even though he has no particular place/destination in mind.

During these journeys, they learn about themselves and about the world--the journey from innocence to experience is, of course, a lesson in living, a study of the human condition. And their particular world views are affected by dual cultural influences. The contrasts are displayed to the reader in different ways. Let us first look at Julie.

Julie is somewhat ambivalent about these two cultures; for example, on page 8 we read, "She spoke half in Eskimo, half in English, as if the instincts of her father and the science of the gussaks, the white-faced, might evoke some magical combination. . . ." She clearly understands the differences in gussak ways and Eskimo ways, and throughout the book, the reader is exposed to both. Julie says, for example, "Wolves do not eat people. That's gussak talk" (George 8).

For Julie, the Western culture seemed all right in the summer, but in the winter the Inuit ways were crucial. After all, as we find out in a flashback, she had asserted her Inuit ancestry when her parents had called her Julie (her summer name), and "she had stomped her foot and told them her name was Miyax. I am Eskimo, not a gussak!" (George 81)

The cultural clash is shown to the reader in other ways and frequently without comment. We see the trappings of DEWS (the Distant Early Warning System) set up by the government and hear the scientists who have come to the Arctic, proclaiming to the Inuits: "We now know a lot about living in the cold" (George 91). This must have seemed a curious comment to the Inuits who had survived the cold for centuries. And we are shown the effects of the invasion of the West, "boats, oil drums, tires, buckets, broken cars, and rags and bags, . . ." (George 92), as well as the influence of alcohol.

The influence of the West most devastates Julie when she realizes that the gussak hunters, shooting from airplanes, are killing--not for the food and the need of the animal, not even for the bounty, but simply killing for killing. At that point, she must reject the West and her journey to San Francisco, "The pink room is red with your blood . . . I cannot go there" (George 148).

Julie comes to see the value of the Inuit ways:

> The old Eskimos were scientists too. By using the plants, animals and temperature, they had changed the harsh Arctic into a home, a feat as incredible as sending rockets to the moon . . . (George 121).

Let us now turn to the presentation of the Western world as it is shown in Dogsong. Here the narrator's presentation is more direct. We are presented, likewise, with Russel's reaction. As early as the second paragraph of the book, this fact is presented: the government house where Russel and his father live is referred to as small--sixteen by twenty--where the familiar sounds "grated like the ends of a broken bone" (Paulson 3). The nine pages of Chapter One present nine negative images of the transplanted Western culture in this Inuit village. This concentration of negative images is accompanied by Russel's thoughts about them. For example: his father smoked cigarettes--product of the Outside--and the resulting cough . . . "tore at Russel . . . and it meant something that did not belong on the coast of the sea in a small Eskimo village. The coughing came from the Outside, came from the tobacco which came from the Outside and Russel hated it" (Paulson 4).

On the same page (the 6th paragraph of the story), Russel reflects on the snowmobiles, "To fourteen-year-old Russel the whine of them above the wind hurt as much as the sound of coughing. He was coming to hate them, too" (Paulson 4).

The reader does not begin this story with any suggestion there is strength to be found in Outside. In Julie, the understanding of the contrasts comes out of the story while in Dogsong the contrasts come from the narrator's description. These different presentations can probably be explained by considering the focus and climax of the stories. And the focus and climax of both books concern the cultural conflict and the importance of Inuit song.

We must now turn our attention to the place of Inuit songs in both stories. Russel's story is a search for a song, and the song is the climax of the story. To find the song, he must return to the "old ways" explained by Oogruk. The conflict of the cultures, the rejection of influences from the Outside, and the acceptance of Inuit ways permeate the story until we end with the song.

In Julie, the climax comes when Julie realizes the conflict of the cultures. As references to cultural conflict permeate Dogsong, song itself permeates Julie. And, as cultural conflict is the climax in Julie, song is the climax in Dogsong. In Julie of the Wolves there are at least twenty-one references to rhythm, song, dance as Julie's natural response to the rhythm of her work, her circumstances, and the landscape.

Both stories end in songs. In the final passage of Julie of the Wolves, Julie sings a sad song of the passing of the seals and whales; she had come to terms with the fact that "the hour of the wolf and the Eskimo is over" (George 170). As seen throughout the book, Julie makes literal use of song. Russel's song is the song that Russel has earned through the completion of the hero quest. It is more a symbolic song than the songs of Julie. The song he sings is a personal song and symbolizes a return to the Truth of the Old Ways. It is likewise the story of his journey, the story of his initiation, the song of his discovery, and of his becoming the song.

While the endings (both songs) are similar, the story climaxes are very different. In Dogsong, the climax is the song. In Julie, the climax comes several pages earlier when Amaroq, the mighty wolf, is killed. This climax is accompanied not by a song, but a dramatic scream of disbelief: ". . . I don't understand, I don't understand. Ta vun ga vun ga, she cried, Pisupa gasu punga. She spoke of her sadness in Eskimo, for she could not recall any English" (George 142). While the song is the final climax in Dogsong, the conflict between the cultures is the final climax in Julie. She becomes convinced. Russel left on his journey convinced of the conflict; Julie arrives, in a tragic sense, where Russel had started. The reader shares the sorrow that "the hour of the wolf and the Eskimo is over." Our journey through Julie and Dogsong is at an end; it is an ending without a clear resolution.

Both Julie's and Russel's stories end in questions. The reader does not know, anymore than Julie does, where she belongs. While Russel has arrived at a destination and completed an initiation, the reader still must wonder how Russel will adjust to life in this northern village. And so, our journey ends with questions as well, for it is impossible to suggest solutions to a conflict in progress.

In keeping with the spirit of these books/journeys, let me end this paper by raising some questions. Since both of these books present stories with equivocal endings, this seems appropriate. I realize that raising these questions might suggest that I have answers to them. Let me assure you that this is not the case.

Question Number One. Both of these stories present cultural conflicts between Inuit and Western culture written by non-Inuit authors. Would this culture clash be presented in the same way by an Inuit writer?

In considering this question I am reminded of Eyes of Darkness by Jamake Highwater, who wrote a book about a main character faced with a clash of world views. His main character, Yesa, is a Native American of the North Plains of the United States. Yesa confronts great turmoil in his life because of increasing European settlement. When others suggest the situation is hopeless, he responds,

". . . there is something we can do. . . . We can learn so much that we can outsmart them! We can become so wise in their own knowledge that we can rise above them. We can teach our people everything we learn, until we are no longer strangers in our own land. We can do all of this so we can learn to survive! And then how proud we will be to have kept our grandmothers alive within us! That is what we can do! (Highwater 161)

Question Number Two. Both stories present young people who seen determined to hang onto old ways when presented with new ones. These young people are more determined than the older generations of their families. Are the young more likely to resist change than their parents are?

And one more question might be considered. Does the introduction of Western ways necessarily diminish Inuit ways? While visiting the Northwest Territories pavilion at the EXPO 86 in Vancouver, I was struck by a quote from an Inuit that appeared there: ". . . it is often said that we are no longer Inuit because we drive skiddos and use outboard motors. . . . However, you must ask yourself if a farmer is less of a farmer because he uses a tractor instead of a horse" (Abjurnarmjal 1979).

Yes, we must ask ourselves these, and many other unanswerable questions as well. And we must thank Gary Paulson and Jean Craighead George for presenting works of literature that tell stories that prompt questions for us to consider, for unanswered questions demand more thought than answered ones.

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Florence Crannell Means: Cultural Barriers and Bridges

by

Celia Anderson

When children's author Florence Crannell Means died in 1980, she had written more than forty books in which she had championed the cause of cross-culturalism in the United States. Problems concerning ethnic, religious, or class prejudices are central to virtually all of her work. From 1919 when her first book, Rafael and Consuelo, was published, she wrote straightforwardly throughout her long career about Mexican-Americans, blacks, migrant workers, American Indians, and other groups not readily accepted by mainstream society. Long before the issue-oriented books of the 1960's, Means had pioneered this territory.

Her heroes and heroines from various backgrounds all have a pioneer courage to seek out a better life. However, her characters' ability to win acceptance against great odds has elicited the criticism that some of Means' happy endings are "too pat" (reviews in the New York Times and Library Journal). She has also been accused of writing some books that are "too unhappy to sustain the interest of the young" (rev. The Saturday Review 13 Nov. 1954: 94). The truth lies somewhere between. Perhaps her most challenging and ultimately her best works are those that emphasize the difficulties more than the successes of minority groups. The subject that Means dealt with most powerfully, and in a manner that is certainly not "too pat," is the dilemma of the American Indian in the United States. One of her last books, Our Cup is Broken (1969), contains an analysis of the tragic problems that are bred when a mixture of cultures has come about through conquest and patronage rather than through a free exchange among peoples.

"For years I have spent as much time as possible among the Hopi and Navajo Indians," Means has said, "visiting a great many other tribes besides. I have gained a Hopi name, Tawahonsi, and a Hopi 'granddaughter'" (Kuznets and Haycroft 216). Her Indian stories, which include Tangled Waters (1936), Whispering Girl (1941), Shadow Over Wide Ruin (1942), Peter of the Mesa (1944), The Rains Will Come (1954), and Sunlight on the Mesa (1960), in addition to Our Cup is Broken, are the most sombre series among her works, perhaps because of this close knowledge.

The proverb of the Digger Indians from which she has taken her title is printed at the opening of Our Cup is Broken and forewarns the reader that this will be a realistic rather than an idealized version of Indian life:

> In the beginning God gave to every people
> a cup of clay, and from this cup they
> drank their life. They all dipped in the
> water, but their cups were different.
> Our cup is broken now. It has passed away.

The story of the heroine of Our Cup is Broken, Sarah Tuvenga (Indian name, Nawamana) bears out this proverb. A shy, undersized, but cherished only child of Hopi parents who die when she is twelve, Sarah is taken to Kansas by a principal and his wife, and raised and educated there. When she is twenty, a Romeo and Juliet romance with "the prized son of the town's richest banker" (Cup 44) is determinedly blocked by both Sarah's guardians and the young man's rich parents.

As a result a heart-wounded Sarah secretly leaves her college and returns to her native village at First Mesa. She is famished for the tribal ways and the golden light of the mesas, starved for the happy peace she knew at her mother's house. She finds these, and a job with the field nurse, but also finds more poverty, dissension and discomfort that she remembered.

And then "One bright Sunday afternoon when she felt her life empty like a dried gourd" (Cup 106), she goes up alone to her mother's house, seeking peace in the beauty of its newly restored state--and is raped. A pregnancy results from this single instance, but the young Hopi man, as a member of her tribal clan, cannot marry her. The tabus of white society had earlier prevented her marriage to the wealthy young man in Kansas and left her feeling dishonored; now the Hopi tabus subject her to the public dishonor of bearing a child out of wedlock.

Sorrow mounts for Sarah when her baby daughter loses her eyesight through the lack of the simple remedy of silver nitrate. Continuing to live at her mother's house with only her daughter Missy, after a year of hard work, illness, and desperate loneliness, Sarah succumbs to the wishes of family and friends and marries Bennie, a presentable young Hopi man. It is not a love match on her part, but Sarah yearns for Hopi ways and acceptance by her tribe. She is, however, not skillful at native tasks that are second nature to the other Hopi women on the Mesa. And the Hopi customs work to Sarah's harm. Because new brides are overworked for the first month of a marriage, crouching and grinding the corn for the pika, her second pregnancy leads to a stillborn son, and a further cooling in the marriage.

But Sarah stubbornly refuses to leave the village and house where she was born even though Bennie is tempted to join some Hopis who are banding together and taking advantage of a government offer of money to buy land in a more fertile and less eroded area. Only after near tragedy, when, distracted by the derisive remarks of a young tourist who reminds her of her Kansas love, she forgets her blind daughter Missy long enough for the child to fall unhurt off the edge of a mesa, does Sarah decide that a permanent life here will not change for the better: "She, Sarah, was living in her mother's house, and it had never looked more serenely beautiful, not even to the homesick dreams of her years in Finch [Kansas]. Yet she was like one camping overnight, and if she were to stay here for days or months or years, they would be makeshift days or months or years" (Cup 227).

The young couple make two decisions: to try to have another child and to leave First Mesa and build a better life. Sarah muses about the tract of land where they will be settling in old military barracks "with nothing beautiful or restful to the eye" Cup 229). "Could the Hopis make it homelike? The satisfying loveliness which they had possessed through centuries had grown slowly, out of a way of life. They would be unskillful in transplanting it, if indeed they could transplant it at all" (229). Means closes the book with this question hanging. The Indian proverb is fulfilled, the adobe house of her mother, crumbling when Sarah returned, then repaired, will crumble again. The clay of the Mesa cannot contain the tribe forever.

Means has woven some major themes into this book she wrote at the culmination of her long career. We have already seen the thread of nostalgic longing for a simple, love-filled childhood, symbolized by Sarah's stubborn clinging to her mother's house. We have seen the courtship tabus, which strand Sarah in a nether-world. After her rejection by the white culture, Sarah had "needed to be part of the tribe, as a sheep needed to be part of the flock, and would die if separated from it" (Cup 106). But that oneness is more difficult than she had expected; she feels "no more a part of Hopiland than she had been a part of Kansas" (106). Sarah is a person who, rather than being enriched by exposure to two cultures, is ground between them.

Means most clearly elucidates such conflict between cultures when it centers on religious beliefs and rituals. The Hopis have a long tradition of worship and cannot understand why the white missionaries, whose stories and theories the Hopis respect, cannot respect theirs. It is a misunderstanding that goes back centuries in our hemisphere. Benjamin Franklin in his "Remarks on the Savages of North America" (1784), tells the story of a Swedish minister who "having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanah Indians, made a Sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical Facts on which our Religion is founded; such as the Fall of our first Parents by eating an Apple" (Franklin in Mott and Jorgenson 515-16). The Indians thank him and then relate the story of the coming of agriculture, in which the then starving hunting tribe beholds "a beautiful young Woman descend from the Clouds, and seat herself on that Hill, which you see yonder among the Blue Mountains" (516). When the Susquehanahs share their kill with her, she rewards them:

> "Where her right hand had touched the Ground they found Maize; where her left hand had touch'd it, they found Kidney-Beans; and where her Backside had sat on it, they found Tobacco." The good Missionary, disgusted with this idle Tale, said, "What I delivered to you was sacred Truths; but what you tell me is mere Fable, Fiction, and Falsehood." The Indian, offended, reply'd, "My brother, it seems your Friends have not done you Justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the Rules of Common Civility. You saw that we, who understand

> and practice those Rules, believ'd all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?" (Franklin, in Mott and Jorgenson, 516)

In *Our Cup is Broken*, Means echoes this conflict. The Hopis admire Miss Lundquist, the missionary, and "They were inclined to approve of her God, and many of them would have paid Him tribute if she had not insisted on their casting aside all their old ones as a preliminary" (*Cup* 19). Sarah instinctively grasps the connection that exists among myths found round the world. Attending a Christmas celebration at the mission, she notes that "the Indian Christians presented a pageant which related the coming of the Christ Child, somewhat as the [Hopi] ceremonials related the coming of the clans to the mesas" (*Cup* 28). Later, torn between the two religions and cultures, Sarah admits to herself that she "preferred the Christian God to Masau'u the Bloody-Headed" (*Cup* 140). But she is offended by the narrowness, the ethnocentricity of the Christians:

> But here again she drew back from the ideas of the Mission Marys, who called Masau'u the Devil and the Hopi Devil-Worshippers. Masau'u might have some malicious qualities, but fundamentally he was merely the god of the Underworld, Sarah knew. And when Miss Lundquist turned indignantly away from even the sight of a *kachina* mask, she dealt a wound, since the *kachinas* were precious to the Hopis. (*Cup* 140)

This conflict reaches its climax when the Hopi artifacts that Sarah found in a sealed closet in her mother's house are, in spite of their antiquity and beauty, burned by her Uncle Abraham, who, though converted to Christianity, has tribal right to them.

Sarah, Miss Dayton (the field nurse), an archaeologist from a museum, and the pagan Hopis are all horrified by this action, equally, even if for different reasons. But Means does not allow us any such easy reactions in this book. Throughout the story, the Hopis blame witches for illness and misfortune, when viruses, bad weather, and simple ignorance are the real culprits. Miss Lundquist inveighs against the superstitions and tabus: "'All the old Hopi ways--you've got to get rid of them all, if you ever--'" (*Cup* 118). Yet the old men feel that "Only if they carried out every requirement with exactitude, could the rites which had preserved their small people from the bright mists of antiquity down to the dusty present continue to preserve them" (*Cup* 121). Their rituals predate Christianity; "church and mission and the small Christian settlement" are "dropped like a handful of pebbles at the foot of the mesa" (*Cup* 76). The sympathetic Miss Dayton asks, "'Why can't they [the Christians] let the poor people alone about their souls? . . . Give them sanitation, yes. Give them education, yes. But let them keep their worship"' (*Cup* 105). Hearing this, "Sarah fumbled with the question whether they could go on making prayer sticks and dressing like *kachinas* after they were educated" (105).

But the Hopis are not philosophically unsophisticated. When Sarah in her ninth year is initiated into the *Kachina* Society and learns the shattering secret that the god-like masked figures she had trembled before during her childhood, and who were presented as real gods, are familiar villagers, nothing more, she feels "as if the earth had melted under her feet" (*Cup* 32). Seeing her remain "silent and without spirit" her father takes her to John, the *Kik-Mongwi*, a wise leader in the tribe. In a beautiful passage the *Kik-Mongwi* reassures her:

> This thing of the *kachinas*, he said, was more than it looked on the outside. Those whom Sarah saw were impersonated by men, true. But while they were going through the ceremonies, the very spirit of the Supernaturals was breathed into them so that for a while they were the *kachinas*. And so the people came close to touching the fringes of the kilts of the gods. And this was good not only for the Hopis but for the whole of the world, unwilling though it was to receive from the despised handful. (*Cup* 32)

It was John, the wise man, the *Kik-Mongwi*, who had advised Sarah to go with the school principal and his wife when her parents died, because the couple were good people. He was among the first who spoke to her on her return to First Mesa, saying, "so often we Hopis choose the wrong things to bring back to the mesas. . . . May you choose well, granddaughter" (*Cup* 97).

At first Sarah has brought back the wrong thing. No, she has not brought cheap furniture, useless gadgets, or discontent with simple ways, but she has brought back a paralyzing negative attitude toward the outside world. If the Mesa were not already a ghetto created by past laws and continuing custom, she would have wished it so. It is not until stung by the insulting attitude of the handsome young tourist whom she momentarily mistakes for her lost Kansas love, that she realizes she will never be whole unless she has the courage to deal with the world beyond the mesa. One of the rituals that she trembled before as a child was the Night of the Giants, when masked "giants" came to each household threatening to eat the children as punishment for misdeeds. The parent's part in this ritual was to promise the giant food in place of the child. Now Sarah is the parent, and she and Bennie must buy off the very real giants of poverty and prejudice and ignorance that threaten the future of their children. That they must leave their Hopi village, and sadly sacrifice part of their long heritage in order to do this, is an indictment of the powerful society that barricaded Native Americans into areas too small and impoverished to sustain a race with the courage to survive and grow.

It is bridges, not barriers, that we need. We have only to pick up a newspaper any day and read of North Ireland, South Africa, or Howard Beach to learn that cultures too often work at cross purposes rather than crossing over to each other. Florence Crannell Means knew the problem very well. She said of her own work, "The books about minority groups have had varied motivations–more than any other the desire to introduce one group of people to another, who otherwise might never know them, and so might regard them with the fear which is bred of lack of knowledge, and which in its turn breeds the hate, the prejudice which I have seen blazing out in destructive force'" (Commire 155). If Means' message is "too unhappy to sustain the interest of the young," then God help the cause of cross-culturalism, and God help the fate of the human race.

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Censors as Critics:
To Kill a Mockingbird as A Case Study
by
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Censors in the United States have traditionally had problems when evaluating the merits of realistic fiction. Their inability to deal with another person's interpretation of real life issues has caused them to ban such diverse authors as Judy Blume, Robert Cormier, and Mark Twain. Often their accusations concentrate on language, racial groups, sexual scenes, anti-establishment attitudes which they deem somehow "un-American." These people do not deny an author's ability to tell a story. Instead, they wish to suppress cultural interpretations which they feel are harmful to "the moral fiber of America."

The "critical" career of To Kill a Mockingbird is a late twentieth century case study of how such censorship works in young adult literature. When Harper Lee's novel about a small Southern town and its prejudices was published in 1960 it received favorable criticism in professional journals and the popular press. Thus, though Booklist's reviewer called the book "melodramatic" and noted "traces of sermonizing", Booklist recommended it for library purchase, commending its "rare blend of wit and compassion" (September 1960: 23). The early reviews did not suggest that the book was young adult literature or that it belonged in adolescent collections. And so their discussions never suggested that the book had strong language or unusual violence which was beyond the scope of a young reader. Instead, they praised To Kill a Mockingbird as a worthwhile interpretation of the South's then existing social structures.

In 1961 the book won the Pulitzer Prize Award, the Alabama Library Association Book Award, and the Brotherhood Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. It seemed that Harper Lee's blend of family history, local custom, and restrained sermonizing was important reading. Since the narrator was an adult remembering events that happened when she was a young girl between the ages of six and nine, To Kill a Mockingbird rapidly moved into junior and senior high school libraries and classrooms.

By the mid-sixties To Kill a Mockingbird had a solid place in junior and senior high school American literature studies. However, once its use was discovered by Southern parents, its solid place in the curriculum met with strong disapproval. Sporadic lawsuits arose. In most early cases, the complaint against To Kill a Mockingbird was voiced by conservatives. Probably they were objecting to the story's candid portrayal of Southern white attitudes. This was not the issue typically raised, however. Instead, censors criticized the book in general terms, objecting to the use of profanity, sex scenes, and immorality. In Hanover County, Virginia, for instance, the School Board declared the book "immoral" and sought to have it removed from county public schools. When the ruckus surfaced with national news coverage, the School Board withdrew its criticism, claiming that the incident "was all a mistake" (Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom, March 1966: 16). To these early censors the problem with Harper Lee's book rested in its entire immorality.

If one looks at their claims, the censors seem to be accurately assessing the book. Indeed, every major censor's objection--that the book contained profanity, that the black/white relationships depicted implied that white bigotry was widespread in the south, that religious hypocrisy was suggested, that a rape case was explicitly detailed, and that there were several violent scenes throughout the story--can be corroborated. The scenes which Harper Lee chose to picture are not ones of carefree childhood. Even the playful activities of the children are not totally innocent. Often Lee shows the children busy trying to deceive or defy adult authority. In the end, however, these early censors were reluctant to deal legally with the real issues which concerned them. To conservative Southerners it seemed smarter to label the book and hope it would disappear from the schools than to legally confront the issues raised in Harper Lee's narrative. And so the book stood up against this first onslaught of criticism, without facing a major fight in the U.S. court system.

The second round of criticism surfaced in the late seventies and early eighties. This time the censors came from the Midwest and the East. In Vernon, New York a minister threatened to establish a private Christian school because the public school libraries contained "filthy, trashy sex novels" such as The Red Pony and To Kill a Mockingbird. (Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom, May 1980: 62). And finally, blacks began to censor the book. In a widely reported case, three black parents on Indiana's Warren County Human Relations Advisory Council resigned because school authorities refused to remove the book from Warren junior high school classes. The book, they argued, "represents institutional racism" (Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom, May 1980: 62). While calling To Kill a Mockingbird "trash" may seem ludicrous to many, the accusation of racism is harder to deny. Even the positive image of the children is marred when they make comments that reflect white bigotry. Scout calls blacks "niggers" at one point in the novel, and Jem says that Mennonites have beards because "their wives like for 'em to tickle 'em with their beards" (147).

But the book is not a propaganda piece: it is an historical novel that has relevance for new readers. It is an accurate picture of a hermetic little Southern town, isolated and regional in its attitudes. It is the story of three children growing up in a time when old regional values are challenged, but we are left unchanged. And because the attitudes of the general townspeople remain basically static throughout the book, Harper Lee's novel is unsettling. The story is effective because Harper Lee's U.S. landscape has been past reality, and because readers sense that old Southern attitudes remain.

An author of realistic fiction, Lee uses time to show that Scout is maturing in a community whose cyclic events have been formed by folkways and popular culture into an established, unquestionable pattern. The plot unfolds in a circular time cycle, reflecting the town's unchanging social attitudes. The story's events are framed in the seasons, starting with the deathly heat of summer when Scout is almost six and ending in the decaying season of fall. There is no sudden birth of idealism among the people. Set in the time of F.D.R., Lee writes:

> There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told it had nothing to fear but fear itself (11).

Lee combines the circular structure of time and the regional scene of isolation to show the reader that her characters are trapped into a scene they cannot or will not change. Three of the book's white adults face this unchanging world, and they seem powerless to stop the flow of events. Atticus Finch, his married sister Alexandra, and Miss Maudie, the Finch children's neighbor and confidant, are models of Southern aristocratic attitudes. They are also relics of a time past, interpreters of society, and established Southern citizens who pay attention to Southern deportment.

Miss Maudie is described as "a widow, a chameleon lady who worked in her flower beds in an old straw hat and men's overalls, but after her five o'clock bath she would appear on the porch and reign over the street in magisterial beauty" (43). She is the most outspoken of the three adults, and she is the one who seems to understand the problems that come with growing up in a closed Southern society. She sees little events as major changes. When Atticus loses his lawsuit for Tom Robinson, Miss Maudie invites the children in and explains that Atticus has represented what is Christian behavior, whether he won or lost, and that he has helped Southerners in Maycomb take a baby-step toward the future (197-198). Later, she responds to Alexandra's loss of composure by assuring Alexandra that Atticus is trusted and supported by "people in this town with background", and then she straightens up, returns to the afternoon church circle, and serves "dewberry tarts" (216). Miss Maudie lives inside Southern society, quietly holding her tongue and role playing the Southern lady. She might seem eccentric to some of her neighbors with her funny gardening hats and prim ways, but she never allows anyone except Atticus and the children to see her rebellious personality or hear her disapproval of Southern ideals. Throughout time her behavior remains controlled and sensible. Outwardly she seems accepting of the small town mores imposed upon her. The story's children, however, know better. In their presence she explains Southern Baptists, saying, "Foot-washers believe anything that's pleasure is a sin. . . . Thing is, foot-washers think women are a sin by definition. They take the Bible literally, you know" (45). And when the children wonder why their father is a sharp-shooter who refuses to carry a gun, Miss Maudie explains, "If your father's anything, he's civilized in his heart. . . . People in their right minds never take pride in their talents" (93).

Alexandra is the true believer in the south's decadent moral ways. She spends her time showing the children that nothing changes socially. When Scout decides that she will go to her black maid Calpurnia's house for a visit, her aunt retorts, "You may not" (127). When Atticus tells the children in front of Calpurnia that Braxton Bragg "despises Negroes" Aunt Alexandra waits for the maid to leave the room. Then she says, "Don't talk like that in front of them . . . it encourages them. You know how they talk among themselves" (145). And when Scout decides she will be friends with Walter Cunningham, her aunt won't allow it. "I'll tell you why," she explains, "Because--he --is trash, that's why you can't play with him" (205). To her the old values are uncompromisingly right. And through her the children can see that time will not change anything as long as the "wrong elements" are not allowed to be equals with their betters.

The children's perspective of Southern justice is shaped by their father, the adult of the story who remains trapped by the Southern attitudes toward change and disorder. A lawyer, Atticus is aware of the society he lives in, and he is bound by its traditions. Harper Lee tells us that Atticus's younger brother fled Maycomb County, and then goes on to say that Atticus stayed in Maycomb because, "he was Maycomb County born and bred; he knew his people, they knew him, and because of Simon Finch's industry, Atticus was related by blood or marriage to nearly every family in the town" (11). Throughout the book Atticus is described as atypical of other men in the town. Scout explains, "He did not do the things our schoolmates' fathers did: he never went hunting, he did not play poker or fish or drink or smoke. He sat in the living room and read" (85). Atticus is an intellectual surrounded by common folk who allow him his idiosyncrasies of learning and books because he comes from an old-line of aristocracy--he is a Finch from Finch's Landing. His ancestors raised cotton and had slaves. Atticus's own attitudes toward blacks are those of a man more comfortable with past values, left unquestioned by law or by protest. He says that he had hoped to get through life without having to take a court case based on black/white mores, and he declares that he expects to lose the case. After the trial, when the black man is found guilty of rape in testimony based upon very circumstantial evidence, Atticus answers his son's plaintive "How could they do it, how could they?" by saying, "They've done it before and they did it tonight and they'll do it again" (195). Atticus is the typical paternalistic white man who will help blacks as well as he can but who believes that in the end little can be done to change southerners. He acknowledges that out-right exploitation of blacks is wrong. And so, when he discusses Tom Robinson's fate with Jem, Atticus explains, "There's nothing more sickening to me than a low-grade white man who'll take advantage of a Negro's ignorance" (202).

Black attitudes are also trapped by the cultural structure. Atticus's black maid grew up at Finch's Landing and knew Atticus's father. Old Mr. Finch gave Calpurnia the Bible she learned to read from. And, true to the tradition of the servants of aristocracy, she became one of less than one-half dozen blacks who could read in all of Maycomb. In turn, Calpurnia reflects the aristocratic house slave's attitude towards all blacks' being able to learn when she says, "You're not gonna change any of them by talkin' right, they've got to want to learn themselves, and when they don't want to learn there's nothing you can do but keep your mouth shut or talk their language" (118).

It is the predictability of the seasons which bends the everyday routine of these people with the realization of Southern stagnation and keeps the story's dramatic sense of injustice from disrupting the narrator's mood. The adult dramas of mad dogs, front porch gossip, and courtroom trials take place in the summer. In the fall and the winter the children go to school. In the school's paradoxical world, weak-minded teachers misjudge vagrants and declare that Hitler is a dictator, that democracy is better, to a classroom of children who watched a black lose his rights through the town's system of justice during the summer. The institutionalized system of education is not a place that fills Scout's memories or that confirms her ideas. It is an institution that fosters mistrust and deceit. In the end, school is a place Scout endures. Her life is filled with the summer and its drama, with her brother's attitudes, and her father's trial. She watches her brother flail out in anger against the Southern "justice," and sees her father's inability to affect Southern bigotry. She watches events pass by without changing attitudes or cultural patterns.

Lee's slow-moving Southern drama meets Elanor N. Hutchens's standards for a novel shaped by time. The security of small town predictability is juxtaposed to the rigidity of the cultural values. As tension between the two builds, the reader's understanding of the town's logic evolves. The white citizens' standards for their future rise from past institutions. Their ancestral fears of free blacks persist and are only superficially buried. Their real fear of a future wrought with change finally surfaces through the children. Typical of the old understanding that "old families are best," that the south has a peculiar social system based on family position, Jem explains to Scout, "The thing about it is, our kind of folks don't like the Cunninghams, the Cunninghams don't like the Ewells, and the Ewells hate

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and despise the colored folks" (207). And finally, Scout says to her father that sometimes it is best to ignore the wrong doings, explaining that Arthur Radley's heroic actions are best covered up. Thus, the reader sees Scout accept Southern logic. Scout knows from experience that telling the real tale of attempted murder and of subsequent justice wouldn't help Boo Radley in the end. It would simply bring a trial and new gossip for him, without any change in his existence. A mature nine-year-old, Scout says, "It'd be sort of like shooting a mockingbird, wouldn't it?" (251). Thus Lee suggests that Southern justice fails for those who are "different."

Hutchens calls this development of drama through "the sense of period, openly exploited in the historical novel" cyclic, and explains that the author is successful because time is carefully woven into the drama until the reader feels a sense of shared experience (Spilka 61). The scene painted need not be one the reader delights in reading about, but it is one that seems real for the contemporary reader. It is this appeal which caused Harper Lee's book to be controversial. In the case of To Kill a Mockingbird the adult readers who sought to ban the book were reacting to those unsettling scenes in the book as if they were present day situations. Their reactions were to problems they felt still persisted. Their anger ignored the significance of Lee's reference to the specific era in To Kill a Mockingbird. Lee's scene is one from the past; it is based upon a child's memories of real events.

When Harper Lee was five years old, the Scottsboro Trial began. In one of the most celebrated trials, nine blacks were accused of raping two white women. The first trial took place in Jackson County, Alabama. All nine were convicted. Monroeville, Lee's home town, knew about the case. Harper Lee's father was a lawyer during that time. Her mother's maiden name was Finch. Harper Lee attended law school, a career possibility suggested to Scout by well-meaning adults in the novel.

Scout Finch faces the realities of Southern society within the same age span that Harper Lee faced Scottsboro. The timeline is also the same. Although Lee's father was not the Scottsboro lawyer who handled that trial, he was a Southern man of honor related to the famous gentleman soldier, Robert E. Lee. It is likely that Harper Lee's father was the author's model for Atticus Finch and that the things Atticus told Scout were the kinds of things Ama Lee told his daughter. The attitudes depicted are probably the ones Harper Lee grew up with, both in terms of family pride and small town prejudices. In this sense, the book must not be evaluated simply as realistic fiction. It must be recognized as historical fiction which brings to life a child's reactions to injustice.

Scout tells of a time past when white people would lynch or convict a man because of the color of his skin. And she suggests through her careful description of a town with a static cyclic pattern that events might remain unchanged throughout time. She implies that the bigotry of the past could cradle new bigotry. Literary critic Theo D'Haen has explained that the life of a literary work continues when it remains "part of the ongoing activities of that world" (4). To Kill a Mockingbird brings the South's past and the reader's present attitudes into account. As the children in the story mature, they lose their innocence. So must the reader. The reader learns that predictability is not safe, and that change is unavoidable. It is this new knowledge that frightens the censors. They are unwilling to acknowledge that Lee's scene ever happened. They want to believe that everything in U.S. history has worked out "happily-ever-after," and they hope to show children the greatness of the country's past. As adults they do not want children to deal with the realities of history.

Fear of discovery causes "moral" adults to ban books. These same adults would deny the child's right to interpret, to discuss, and to evaluate. Censors act because they believe that children cannot determine right from wrong. Or they act because they do not acknowledge that the author's need to share and the reader's right to interpret keep society from becoming a place where

> "There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go. . . . Nothing to see outside. . . . Nothing to fear but fear itself." (11)

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Safety in the Structures of Art:
Bemelmans' Madeline Books
by
Jackie Eastman

In his many works for both children and adults, Austrian emigrant Ludwig Bemelmans captures a zest for living and a vibrant sense of the cosmopolitan. His best known books, the five featuring the adventures of little red-headed Madeline, bring the culture of France and England to the English-speaking children on this side of the Atlantic. In a sophisticated impressionistic art style reminiscent of that of Raoul Dufy, Bemelmans captures famous cityscapes and rural aspects, as well as a multitude of details about the daily lives of Europeans. Images of the Eiffel Tower, Sacré Coeur Cathedral, Buckingham Palace, parks and gardens, sidewalk artists, outdoor cafés, vegetable stalls, and doubledecker buses bring a new world to a young child who has never traveled. Bemelmans' genius in these books lies not only, however, in the multiplicity of fascinating foreign details; it lies also in the organization which he brings to this material. By communicating clearly that his books are "art," he reassures the child reader that she may participate in wild adventures in foreign lands without experiencing any overwhelming sense of danger. Clearly, Bemelmans' impressionistic art style and rhymed poetry contribute importantly to this separation between "real" life and the world of "story." Perhaps more subtly, Bemelmans uses a number of visual and verbal structures both to establish this aesthetic distance and to create an underlying sense of order.

The conflicts in the Madeline books range from the ordinary to the fantastic, from the annoying to the dangerous. In the first book, Madeline, a Caldecott runner-up for 1940, the drama centers around Madeline's appendicitis attack and midnight rush to the hospital. Madeline's Rescue, the 1954 Caldecott winner, moves quickly from the crisis which inspires its title--Madeline's near drowning in the Seine River--into arguments concerning Genevieve, the dog who saved Madeline's life. In Madeline and the Bad Hat (1956), a new character, Pepito, breaks a cardinal rule in the canon of childhood--kindness to animals--and suffers disastrous consequences before learning his lesson. In Madeline and the Gypsies (1959), a friendly gypsy circus kidnaps Madeline and Pepito. In the last book, Madeline in London (1961), not only Madeline but Miss Clavel and all the girls leave Paris, flying to London to visit Pepito in his new home. The horse which they present to Pepito bolts and dashes about London with Madeline and Pepito on his back.[1]

Structures which create aesthetic distance constantly protect Bemelmans' child reader from the fear, anger, sadness, or worry which such adventures might arouse. A scene from his 1937 Newbery Honor Winner Golden Basket suggests the essential perspective of the readers of his Madeline books. Shortly after the story opens, the two main characters, Celeste and Melisande, peer out a window of the Golden Basket Hotel into the city square of Bruges, Belgium, as morning breaks on the first day of their visit. At this point, Bemelmans' text suggests the separation between the viewer and the view which so clearly informs his Madeline books:

> Through this window the little girls were looking for the first time in their lives into an altogether new world, with a new language, new policemen, pastry shops, and lampposts. Even the horses and dogs and clouds seemed different. Only the sparrows and pigeons looked the same as they did anywhere else. The children were cold. They closed the window. (15)

Bemelmans gives the reader of the Madeline books the security of distance enjoyed by Celeste and Melisande as they look into an "altogether new world," by clearly establishing that these works are "art"; they are not life itself, but a separate, well-ordered, familiar structure based on life. First of all, as the child opens a Madeline book, the end papers provide a literal "window" into the world of "story"--a framed picture capturing its essence. The opening frame invites us in; the final end papers, identical in each case to the first, communicate the sense that Madeline's world continues without us. Psychologically, we may participate in what goes on here while remaining apart; we may choose to look through the window, but, like Celeste and Melisande, we may close it whenever we want to.

Bemelmans depicts a world of childhood where both time and space are carefully ordered. The famous couplets with which each book begins establish a prescribed space for each of twelve little girls: "In an old house in Paris that was covered with vines/ Lived [my emphasis] twelve little girls in two straight lines. In two straight lines they broke their bread/ And brushed their teeth and went to bed" (Madeline 1-5). The identity of Madeline herself derives from this order: "the smallest one was Madeline" [my emphasis, 12]. And her height determines her placement: She will always walk at the back of line, next to Miss Clavel, and sleep at the end of the row. Regularity marks not only the spatial arrangement, but also the activities of these little girls: not even the weather disrupts their schedule: "They left the house at half past nine in two straight lines in rain or shine" (9-11). Even when they fly to London, they manage to step off the plane on time: "Welcome to London, the weather's fine. /And it's exactly half past nine" (Madeline in London 9).

Bemelmans uses the daily schedule of his characters, which doubtless mirrors to some extent that of his child reader, to establish the starting and ending points of his stories. "Twelve little girls in two straight lines" emerge for a walk on or near page one; and, with the exception of the first book, Madeline, where Madeline herself is away in the hospital recovering nicely, all "twelve little girls in two straight lines" are home in bed by the end. This narrative pattern--leaving home for adventure, returning home to security--characterizes much of the literature for young children; we see it in such stories as Hansel and Gretel, The Tale of Peter Rabbit, and Where the Wild Things Are, to name only a few. Bemelmans' use of this narrative structure signals to the child reader that she is comfortably in the familiar world of "story." Even though our heroine may fall in the Seine or charge about London on a runaway horse, we know that she will be safely tucked into bed by the end.

In addition to adhering to the traditional narrative pattern of leaving and returning home, Bemelmans establishes his own verbal and visual formulae which likewise signal "open" and "close" to his reader. These serve not only to enhance the sense of containment--the separateness from "reality"--of each individual book, but also to increase the reader's pleasure as she encounters the familiar formulae from one book to the next. In Madeline, Bemelmans devotes the first fifteen pages to creating the elements of setting and character which he compresses in one single page of each of the four subsequent books. As with the end papers, Bemelmans' frames--be they of wood, as in the case of Madeline's Rescue, or of autumn leaves, as Madeline and the Bad Hat--create aesthetic distance. In Madeline and the Gypsies Bemelmans places the story elements up and down the right and left hand sides of the page in a manner reminiscent of a medieval manuscript. Finally, on page one of Madeline in London, each of the twelve little girls holds up a picture of a story element--"old house in Paris," "that was covered with vines," "twelve little girls in two straight lines," and so forth, clearly signaling to the reader that she now enters a familiar world of art.

Just as Bemelmans opens each story formulaically, so too does he close each in ways predictable from one book to the next. He establishes the basic pattern in Madeline: "They went home and broke their bread,/ Brushed their teeth and went to bed" (36-37). Frequently, Miss Clavel says a final goodnight, turns out the light, and closes the door. In Madeline, Bemelmans uses the narrator's voice, the visual image, and even the size of the print to remind his reader that this has been after all only a story: "And she turned out the light and closed the door, and that's all there is--there isn't any more [my emphasis]." The quadruple frame of page margin, sky, wall, and doorway, and the steadily diminishing height of the print visually reinforce the narrator's insistence that we are leaving the world of art. In the subsequent stories, Bemelmans varies this pattern to introduce humor and to provide a conclusion appropriate to the adventures. For instance, at the end of Madeline and the Bad Hat, the girls and Pepito, now friends, wave to each other across the courtyard as they brush their teeth. At the conclusion of Madeline and the Gypsies, the safely-returned adventurers have inspired all the little girls to do acrobatic tricks on the beds. And in Madeline in London, Bemelmans even includes the girls' new pet, the wayward horse: "They brushed his teeth and gave him bread, [my emphasis] And covered him up and put him to bed. . . . And she turned out the light and closed the door. There were twelve upstairs, and below one more." Of the five Madeline books, only Madeline's Rescue does not end with a picture of Miss Clavel in the dormitory. Instead, Bemelmans chooses to depict the twelve puppies--born during the night--as they will soon appear on an outing. Significantly, only in this book does he include the words "The End" on his non-formulaic final illustration, thereby indicating a definite conclusion to the world of "story."

Bemelmans' marked use of symmetry throughout the Madeline books not only signals their status as "art," but also establishes a basic sense of order within which disorder may be securely contained. In an article entitled "On the Problem of Symmetry in Art," Dagobert Frey writes that "Symmetry signifies rest and binding, asymmetry motion and loosening, the one order and law, the other arbitrariness and accident, the one formal rigidity and constraint, the other life, play and freedom" (quoted in Weyl, 16). We have already seen that Bemelmans enhances the inherent symmetry of a book opened out flat with identical end papers inside the front and back covers. The opening and closing actions of the stories are likewise symmetrical: returning home is a mirror image of leaving home. Additionally, Bemelmans composes a great many of his illustrations symmetrically, sometimes framing the balanced architecture of Parisian edifices with sky and trees.

Finally, one of the most striking aspects of symmetry is the nearly symmetrical repetition of the symmetrical image of "twelve little girls in two straight lines." Bemelmans places this pattern throughout each book in a manner which, if we were to imagine all of the pages spread out in one long strip end to end, might suggest a repeating border design. It is true that Bemelmans does not use this image at perfectly regular intervals nor in precisely the same direction each time. Nevertheless, behind the slightly asymmetrical but very frequent repetitions of this symmetrical pattern, we sense symmetry as the norm to which asymmetry must return.

Frequently, Bemelmans changes only one element of this twelve-part image as a means of drawing our attention to that which in Frey's terms exhibits "life, play, and freedom"–in other words, to Madeline herself. For instance, Madeline's tears are all the more noticeable in this image in that she differs from eleven other identical elements in the design. In an illustration from Madeline's Rescue, only the lower right-hand bed–that is, Madeline's bed–has acquired paws and a tail, and only Madeline smiles, while the others look glum. Frequently, Madeline distinguishes herself by turning around or getting out of line. Yet the fact that the line is there to get out of establishes a pervading sense of "rest" and "order"–to use Frey's terms–which contains and controls the many scenes of asymmetry and disorder. The twelve puppies which Genevieve adds to the ranks do not create chaos; instead, they enhance the complexity of a previously established image, while maintaining its symmetry.

Because editors felt that the first Madeline was too sophisticated for children, Bemelmans did not succeed in publishing it until five years after its completion. Yet the success of the five books has proven the editors' fears to be groundless. I have suggested that the formal structures of framing, a familiar narrative pattern enhanced by a formulaic opening and closing, and the repetition of the image of "twelve little girls in two straight lines" which so clearly designate the books as art–not life–contribute greatly to this success. For the child reader these structures provide a comfortable aesthetic distance from which she may relax and enjoy the exotic–a window onto what in Golden Basket Bemelmans calls "an altogether new world, with a new language, new policemen, pastry shops, and lampposts" (15). They are the cage which permits Madeline to "Pooh-pooh" the tiger. Furthermore, the dominant sense of order established by the symmetry of these structures creates a world of "story" in which we may feel throughout the security expressed by our reliable protectress at the end of Madeline and the Bad Hat: "And as Miss Clavel turned out the light,/She said, 'I knew it would all come out right.'"

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Note

[1] I am not considering in the paper Madeline's Christmas, a considerably shorter work which was originally published as a book insert in the 1956 McCall's Christmas issue and reissued in book form by Viking Press in 1985. Bemelmans was at work on his sixth Madeline book at the time of his death in 1962.

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Kenneth Morris and The Mabinogion: The Welsh Influence on Children's Fantasy[1]

by

C.W. Sullivan III

The medieval Welsh stories published as The Mabinogion do not amount to a large book, and the oldest segment, the Four Branches of the Mabinogi (dating from about the twelfth century in written form but centuries older in oral tradition), is smaller still, some eighty pages in translation. The Anglo-Welsh author, Kenneth Morris (1879-1937), arguably the first to use materials from the four Branches in children's fantasy, is an almost-forgotten (or at least seldom-studied) figure in the history of children's fiction. Yet, without Morris and The Mabinogion, contemporary children's literature might not include Lloyd Alexander's The Chronicles of Prydain, Nancy Bond's A String in the Harp, Susan Cooper's The Dark is Rising series, Alan Garner's The Owl Service, and a number of other books (including some of the Arthurian stories) based less directly on these Welsh sources of materials and style.

Although regarded as "among the finest flowerings of the Celtic genius and, taken together, a masterpiece of . . . medieval European literature, "the materials which make up The Mabinogion were completely translated into English only three times prior to 1950 (Jones and Jones ix). Lady Charlotte Guest made the first complete translation in the 1840s; T.P. Ellis and John Lloyd, using a newly-discovered manuscript, translated The Mabinogion in 1929; and Gwyn Jones and Thomas Jones made a translation in 1949. Interestingly, several new translations--including a revised version of the Jones and Jones translation (1974), Jeffery Gantz's The Mabinogion (1976), Patrick Ford's The Mabinogi (1977), (and Gwyn Jones and Kevin Crossley-Holland's Tales From The Mabinogion, illustrated by Margaret Jones (1984)--have appeared recently, and their publication could be a response, in part, to the popularity of the Mabinogion-based fiction of Alexander, Cooper, Bond, and the rest.

The Mabinogion itself is something of a cultural stew, containing, as it does, materials which can be traced to sources in mythology, legend, folklore, or history. The oldest materials, the Four Branches, contain mythological elements which are untraceably old, going back, perhaps, to the beginnings of the Celtic civilization and containing obvious references to an ancient matriarchal and matrilineal culture and mythology. In addition, most translations include a number of other prose tales tied to the Four Branches only by their date of written composition, their Welsh sources, and/or their inclusion in the same medieval manuscript or manuscript collection. The "Four Independent Native Tales" and the "Three Romances," as Jones and Jones called them (vii), were certainly composed in a more recent oral tradition than the Four Branches and have very little mythology about them. The "Native Tales" draw heavily on folklore; the "Romances," medieval in style as well as in content, draw on legend, especially the Arthurian legend. And the Taliesin materials, "The Tale of Gwion Bach" and "The Tale of Taliesin," both of which deal with the sixth-century bard, are included in a few translations.

The existence, nature, and extent of a Celtic influence on subsequent cultures and literatures has been the subject of considerable debate, some of it acrimonious, for almost a century and a half. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, Ernest Renan, Matthew Arnold, and William Butler Yeats all argued for a pervasive Celtic influence on subsequent literatures. Their efforts were compromised, somewhat, by the political and social overtones of the turn-of-the-century Celtic Revival and were also denigrated by the majority of Victorians who, as L.P. Curtis, Jr., recounts in Anglo-Saxons and Celts: A Study of Anti-Irish Prejudice in Victorian England (1973), were definitely anti-Celtic and quite convinced that nothing good or valuable could have come from people with a Celtic ancestry.

As the twentieth century has progressed, fortunately, scholars have begun to recognize the quality of the ancient Irish and Welsh literatures, have begun to assess the possibility of a Celtic influence, and have even come to respect some of Matthew Arnold's insights on the subject. Patrick Leo Henry and James Travis have documented correspondences between early Celtic and English poetry, and Martin Puhvel has suggested a Celtic influence on "Beowulf." William Rees and Nora Chadwick comment on possible social and political influences the Celts might have had on the Anglo-Saxons. Lucy Alan Paton, Vernon Harward, Helaine Newstead, John Revel Reinhard, and, of course, Roger Sherman Loomis are among those who have attempted to establish Celtic Sources for much of what appears in the later Continental and British Arthurian materials. Arthur Johnston discusses a William Blake painting which seems to have been influenced by a Welsh triad, and Robert Hubach suggests that Taliesin's poetry may have had a shaping effect on Walt Whitman's. And there are more.

But little has been done, to date, to organize the research into the Celtic influence or to make the public--general or scholarly--aware of the extent of this sort of research. It may be that there are still some traces of the Victorian prejudices against all things Celtic; but it is more likely that the scholarly community, at least, it so oriented toward the Mediterranean myths and legends--the Greek and Roman materials--as literary influences that they have given little serious thought to the other myth systems--the Celtic and Scandinavian, for example--as possible literary influences. Moreover, the obvious Celtic and Scandinavian influences on popular literature make it even less likely that they would be considered worthy of study as influences on "serious" literature. And perhaps that is why the Welsh influence on children's fantasy has been dealt with so passingly and why the earliest authors, like Kenneth Morris, have only been glanced at.

That Kenneth Morris should have been the first to explore the Welsh materials and use them in children's fantasy is not surprising. He was "right" for that task in many ways. First, he was Welsh and was a native speaker who knew the materials well. Second, a stay in Dublin in 1966 had introduced him not only to a number of young writers and mystics (including Yeats, George Russell, and Ella Young), but also to the Theosophical Society of which he was to be an active member, living and teaching at the Point Loma, California community, for the rest of his life. The Dublin experience and the Society membership certainly encouraged him as a writer and also inspired him as a mystic (Zahorski and Boyer 169-170). Finally, his work as a teacher in the Point Loma community gave him an awareness of the teenage audience for which his two fantasy novels, The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed (1913) and Book of the Three Dragons (1930), were initially written.

Morris's use of materials from The Mabinogion is distinctive. Reduced to the simplest terms, what Morris does is to use some of some materials from the Four Branches and interweave them with materials of his own creation or with materials from other, generally Welsh, sources. He is not using a plot from The Maginogion as the outline for his story and then expanding it into a full-fledged novel as do Alan Garner and Evangeline Walton. He does not rely on his primary source that directly. Nor does he, as do Lloyd Alexander and Susan Cooper, create an essentially-original fantasy (and fantasy world) with its own characters to be fleshed out by characters and motifs from The Mabinogion. He does not stand that far away from his sources. In The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed his interweaving is quite obvious and, occasionally, heavy-handed; in Book of the Three Dragons he is a surer and smoother author.

The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed is based on the First Branch of The Mabinogion, and all of the events of that First Branch appear in the novel. In Morris's hands the roughly twenty pages of the original story, "Pwyll Prince of Dyfed," become about one hundred pages of text; the rest of the 300-page novel consists of materials Morris created and developed to complement and fill out what he had developed from the original. For example, the year between the first and second wedding feasts of Pwyll and Rhiannon is described in a sentence or two in the First Branch, but in his novel Morris creates a minor quest to occupy Pwyll for that year.

Before he can appear at the second wedding feast, Pwyll must acquire a magic, unfillable sack or basket. In The Mabinogion Rhiannon simply supplies him with one, but in The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed Pwyll must go on a traditional, formulaic quest--not unlike the quest of an Arthurian knight--to find the object. With just three days left Pwyll and his men come upon an old man in need, and following Rhiannon's instruction to not pass by a sorrow until it is lightened, they stop to help. There are three tasks to be done on three separate days by three different men, and Pwyll, doing his share on the last day, discovers that the basket he has been given to gather apples in is the object he seeks. The traditional folktale object, the unfillable basket, and the triplicity of the episode have widespread sources in folktale and legend; Morris uses them here, and others elsewhere in The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed, to augment the material he develops from the original.

For the reader who knows The Mabinogion, though, Morris's first novel can seem somewhat choppy (even though the style remains consistent) as recognizably First Branch sections alternate with sections of Morris's own creation in an almost building-block configuration. Book of the Three Dragons, Morris's second novel and sequel to the first, is much smoother. Although each book is based on a Branch of The Mabinogion, Morris does not depend so heavily on his source material for the structure of his second novel as he did for the structure of the first. In fact, there are only two segments from the Second and Third Branches–the burying of the head of Bran the Blessed and the learning of three crafts–which are identifiable in Book of the Three Dragons, and both segments have been changed somewhat from the original.

Although it is also possible to argue that Manawydan's quest in the second novel is patterned after the quest of the main character, also named Manawydan, in the Third Branch, those similarities may only be the similarities that all traditional quest narratives share. Other materials, however, do have identifiable Welsh sources outside of the Four Branches: the yellow calfskin mat which transports the sleeping Manawydan to the court of the gods in Book of the Three Dragons is based on the yellow oxskin mat from "The Dream of Rhonabwy," the description of the court of the gods comes from "The Dream of Macsen Wledig," and the sword so sharp it can draw blood from the wind can be traced, along with many other items and characters, to "Culhwch and Olwen."

It is not only Morris's ability to weave these Welsh Celtic materials (and his own materials) into a smooth whole that makes him an important fantasy writer, it is also "the high language embodying the theme that carries it [the novel] along" (Bisenieks viii). In fact, one of the few critics to comment on Morris, Ursula LeGuin–herself a respected fantasy author–equates Morris with E. R. Eddison and J. R. R. Tolkien, terming all three "master stylists" whose characters speak "with genuine Elfland accents" (77,78). And it is not just that Morris is a master stylist, LeGuin continues, it is also that style is fantasy,

> because in fantasy there is nothing but the writer's vision of the world. . . . A world where no voice has ever spoken before; where the act of speech is the act of creation. The only voice that speaks there is the creator's voice. And every word counts. (85)

Thus LeGuin asserts, Book of the Three Dragons "is a singularly fine example of the recreation of a work magnificent in its own right (the Mabinogion)" (81). Morris is important, then, as a stylist and as an author who uses his source material well.

It is the climax of Book of the Three Dragons which best illustrates Morris's ability. Martial skills are of little importance in this novel and fade almost completely away toward the end as Morris chooses to emphasize bardic skills–storytelling, singing, and harping. Manawydan uses these skills, skills which the Welsh Celts have always held in high regard, to overcome his foes. By telling them stories until past midnight, Manawydan keeps Tathal Cheat-the-Light and his daughter from trapping him and turning him into stone; and by telling stories, Manawydan distracts Gwlan Cat's Eye, the Sea-Thief, and then recovers the magic Harp of Alawn. Armed now with the Harp (rather than a sword), Manawydan makes the traditional descent into hell to restore order: the stone warriors are released, the Crumbled Kings are restored, and the sleeping Druids are wakened.

> This series of scenes does not come from The Mabinogion but does integrate one of its characters, Manawydan, with several other traditional elements. One of these, the tendency of events to occur in threes, is evident in the three challenges that Manawydan must overcome at the end. The journey to and the ordering of hell, which Manawydan must accomplish to bring the worlds of men and gods into balance again, is a traditional motif in both ancient literature and mythology; and the emphasis on bardic skills is also traditional. Morris interweaves these traditional materials, sets them into a plot largely of his own devising (within traditional formulas), and presents a completed whole in high fantasy style. (Sullivan 542)

If there needs to be more detailed analysis of how and why various authors use materials from The Mabinogion and other Welsh sources, the fiction of Lloyd Alexander, Nancy Bond, Susan Cooper, and Alan Garner is certainly sufficient evidence that they do use Welsh materials, that the Welsh materials have had a definite influence on recent children's fantasy. In addition, Kenneth Morris's influence on the way traditional materials can be used in fiction is important. First, he uses the source materials conscientiously; that is, he is careful not to violate the integrity of the original stories and characters when he uses them in his novels. Morris's Pwyll of Manawydan is not just a name from The Mabinogion but a character from The Mabinogion who behaves, in Morris's novel, much the same as he did in the original. In fact, in scenes from the novel which were not in the original Welsh stories, Pwyll and Manawydan retain their Mabinogion-based characters. Second, Morris is important because the material he general characteristics of mythology, legend, and folktale; and the reader who does not know *The Mabinogion* will be unable to tell which segments came from the Welsh story and which came from Morris's imagination.

Morris, therefore, set the style and the standard for the use of Welsh Celtic materials in children's fantasy. If we look at the best of the recent authors who have drawn on the Welsh materials for their fantasies--Alexander, Bond, Cooper, and Garner, for example--we find that same conscientious use of the Welsh materials and that same consistent creation of new materials first found in the novels of Kenneth Morris. *The Mabinogion* has been an important Welsh Celtic source for recent writers of children's fantasy, and Kenneth Morris showed those writers how to use it.

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Fairy Tale as Myth/Myth as Fairy Tale
by
Jack Zipes

When we think of the fairy tale today, we primarily think of the classical fairy tale. We think of those fairy tales that are the most popular in the Western world: Cinderella, Snow White, Little Red Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty, Rapunzel, Beauty and the Beast, Rumpelstiltskin, The Ugly Duckling, The Princess and the Pea, Puss in Boots, The Frog King, Jack and the Beanstalk, Tom Thumb, The Little Mermaid, etc. It is natural to think mainly of these fairy tales as if they had always been with us, as if they were part of our nature. Newly written fairy tales, especially those that are innovative and radical, are unusual, exceptional, strange, and artificial because they do not conform to the patterns set by the classical fairy tale. And, if they do conform and become familiar, we tend to forget them after a while, because the classical fairy tale suffices. We are safe with the familiar. We shun the new, the real innovations. The classical fairy tale makes it appear that we are all part of a universal community with shared values and norms, that we are all striving for the same happiness, that there are certain dreams and wishes which are irrefutable, that a particular type of behavior will produce guaranteed result, like living happily ever after with lots of gold in a marvelous castle, our castle and fortress that will forever protect us from inimical and unpredictable forces of the outside world. We need only have faith and believe in the classical fairy tale, just as we are expected to have faith and believe in the American flag as we swear the Pledge of Allegiance.

The fairy tale is myth. That is, the classical fairy tale has undergone a process of mythicization. Any fairy tale in our society, if it seeks to become natural and eternal, must become myth. Only innovative fairy tales are anti-mythical, resist the tide of mythicization, comment on the fairy tale as myth. Even the classical myths are no longer valid as Myths with a capital M but with a small m. That is, the classical myths have also become ideologically mythicized, de-historicized, de-politicized to further the medgemonic interests of the bourgeoisie. As we know from Roland Barthes, myth is de-politicized speech.

> Myth is a type of speech defined by its intention much more than its literal sense; and that in spite of this, its intention is somehow frozen, purified, eternalized, made absent by this literal sense. . . . On the surface of language something has stopped moving: the use of signification is here, hiding behind the fact, and conferring on it a notifying look; but at the same time, the fact paralyses the intention, gives it something like a malaise producing immobility: in order to make it innocent, it freezes it. This is because mythi is speech stolen and restored. Only speech which is restored is no longer quite that which was stolen: when it was brought back, it was not put exactly in its place. It is this brief act of larceny, this moment taken for a surreptitious faking, which gives myth its benumbed look. (124-25)

The fairy tale, which has become the mythified classical fairy tale, is indeed petrified in its restored constellation: it is a stolen and frozen cultural good, or Kulturgut as the Germans might say. What belonged to archaic societies, what belonged to pagan tribes and communities was passed down by word of mouth as a good only to be hardened into script, Christian and patriarchal. It has undergone and undergoes a motivated process of revision, re-ordering, and refinement. All the tools of modern industrial society (the printing press, the radio, the camera, the film, the record, the videocassette) have made their mark on the fairy tale to make it classical ultimately in the name of the bourgeoisie which refuses to be named, denies involvement; for the fairy tale must appear harmless, natural, eternal, ahistorical, therapeutic. We are to live and breathe the classical fairy tale as fresh, free air. We are led to believe that this air has not been contaminated and polluted by a social class that will not name itself, wants us to continue believing that all air is fresh and free, all fairy tales spring from thin air.

Take Sleeping Beauty. Her story is frozen. It appears to have always been there, and with each rising sun, she, too, will always be there, flat on her back, with a prince hovering over her, kissing her or about to kiss her. In Charles Perrault's version we read: "The prince approached her trembling, and fell on his knees before her. The enchantment was over; the princess woke. She gazed at him so tenderly you would not have thought it was the first time she had ever seen him. 'Is it you, my prince? You have kept me waiting for a long time'" (64).

In the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm, we read: "Finally, he came to the tower and opened the door to the small room in which Brier Rose was asleep. There she lay, and her beauty was so marvelous that he could not take his eyes off her. Then he leaned over and gave her a kiss, and when his lips touched hers, Brier Rose opened her eyes, woke up, and looked at him fondly" (189).

Just the presence of a man in the Perrault version of 1696 is enough to break the enchantment and revive the princess. The Grimms added the kiss in 1812 to bring her back to life. And generally speaking, it is the Grimms' version which has become frozen into a bourgeois myth. In our day its consummate representation is the Disney film adaptation, which made many myths out of the already bourgeoisified fairy tale. Here Sleeping Beauty as a housewife-in-training sings "some day my prince will come," and the prince as "the great white hope," not unlike Rocky, does battle with the black forces of evil. Disney was a mythomaniac in the broadest sense of the word, and in his hands, Sleeping Beauty assumed many mythic components:

1) Women are all naturally curious, and, as we know, curiosity kills cats and even sweet, innocent princesses.

2) Men are daring, persistent, and able to bestow life on passive or dead women whose lives cannot be fulfilled until rescued by a prince.

3) Women are indeed helpless without men, and without men they are generally catatonic or comatose, eternally waiting for the right man, always in a prone, death-like position, dreaming of a glorious marriage.

4) Male energy and will power can restore anything to life, even an immense realm in a coma. We just need the right man for the job.

These are still the mythic messages of Sleeping Beauty today. The ancient, communal signification is buried and lost. The tale's history and wisdom are made speechless by the restored, symbolic constellation that was first molded in script back in the 17th century. Whatever the tale enunciated hundreds of years ago is less important than the myth it has become and its mythic components which are singled out and issued in unconscionable reprints. We find replications of the classical version everywhere, in advertisements, in daily enactments on the streets, and in our homes.

Yet, just as the classical fairy tale could not totally rob the ancient folk tale of its signification, the myth cannot rob the classical fairy tale of the utopian impulse of the fairy tale. There is something historically indelible about the utopian wish for a better life in a tale first told even though we may never know when it was first told. The myth which is artificial can only live because the essence of the ancient folk tale refuses to die. The myth is also a fairy tale that cannot abandon its ancient utopian origins.

Sleeping Beauty is not only about female and male stereotypes and male hegemony; it is also about death, our fear of death, and our wish for immortality. Sleeping Beauty is resurrected. She triumphs over death. As the eternal brier rose, she rises from the dead to love and to fulfill her desires. The rising from the dead is an uprising, an attack on the borders of mortality. After her uprising, Sleeping Beauty will know how to avoid danger and death, as she does indeed in the aftermath of the first sequence in the Perrault version. Once awakened, Sleeping Beauty is the knowing one, and we know, too.

The first-told fairy tale imparts knowledge about the world and illuminates ways to better it in anticipation of a better world to be created by mankind. It is wise and sincere in tendency, and no matter how hardened and ideologically classical it becomes, it retains a good deal of its original wisdom and sincerity. Each innovative re-telling and re-writing of a well-known tale in the cultural heritage is an independent human act seeking to align itself with the original utopian impulse of the first-told tale. On the other hand, the myth is pretentious and deceitful. It seeks to distort the utopian essence and tendency of fairy tales by making "ideographs" out of them. Myth lulls to sleep, to complacency. The ancient folk tale, however, remains awake beneath the intended perversion.

But the classical fairy tale's knowing and knowledgeable core, awake as it is, will not be realized as long as myth fetishizes it as a commodity. The myth can only be seen again as fairy tale when the myth is estranged. This means that the frozen constellation must become unfamiliar again; it must be thawed by innovative tales that disassemble the used components of knowing and knowledge and reassemble them into anti-mythic stories.

The revival or resurrection of Sleeping Beauty, our symbolical figure of hope against the forces of death, cannot occur for us in the classical version today, for its sexist closure, its pristine heterosexual and patriarchal resolution is a coffin of another kind. The resurrection must take place, take its place outside the mythic framework in such re-creations as Anne Sexton's *Transformations*, Jane Yolen's *Sleeping Ugly*, or Olga Broumas' *Beginning with O*. Both Sexton and Broumas, in particular, seek to break the prison house of male discourse. Sexton writes:

I must not sleep
for while asleep I'm ninety
and think I'm dying.
Death rattles in my throat
like a marble. (111)

She questions whether the awakening is an awakening and thus opens our eyes to the desperate situation of women, whose "resurrected" lives may be just as bad as their deaths.

What voyage this, little girl?
This coming out of prison
God help –
this life after death? (112)

Whereas Sexton is overly pessimistic in her "transformations," Broumas is stridently optimistic in her version of *Sleeping Beauty* and flaunts society's taboos.

City-center, mid-
traffic, I
wake to your public kiss. Your name
is Judith, your kiss a sign.

to the shocked pedestrians, gathered
beneath the light that means
stop
in our culture
where red is a warning, and men
threaten each other with final violence: *I will drink*
your blood. Your kiss is for them
a sign of betrayal, your red
lips suspect, unspeakable
liberties as
we cross the street, kissing
against the light, singing, *This*
is the woman I woke from sleep, the woman that woke
me sleeping. (62).

Such innovative poetic adaptations make the fairy-tale genre more fluid. They start again as tales that revitalize the tradition of first-told tales, rather than freezing it. Innovative tales explore the dormant potential of the classical tales to bestow knowledge on us, and unlike myth, they free ancient knowledge in the *name* of the author, who is not afraid to declare her or his allegiance. Innovative fairy tales take sides, are partial, name their class allegiance. Then question the illusion of happiness and universality in the classical tales and make us realize how far we have yet to go to bring the anticipatory illuminations of concrete utopia to fulfillment. They do not deceive with their symbols and metaphors but illuminate. "Once upon a time" in the classical fairy tale refers to the point in the past that was a *genuine* beginning. There was no myth then, and even though myth is the dominant form of the fairy tale today, it cannot freeze the genuine beginning forever. Once upon a time keeps shining, and its rays seep through the mythic constellation to tell the tale again on its own terms, on our own new terms that embody that which has yet to come. The myth--despite itself--urges us to do this as a fairy tale that has not completely forgotten its utopian origins.

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Abstracts of Papers
Presented at the Fourteenth Annual Conference
of
The Children's Literature Association

Cross-Cultural Perspectives in the Translation of Children's Books: Erich Kästner's Emil und die Detektive

This paper compares the English and French translations of Erich Kästner's Emil und die Detektive. A translator of children's literature often makes a choice between the importance of the cultural setting and the author's moral or lesson. If a foreign setting makes a work inaccessible to children, who often prefer to read only about their own culture, it may be changed to help assure popularity or financial success. However, if literature serves to present children with their first cross-cultural experiences, a translator should work to preserve the foreignness of a work. These two translations of Emil illustrate both perspectives. The elements discussed are place and proper names, idiom and metaphor, wordplay, and nicknames and derogatory expressions. The English and French versions are compared with the original as well as with each other.

Catherine C. Baumann
University of Minnesota

The Heart of the Wolf and the Disorder of Civilization

Scott O'Dell's Island of the Blue Dolphins, Jean Craighead George's Julie of the Wolves and Whitley Strieber's Wolf of Shadows are three novels for young readers that challenge Western cultural traditions' paradigm of civilization vs. wilderness, a paradigm that projects the wilderness as chaotic and morally debased and thereby justifies civilization's exploitation of the natural wild. Through their various narrative modes--ranging from the hope for social integration in comedy, to personal isolation in tragedy, to the bondage of a nuclear winter in irony--all three authors show the destructive consequences as the male power structure operates through the paradigm. They contrast that negative impact with perceptions of native peoples, Eskimo and native Americans, who are and were defeated by civilization. However, a new alternative emerges in the three novels through the perceptions and actions of the female protagonists. Through their relation with natural and living things, the reader discovers an inversion of the traditional paradigm: the wolf has the heart that civilization lacks.

Hamida Bosmajian
Seattle University

Ten Years of Israeli Children's Literature:
The Ben Yitzchak Awards

The Israeli equivalent of the Caldecott medal is the Ben Yitzchak prize for distinguished illustration of children's books, awarded every two years in cooperation with the youth wing of the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. This paper focuses on some of the winners of the award in order to trace themes in Israeli children's books over a ten-year period. How has the image of himself and his place in society with which the child is confronted changed as society itself has changed? By means of what images are the family, the kibbutz, the city, immigrants, religion, Arabs, America and the wider world "out there" represented? How do these books negotiate opposing impulses--on the one hand towards nostalgia for a simpler life, represented at times by the family, at others by traditional religion and at still others by the kibbutz (with its rejection of the traditional family structure, religion and urban culture in favor of the ideal of physical labor and the cohesive power of the group)--and on the other towards a complex confrontation with modern life expressing itself through the wish to explore the interior life and the world beyond

Israel's borders? It will be the suggestion of this paper that in formulating their selections, the judges have chosen books which offer children not only a high quality of illustration and a variety of theme, story and perspective which permits the child to experience some of the tensions of Israeli society, but also, in some measure, a way to come to terms with the choices and possibilities fostering individuation and social development which are generated by and available to the inhabitants of any truly open society.

Ruth Gonen
Israel Museum, Jerusalem

Lynne Rosenthal
Mercy College

Pura Belpré moved from Spanish language-dominant Puerto Rico (whose people have had U.S. citizenship since 1917) to English language-dominant mainland U.S.A. in 1920. Noting the dearth of Puerto Rican folklore in children's literature, she rendered thirty-five traditional folktales she had heard as a child into written English form and arranged for their publication for mainstream American children. They reflect the diversity of the Indian, Spanish, and African ethnic backgrounds. Belpré incorporated details of local color. Four illustrators portrayed these Puerto Rican characteristics carefully, while three others did little research. A pioneer in retelling the Puerto Rican folktales, Pura Belpré remains the single contributor in the field.

Karen Nelson Hoyle
U. of Minnesota, Minneapolis

"Just Stories;" Swedish Writers and Moral Fiction

Swedish children's books, seldom discussed in English-language criticism and often not widely available in libraries here, offer an interesting fusion of form and content, especially with regard to moral teaching. Beckman, Sven Wernström, and Maria Gripe, show how very different writers acknowledge and validate a teaching function as part of the creative act. Studying writers of other cultures is essential for an understanding of aesthetics as well as for a valid praxis.

Nancy Huse
Augustana College

Hope Among the Ruins: Notes Toward a Nuclear Criticism of Children's Literature

"Nuclear criticism"--the application of theories of literary criticism and rhetoric to the fictional representation of nuclear warfare--is receiving considerable attention from critics of literature for adult audiences. Because of the potential survival value of the topic and because of the growing number of children's and young adult fictional titles treating nuclear warfare, I propose to develop a basis for nuclear criticism of children's literature. Through a survey of some of the recent critical discussions of the topic and special attention to Robert Swindell's Brother in the Land, I arrive at some guidelines or principles that may help to bring these books into critical perspective.

Millicent Lenz
State University of New York at Albany

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Los Nortenos: We Are All Americans, or The Problems of Finding Literature for Children About Hispanics

The author details the problems of locating good literature about Hispanic, or more specifically, Mexican-American culture. Hispanics do not share with the English-speaking world a reverence for the written word, and do not appear to be producing a hidden treasury of literature which can be shared either in the university classroom or in classrooms for children. Even though Hispanics constitute the fastest-growing minority group in the United States, and in some areas of the country actually form the majority, their culture is not being handed on, either to their own children or to the children of other ethnic groups, in literature.

Ruth MacDonald
New Mexico State University

Cultural Arrogance and Realism in Judy Blume's Superfudge

Pleas for tolerance are often supported by the conviction that people everywhere are basically the same. This paper explores the cultural arrogance of such assumptions, by exploring first how they cause writers to misrepresent other cultures, and then how they cause readers to assume that specific and surprisingly limited versions of reality actually represent universal truth. An analysis of the limited reality of Judy Blume's Superfudge suggests that the novel seems to express a universal reality to many of its readers simply because it mirrors the only fictional reality they are comfortable with--the world as commonly depicted in television situation comedies. A consideration of the relationship between that fictional world and our own real one reveals how popular culture fosters cultural arrogance, and suggests why those brought up on television and books like Superfudge often find more conventional literary narratives so difficult.

Perry Nodelman
University of Winnipeg

The Elaborate Cooking of the Child or Maurice Sendak's International Back Kitchen in Three Jewish Recipes: The Moon, the Mother and the Music

The purpose of this paper, on the one hand, is to investigate the literary use Maurice Sendak made of Jewish traditions ruled by matrilinearity, by the lunar calendar, and by the conception of divinity as Word and Music. It is also to show, on the other hand, how the illustrator, in what his "master" Henry James called "that sacred back kitchen of the artist," could fuse traditional patterns with the themes borrowed from international literature. More precisely in this respect, we mean to point out a very important literary source that Sendak never mentioned. This book is no other than J. H. Ewing's The Brownies and Other Tales and as we'll try to show, it helped Sendak to build the plots of his famous picture book trilogy.

We'll proceed in our analysis with the help of C. Lévi-Strauss's structural method which seems particularly fitted for the task, since both the author of The Raw and the Cooked and that of In the Night Kitchen shared with their love of music and common Jewish origins a very keen relish for "cooking." As one very well knows, "cooking" in the French anthropologist's book is but a metaphor for the cultural processes that enforce socialization, and so we'll consider the tasks symbolically laid upon Sendak's heroes in the light of traditional rituals. As it will soon be obvious, the illustrator's stories were less designed as humorous satires on the Victorian system of education than as playful fantasies. The artist, however, never lost sight of the well-being of a child that stands in his books as the true spokesman of modern humanism. Love for music, anyhow, fills his narratives, like Mahler's works, with the merry echoes of all "The Songs of the Earth."

Jean Perrot
University of Paris

The Chicago Gypsies: At Home in the World

"The Chicago Gypsies: At Home in the World" is an analysis of a play for young (and old) audiences by V. Glasgow Koste. The protagonist, ten year old Charley, is a member of a theatrical "tribe." In December, 1931, she and her parents are stranded for a month at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and the play explores Charley's search to discover how she, as an outsider, can forge a place for herself in a culture which is alien to her, and which regards her as a potentially dangerous outsider. The play dramatizes the important truth that you don't have to cross any national borders in order to bump up against, or cross, cultural boundaries: that hotels and houses; youth and age; moving on and staying put; the sanctuary of the dressing room at intermission and the barbaric wilds of the playground at recess; and Chicago, Illinois and Fort Dodge, Iowa, can present rich possibilities for cultural antagonisms and exchanges. In addition to the cross-cultural, intergenerational themes of the play, the paper discusses The Chicago Gypsies as a drama of individuation.

Pamela A. Rooks
Iowa State University

Where the Wild Things Are: King Kong as a Fairy Story

Though presumably designed for an adult audience, the movie King Kong presents a number of dimensions useful to a cross-cultural consideration of children's literature. Recalling Maurice Sendak's vivid recollection of the power of the movie over his own youthful imagination, we can regard the film as a kind of modern fairy tale: building on the story of the Beauty and the Beast, itself a late rendition of the Wild Man myth, and combining elements derived from classics of American literature, like Moby Dick, and more popular counterparts, from Burroughs' Tarzan of the Apes to D.W. Griffith's movie, Birth of a Nation, the story of King King incorporates a consistent sequence of mythic elements that helps to explain its long-lived popularity and power. Moreover, by tracing the literary allusions to their sources, we can see the extent to which the liminal terrain of children's literature pervades "adult" literature as well, the definitive difference being the willingness, even the necessity, that literature designed for adults accommodate a tragic vision.

John Seelye
University of Florida

Making a Home of One's Own
Cross-Cultural Children and Children's Literature

When two cultures cross, the nexus is most often a homeless land with its children feeling less than whole because they are caught between two mirrors–two ways of seeing–each presenting a different image of the self. This duality gives rise to both emotional conflict and stories–stories about the conflict itself and about the creative act of storytelling–stories the child must hear and tell if the conflict is to be resolved. Four novels for children, each told in the voice of a cross-cultural child, exemplify this symbiotic relationship: Arilla Sun Down by Virginia Hamilton; Child of the Owl and Sea Glass by Laurence Yep; and Annie on my Mind by Nancy Garden. As they listen to the stories of other searchers and experience the act of telling itself, these four cross-cultural narrators begin to create their own inclusive identities–their inner homes. And, as they tell their own autobiographical stories of their search for self, they each evolve from a "they" defined through the eyes of others to an "I" of self-definition and inner strength.

George Shannon
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Cross-culturalism in Ann Pellowski's Novels

Anne Pellowski's four novels are based on her own family and center on the lives of four generations of Wisconsin farm girls of Polish descent. They are set at about thirty year intervals from 1876 to 1967. The stories have lively and memorable characters, plenty of action, and significant themes. Their style is sprightly. In addition, they show very well cross-culturalism between Polish and American cultures.

Marilyn J. Solt
Bowling Green State University

Other Presentations

PANEL: Literary Criticism: A Reality in Elementary Classrooms (Literary Criticism K-6)
An official programme of the ChLA committee on Literary Criticism in the Classroom.
Glenna Sloan, Missouri Western State College
Joan Glazer, Rhode Island College
Peter Roop, Appleton, Wisconsin
Richard Van Dongen, University of New Mexico

PANEL: Many Books, Many Voices: A Panel on Canadian Children's Books
Kathy Lowinger, Executive Director of the Children's Book Centre
Linda Sheppard, editor

PANEL: Translating Cultures?/Traduire une culture? Translating Canadian and Québec Children's Literature/Traduire la littérature enfantine du Canada et du Québec
Barbara Godard, Professor and Translator, York University
Marie-Andrée Clermont, translator
Paule Daveluy, author editor and translator
Frances Morgan, translator

PANEL: Approaches to Narrative in International Children's Literature
Peter Hunt, University of Wales, Cardiff
Don Pemberton, Victoria College, Australia
Rod McGillis, University of Calgary

WORKSHOP: Bring 'em Back Alive: Traditional Tales in Contemporary Classrooms
Geoff Fox, University of Exeter

WORKSHOP: Legends of Natural Phenomena in Folklore:
The Cross-Cultural Aspects of the Pourquoi Tale
Darwin L. Henderson, University of Cincinnati
Ellen M. Lynch, University of Cincinnati

WORKSHOP: Never Too Young: Novel Study in the Early Elementary Grades
Jon C. Stott, University of Alberta
Christine Doyle Francis, Educational Consultant, Hartford, Connecticut
Novels to be discussed: Fantastic Mr. Fox, Grade 1; Lost and Found, Grade 2; Ramona and Her Father, Grade 3

WORKSHOP: How to Select and Evaluate African and African-American Children's Literature
Dr. E. Curtis Alexander, E.C.A. Associates, Chesapeake, Virginia

WORKSHOP: Literature for Children and Young People in a Multi-Cultural Society
Taimi M. Ranta, Illinois State University
Laura E. Gowdy, Professor, Milner Library, Illinois State University

WORKSHOP: The Quest, The Journey, The Return: Heroes and Wayfarers in Story.
A storytelling presentation of how hero stories influence the lives of children and an inquiry into why they appear in every culture.
Merna Ann Hecht, children's librarian, Seattle Public Library, freelance storyteller